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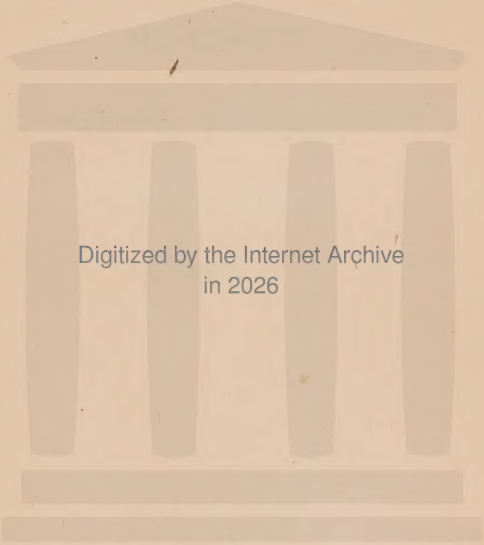
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THE POEMS OF

CHARLES CHURCHILL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.

Charles Churchill.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

CHARLES CHURCHILL.

WITH COPIOUS NOTES

AND A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY W. TOOKE, F.R.S.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.

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PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION. 1804.

The difficulty experienced by the Editor in understanding many of the allusions contained in the following poems, gave rise to the present work. In the attempt to obviate this difficulty, he was obliged to wade through some hundred volumes, mostly of a local or political nature, and consequently now either very scarce, or quite neglected and forgotten: from these and other works in more general circulation, he principally collected the substance of the notes he now offers to the public; while for some of them, consisting of original anecdotes, he is indebted to oral tradition, and to an intimate acquaintance with several of the friends and contemporaries of the poet.

The highest praise to which a work of this kind can aspire, is that of diligence and impartiality; and if an earnest endeavour to deserve that praise merits indulgence, the Editor lays claim to it as the only exculpatory plea he has to offer, for thus adding to the weight under which the shelves of our libraries already groan. So little anxious is he to appear before the public, that he can with sincerity declare, that had he known of any competent person engaged in the same undertaking, he would willingly have presented him with all his materials, together with the best information, and assistance in his power.

The greater portion of the few hours the Editor could spare from the pursuits of a laborious profession, has been devoted to this work; to him

they have been hours of recreation and instruction, and if they can afford either the one or the other to those for whose benefit they were employed, he will, in his humble commentating line, feel that satisfaction which the approbation of the public must always impart.

Partial to the merits of his favourite poet, the Editor flatters himself that his present attempt may contribute to restore to Churchill's name some of that popularity and celebrity which it once possessed. It is needless to remark that, at the period of their first publication, his works required no comments, he, in imitation of Dryden, so accurately depicted the objects of his indignation, as to render any key unnecessary, until time and death had thrown a shade over their actions and their names.

The Editor was encouraged to prosecute his undertaking by meeting with the following observation in Dr. Kippis's Life of Churchill, in the Biographia Britannica: "Perhaps nothing will revive the memory of our author's poems, so as to cause them again to be generally read, excepting a new edition with notes fully explaining the satirical and historical allusions: this was what Mr. Churchill himself, before his decease, wished to be done. In his Will is the following passage:—I desire my dear friend, John Wilkes, Esq. to collect and publish my works, with the remarks and explanations he has prepared, and any others he thinks proper to make."

On application, in consequence of this request, to the Executors of the late Mr. Wilkes, it was found that he left no such manuscript behind him, though, on the publication of each of Churchill's poems, he had a copy bound and interleaved with

writing paper, in which, for reasons best known to himself, he never wrote a single line.

Dr. Kippis thus proceeds:—"Whether Mr. Wilkes will ever have leisure to comply with this request we are not able to say. Perhaps the time is not yet arrived for taking away the veil from certain objects; and perhaps it may never be desirable to revive party matters, which, though not sunk into oblivion, have happily ceased to inflame the passions of the mind."

At this distance of time the Editor sees no reason for apprehending that the revival of the poet's fame can in any way tend to excite a renewal of political differences, the causers and causes of which no longer exist; other and more important subjects of discussion have arisen in the intervening period of forty years, and the Editor trusts that his notes will be found free from that leaven of party malevolence with which the text is too often tinctured.

It has been his anxious wish to elucidate only the particulars in the public conduct of the persons censured by the satirist, and to abstain from all notice of their private vices or follies, except in some instances too notorious to escape direct animadversion. Should he appear to have been misinformed as to the character of any particular individual, he will only have to lament his credulity: for to wilful misrepresentation or undue partiality, he can, without hesitation, declare himself to be an utter stranger.

His authorities the Editor has not often given; they are generally of a nature not calculated intrinsically to convey an impression of authenticity. In gleaning from the magazines, pamphlets, and newspapers of the day, the Editor could only be

induced, from concurrent testimonies, to select such anecdotes as seemed best entitled to credit, and to submit them to the judgment of the public.

Long before the press teemed with new editions of inferior poets, the present Editor undertook the illustration of Churchill; his materials had lain by for some years when the publication of his work was accelerated by the obliging kindness of Mr. Flexney, the original publisher of the Poet's Works, and who being in possession of several MSS. relating to the Life and writings of the Satirist, in the handwriting of the Rev. William Churchill, his brother,* communicated them to the Editor. The spirit of party had not subsided at the time they were written, and they were unfortunately too strongly imbued with that spirit to render them of much utility. Some novel and interesting particulars, however, have been extracted from them, and the Editor flatters himself that he has not been deficient in an assiduous endeavour to procure every possible information respecting his author.

Having detailed his sources of information, and his motives for publication, the Editor submits his work to the indulgence of the public. His name, unknown in the world of letters, could give no sanction to his work, and he sees no reason for incurring the risk of censure, where excellence could

* The Rev. W. Churchill was brought up with his brother at Westminster School, where he was class-fellow with Christopher Smart, and Bonnel Thornton. He was an amiable man, of very reserved and unobtrusive manners, and would probably never have emerged from the humble sphere of a country curate, but that late in life, his uncle, the Bishop of St. Asaph, presented him to the rectory of Orton on the Hill, in the county of Leicester, where he died in June, 1804, in the seventy-second year of his age.

not confer fame; he therefore does not obtrude his name upon the public, though he by no means wishes to be considered as screening himself from responsibility, while he only seeks a shield against the attacks of petulance or malignity.

W. T.

Gray's Inn,
January, 1804.

PREFACE

TO THE SECOND EDITION. 1844.

The former Edition of Churchill, although published anonymously, and with other unfavorable circumstances, having long since become scarce and out of print, the Editor, emboldened by the encouragement he then experienced from an indulgent public, has been induced to revise it, in the hope of rendering it more worthy of that public, and of the great Poet, once its distinguished favourite.

The interval of nearly half a century, which has elapsed since the former edition, has had the effect of converting what then wore the semblance of contemporary anecdote, to the more sober complexion of history. In 1804, several of the persons mentioned by the Satirist, or their immediate relatives, were living, and consequently many allusions were, from motives of delicacy, left in obscurity.

At this period, not one of the individuals named or alluded to by the Poet, remains alive. The mellowing hand of time has passed over the memories of all: a new era has commenced; and the petty interests and factions of the early part of the reign of George the Third having subsided, a temperate retrospection of those events, and of the prime movers in them, cannot now, it is hoped, excite any feeling of party or personal resentment against the impartial narrator: while, among other presumed advantages, the Editor ventures to place some reliance on the improvement in his own views and means of information, which has been effected by forty years of added experience.

The character of Churchill, as a Poet, may be considered as fixed in the first rank of English classics, but the Editor is not desirous of entering into the discussion of this question: it must be determined by the taste and judgment of the reader, and can never, as to the actual or comparative merit of any Poet, be made to depend on critical or controversial disquisition, how elaborate soever. Every intelligent reader will construct and graduate his own scale of poetical excellence, according to his peculiar character, feelings, and pursuits.

With the view entertained by the Editor, of Churchill's merits as a poet, and of the rank he holds in public estimation, it cannot be either indifferent or unimportant to the interests of literature, that the text of the Satirist, necessarily involving many topics of a local and temporary nature, should be rendered intelligible.

In thus again soliciting the attention of the public to the merits of his Author, the Editor is not without hopes that, while endeavouring to render the modern reader better able to appreciate the allusions of the Satirist, the notes will of themselves be found to contain a not uninteresting historical summary of the drama, the literature, and the domestic politics of England during the first five years of the reign of George the Third.

While these Volumes have been in the press, The Memoirs of William Taylor of Norwich,* by

* It is a curious circumstance, that Taylor, a man of considerable shrewdness, and certainly not facile of belief on more important topics, persuaded himself, but no one else, that Wilkes was the author of Junius's letters, in which he was conclusively refuted by a writer in the same magazine, in which the opinion had been promulgated, but who as absurdly ascribed the letters to John Horne Tooke.

Mr. Robberds, have been published, from which it appears that he was the Author of the review of the first edition in the critical review for May, 1804. That critique was not a little encouraging to the young Editor, who was altogether unknown to the writer of it; but, having now lost its anonymous character, and being avowedly the production of a practised pen under the guidance of a mind peculiarly qualified to form a judgment of the merits, as well of the Poet as the Editor, the latter trusts he may, with no imputation of an overweening vanity, be permitted here to record, as respects his first literary effort, that meed of approval which no endeavour has been wanting on his part to propitiate in favour of this his later if not last labour.

Mr. Taylor, in his notice of the Rosciad, and some of the other poems, states it as his opinion, "that the Prophecy of Famine is considerably the best of Churchill's works. It has imagery and condensation, which Churchill rarely has; and it displays that periodic structure, or poetic paragraph, that progressive evolution and swell of the versified sentence which elevates poetry into oratory, and which constitutes the highest merit, peculiar to Churchill's style."

Churchill's poems in general Mr. Taylor describes as possessing "a certain simplicity of style —and easy unaffected English—which disclaims the correction of minute blemishes, and immingles much of the idiomatic dialect of conversation—which avoids the set of phrases and dancing master steps of practised versifiers—these constitute Churchill's highest merit, and confer on his writings the atticism which preserves them."

After giving some extracts from the poems, in

confirmation of his opinion, the Reviewer adverts to the Editorial portion of the work in these terms. "This edition is accompanied with very curious and interesting notes, gathering from the newspapers, magazines, and journals of the time whatever anecdotes and paragraphs chiefly serve to elucidate the biographical, literary, and factious allusions so common in the works of Churchill. Besides the notes, which are very curious and entertaining even where they are superfluous, a satisfactory biography is prefixed, the Editor in short has executed his office with unusual diligence and complete propriety."

The critique concludes with the following suggestion, and renewed favourable appreciation of the notes.

"If all the known prose works of Churchill were appended to his letters this edition would then become as complete as can reasonably be desired or expected; it would be the classical form of possessing the works of this occasionally spirited and once popular writer. What of attraction they still retain, would be greatly enhanced by the anecdotes and amusive information scattered throughout the commentary. A greater service cannot be rendered to an author's reputation than to select from the transient and perishable literature of his time whatever can assist in rendering his allusions intelligible and his personages important. This task has been performed with diligence and impartiality, which in the Editor's own opinion is the highest praise to which a work of this kind can aspire."

In the subsequent memoir and notes it will be found that no such *known* works exist, although there is good reason to believe that some of the

numbers of the North Briton and papers in the Library were written by Churchill, but which cannot now be identified. The Sermons published under his name after his death were most probably transcribed by him from some of his father's manuscript discourses, for the mere purpose of prefixing to them the pungent dedication to Warburton, which he did not live to complete and publish.

LIFE OF CHARLES CHURCHILL.

While it is frequently made a matter of complaint, by most biographers, that the noiseless tenor of an author's life affords so few materials for the pen, is so barren of incident, and so deficient in novelty and interest, as to call forth all their anecdotic if not inventive powers to excite attention, that of Churchill, it is to be lamented, affords too much opportunity for relating facts beyond the limits of his literary labours, facts too notorious to be suppressed, and too immoral to be palliated.

The Life of Churchill may be divided into two periods, as unequal in length as in the celebrity which attached to them. During the first period of seven-and-twenty years, with the exception of a few indiscretions, his conduct in every relation, as son, as brother, as husband, as father, and as friend, was rigidly and exemplarily, though obscurely virtuous; while the remaining six years present an odious contrast.

It is somewhat singular that no authentic memoir should hitherto have been published of a poet once so celebrated, who, during the latter period of his life, attracted, more than any of his contemporaries, the attention of the public. The variety of letters, essays, papers, poems, and paragraphs relating to him with which the press teemed from 1761 to 1765, would scarcely be credited, except after as laborious a search into the Reviews, Pamphlets, Magazines, and Newspapers of that period as has been made for the purpose of ob-

taining the elucidations contained in the remarks on the following poems. Yet a man thus the universal theme of censure, praise, or imitation, died in the meridian of his reputation, and not one of his surviving literary friends was found to undertake the task of rescuing his fame from the malignant and exaggerated aspersions of his enemies, and of paying to his memory the just tribute of an authentic narrative.

The first account that was published of Churchill after his death appeared in the Annual Register for 1764, and that partial and inaccurate statement is the groundwork of all the biographical notices of his life which have since appeared. His subsequent biographers, sensible of the paucity of their materials, have endeavoured to compensate for their deficiency in real information, by exerting their talents for invention. False relations, witticisms, forged letters, and imaginary anecdotes have been substituted for truth and consistency. It is not by any means intended in these pages to engage in a refutation of the numerous errors and misrepresentations with which these narratives abound; such a refutation might indeed serve to swell the volume, but the triumph would be dearly purchased at the expense of the readers' patience. It will be endeavoured, therefore, without farther adverting to the demerits of others, to confine the narrative to the single object of laying before the public a short and unembellished account of our Author, possessing no other advantages than those of authenticity and impartiality.

Charles Churchill was the eldest son of the Reverend Charles Churchill, Rector of Rainham, near Grays, in Essex, who had been many years curate and lecturer of St. John the Evangelist,

Westminster, to which he was appointed in February, 1733. He was born at his father's house in Vine Street, in the last mentioned parish, some time in February, 1731. When about eight years of age, he was sent as a day boy to Westminster school, of which seminary Dr. Nichols and Dr. Pierson Lloyd were masters; while his father, who was every way qualified for the office, superintended his education during the intervals of public study. His proficiency in classical learning was considerable, but not so extraordinary as to entitle him to any pre-eminence over several of his schoolfellows in the same class. He as yet exhibited no promise of that brilliancy of imagination, that vigour and force of genius, which, in maturer years, were his peculiar characteristics.

At the age of fifteen, he became a candidate for admission on the foundation at Westminster, and went in head of the election; soon afterwards a circumstance happened which gave some indication of the strength and bent of his abilities. Having by a puerile misdemeanour incurred the displeasure of his masters, he was enjoined to compose and recite in the school-room a poetical declamation in Latin, by way of apology. Of this task he acquitted himself in so becoming, yet spirited a manner, as to obtain the unqualified approbation of his masters, without forfeiting the esteem of his school-fellows: among whom were Cowper, Warren Hastings, Thornton, Colman, and Lloyd.

At the age of eighteen, he stood for a fellowship at Merton College, when he was only in the second election at Westminster, that is, between two and three years from the regular time for leaving the school; when, being opposed by can-

didates of superior age, he was not chosen; but not on any ground of inferiority, as he always shewed both talents and scholarship equal to his age and standing. He quitted Westminster school, and there is a story current that about this period he incurred a repulse at Oxford, on account of alleged deficiency in the Classics, which is obviously incorrect, as there is no such examination on matriculation in our universities as could lead to his rejection.* In point of fact, long before he was nineteen he was admitted of Trinity College, Cambridge. It is equally certain that he met with some slight or indignity at Cambridge, from whence he returned immediately after his admission, disgusted at the treatment he had experienced, which he afterwards visited on both Universities; neither, therefore, can claim any share in his education, which was begun and finished at Westminster.

An intimacy formed by Churchill, while at Westminster, with a young lady of the name of Scot, whose father lived in the immediate neighbourhood of the school, led to a marriage between them, which, justly apprehensive of their parents' disapprobation, was clandestinely solemnized at the Fleet. To this inconsiderate union, most of the difficulties in which our author was afterwards involved, may fairly be ascribed; and in his en-

* The account which he himself is said to have given of this supposed examination, and rejection, will be noticed hereafter; and in the fourth book of the Ghost, v. 103, he ridicules those forms,

> —— which Balaam's ass
> As well as Balaam's self might pass,
> And with his master take degrees,
> Could he contrive to pay the fees.

deavours to forget or elude those difficulties, he acquired those habits of dissipation which indirectly terminated his life; while from the acquisition of them, he was not likely to be deterred by the example, or reclaimed by the influence, of the partner he had injudiciously selected, before attaining those powers of discrimination so necessary, yet so seldom attended to, in forming that important connexion, on which the subsequent color of a man's life greatly depends. But we are anticipating events.

His father, who had been reluctantly reconciled to this imprudent match, received the youthful couple into his house, in Vine-street, soon after their nuptials. Here they resided about a twelvemonth, during which period the conduct of our author was regular and domestic. Indeed the tranquil scenes of life were better calculated for his studious and contemplative disposition, than the turmoil of the great and busy world.

In the year 1751, influenced by prudential considerations, Churchill retired to Sunderland, in the North of England. In that retirement he devoted almost the whole of his time to his favourite poetical amusements; at length, however, he saw the necessity, as he was designed for the church, of applying to more useful studies, which he now commenced with determined assiduity. This course of indefatigable application he pursued until the age of two-and-twenty, when he visited the metropolis to take possession of a small fortune, to which he became entitled in right of his wife.

During his residence in London, at this time, he occasionally frequented the theatres, and made many of those critical observations which, seven years afterwards, adorned the Rosciad. Shake-

speare, his favourite author, then appeared in meridian splendour; Garrick, Pritchard, and Cibber, exhibited his various beauties in the strongest light, and gave its full force, dignity, and maturity to the scenic art.

At the customary age, Churchill was ordained Deacon by Dr. Willes, Bishop of Bath and Wells, on his friend Mr. Bailey's Curacy of Cadbury, in Somersetshire, whither he immediately removed. He no sooner embraced the clerical profession, than he laboured from principle to discharge with regularity and propriety its important duties. His doctrine was orthodox, while his conduct was regular, studious, and unaffectedly consistent.

When a little turned of five-and-twenty, he was, without any difficulty, on the strength of his good character and reputation for learning, and notwithstanding his having taken no degree, nor having ever studied at either of the Universities, ordained Priest by Dr. Sherlock, Bishop of London, and Master of the Temple, on his father's curacy of Rainham, in Essex. He still persevered in the same tenor of behaviour, and engaged more closely than ever in the study of theology. He now appeared to have bid a final adieu to the Muses, of whose enchanting society he had once been so deeply enamoured. Barrow and Tillotson superseded his former favourites, Juvenal and Dryden.

His family increasing, he quickly perceived that his scanty curacy would prove insufficient to support it with decency and credit: he therefore determined to adopt some scheme, which, while it should be professionally consistent, might at once supply his exigencies, and rather increase than diminish his reputation among his parishioners.

In pursuance of this plan he opened a school, and obtained, in a short space of time, as much encouragement as could be expected in a situation so obscure.*

To men of genius in general an occupation of this nature must be intolerably irksome. The monotonous bondage and elementary drudgery of a school but ill accord with strong sense and a vigorous imagination; and our author often acknowledged that this proved the most disagreeable pursuit in which he had ever been engaged, and that nothing could have supported him under it but a consciousness of the rectitude of his intentions.

He was removed from this disagreeable engagement by an occurrence more distressing to his feelings. In the year 1758, his father died, by which event his family lost a most affectionate monitor and friend, and society an invaluable member; this tribute is justly due to the memory of a man whose strict integrity and amiable disposition endeared him to a numerous acquaintance; in the large circle of which he had scarcely ever excited in others, or experienced in himself, a single emotion of ill will.†

Immediately upon the death of his father,

* We have endeavoured to ascertain the truth of the anecdote, so often repeated, of Churchill's retiring into Wales upon a curacy of £30 a year, his commencing cider merchant to improve his revenue, his ill success in that speculation, and its termination in a sort of rural bankruptcy. The manuscripts in our possession make no mention of these circumstances, and we have every reason to believe that Rainham and Cadbury were the only country churches in which Churchill ever officiated as curate.

† Our Author's mother survived both her husband and her son several years, and died at a very advanced age about the year 1770.

Churchill was unanimously elected as his successor to the curacy and lectureship of St. John the Evangelist. This honourable testimony of respect for his father's memory, and for his own merit, became with him an additional incentive to persevere in the line of conduct he had adopted. As a parochial minister, he performed his duties with punctuality, while in the pulpit he was plain, rational, and emphatic.*

When he had been a few months settled at Westminster, notwithstanding his well-grounded aversion from the employment, he once more engaged in the business of tuition, but upon a more eligible footing than before. He now undertook to give lessons in the English tongue to the young ladies at Mrs. Dennis's boarding school in Queen Square, Bloomsbury; and likewise in his leisure hours attended several young gentlemen, who, having acquired a competent skill in the dead languages, were desirous of receiving some assistance in forming their taste, and directing their studies with respect to the classical authors of antiquity. He acquitted himself of these engagements to his own credit, and to the satisfaction of his employers.

Such was Charles Churchill, until he was twenty-seven years of age; at which time a total alteration took place in his behaviour. Some acute observers of human nature have imagined, that there is a climacteric of the mind as well as

* Twelve sermons of Churchill's composition have been published, which certainly reflect no additional lustre on his name. In vol. iii. pp. 313 and 318, the reader will find some observations as to their authenticity, with a critique by Dr. Kippis upon them, which we are enabled to confirm by as meritorious an exertion of patience in the perusal of them.

of the body, and that at certain periods revolutions happen in the intellectual as well as in the corporeal frame. Perhaps this doctrine may be thought applicable to our author's case, had not the real cause of this apparently sudden and extraordinary change been too evident. The anxiety arising from domestic infelicity unhinged his mind, naturally of a firm texture, and seemed to give an entirely new bias to his disposition.

Here we must draw the great line of separation, which, as we have suggested, divided the life of our author into two distinct and dissimilar portions; the one serious, rational, and consistent, the other irregular, dissipated, and licentious.

At this time the friendship between Churchill and Robert Lloyd, which had been formed in their boyish days at Westminster school, but which the different situations into which they were afterwards thrown, and the various incidents of their lives, had interrupted for a succession of years, revived with all that glow of sensibility and ardour of attachment, characteristic of men of strong passions and of warm imaginations. Such men recollect with heartfelt complacency the cheerful scenes of artless innocence, and the delightful remembrance of them has a happy tendency to revive and cement their friendship in a future period of their lives.

Robert Lloyd, after having studied at Cambridge, where he acquired a high reputation for classical knowledge, and for proficiency in every branch of polite literature, was appointed to the situation of an usher in Westminster school, of which his father, Dr. Lloyd, was the second master. His character had risen with every opportunity for a display of his abilities. At West-

minster, he was considered not only as a useful tutor, but as an ornament to that celebrated seminary. His epigrammatical productions were pointed and concise, and his Latin prologues partook of the beautiful simplicity of Terence. Disgusted with a station so subordinate and laborious,* as compared with the service of the muses, to which he had already dedicated himself by the publication of several fugitive compositions, he determined on resigning his ushership, and trusting solely to his literary abilities for a subsistence.

* The repugnance entertained by Lloyd for the situation of usher at a school, is thus feelingly described by himself in one of his fugitive poems:

"——Were I at once impower'd to shew
My utmost vengeance on my foe,
To punish with extremest rigour,
I could inflict no penance bigger
Than using him as learning's tool,
To make him usher of a school.
For me, it hurts me to the soul
To brook confinement or control,
Still to be pinion'd down to teach
The syntax and the parts of speech;
Or, what perhaps begrudging worse,
The links, and joints, and rules of verse,
To deal out authors by retail,
Like penny pots of Oxford ale;
—— Oh! 'tis a service irksome more
Than tugging at the slavish oar!
* * * * * *
Of working on a barren soil,
And labouring with incessant pains
To cultivate a blockhead's brains;
For such his task, a dismal truth,
Who watches o'er the bent of youth;
And while a paltry stipend earning,
He sows the richest seeds of learning,
And tills *their* minds with proper care,
And sees them their due produce bear.
No joys, alas! his toil beguile,
His *own* lies fallow all the while."

The first piece by which he distinguished himself was the Actor, an admirable poem, in which he manifested a peculiar vein of humour combined with great justness of criticism and facility of versification. Thus, high in reputation, the road to honours and preferment seemed to open before him, but an utter disregard of prudence and economy blasted these brilliant expectations, and involved him in a series of calamities. An eccentric disposition, and an unbounded liberality, the too frequent concomitants of a lively imagination, proved his destruction. In these circumstances did our author's intimacy with Lloyd recommence, and, urged by the same motive, a restless inquietude of mind, they together hurried into scenes of dissipated conviviality.

The future is rarely sacrificed to the present without producing consequences of a distressing nature. A few months only had elapsed, before Churchill experienced, in the most sensible manner, the justice of this observation. He found that he had wantonly and precipitately plunged himself into an abyss of misery, the effect of which upon his friends he describes in the following lines:

> "When all around me, with an air
> Of hopeless sorrow look'd despair;
> When they or said, or seem'd to say,
> There is but one, one only way.
> Better, and be advised by us,
> Not be at all, than to be thus."—Ghost, Book iv.

At this critical juncture, Dr. Lloyd stepped forth to his assistance. His efforts were no less successful than benevolent. Our author was enabled by his assistance to effect a compromise

with his creditors,* who, upon receiving five shillings in the pound, liberated him from their demands, and thus relieved him from the impending horrors of a jail. An anecdote on the subject of this compromise, highly creditable to the character of our author, occurs in the Biographia Britannica, the editor of which states, that in an instance which fell under his own knowledge, as an executor and guardian, Mr. Churchill, as soon as he had acquired some money by the sale of his publications, voluntarily came forward and paid the full amount of the original debt; Dr. Kippis adds, that it was highly probable, from this unsolicited and unexpected act of retribution, that his conduct was the same in corresponding cases.

A short time previous to this transaction, and soon after the renewal of his intimacy with Lloyd, his genius once more reverted to its natural channel. The example and success of his friend, in the walks of literature and poetry, excited a kindly emulation, and stimulated him to the exertion of his abilities. The Bard, a poem in Hudibrastic verse, was his first production after re-entering the regions of Parnassus. It was offered for sale to Mr. Waller, an eminent bookseller in Fleet Street, who without hesitation rejected it as a contemptible performance. The author seems to have coincided in this opinion, as he could never afterwards be induced to publish it. The Conclave, his next attempt, was a satire levelled against the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, Dr. Zachary Pearce, Bishop of Rochester, being Dean. It

* In the Conference, Churchill feelingly expresses those emotions of gratitude with which the friendly interference of Dr. Lloyd justly inspired him.

was written in Alexandrine verse, and was remarkably poignant and sarcastic; the characters were nervously drawn, boldly colored, and nicely discriminated. This poem he also designed for publication; but, on its being submitted to the gentlemen of the long robe, they pronounced the satire to be too personal to admit of being printed, without danger of legal animadversion. Though disappointed in the expectations he had formed of the success of his poem, Churchill was not to be deterred by this repulse. He determined to fix his choice upon a subject of more extensive interest, and accordingly selected the drama; of the progress of which he became a critical observer, and after two months close attendance on the theatres, completed the Rosciad. Being encouraged in his present plan by the approbation of a few of those literary friends, to whose judgment the manuscript had been submitted, he was induced to offer the Rosciad to several booksellers, at the moderate sum of twenty pounds; but meeting with a peremptory refusal to give more than five guineas, he resolved to publish it on his account, and it appeared in March, 1761, when the opinion of his friends was confirmed by the rapidity of its sale, which exceeded their most sanguine hopes. The strength, harmony, and natural flow of the verse, the variety of the numbers, the manliness of sentiment, the diversity of characters, the easy vein of humour, and the justice of remark, contributed to render it equally pleasing to the lovers of wit, of poetry, and of criticism.

The circumstances attending the publication of this poem, its popularity, and its being attributed

to Lloyd, Colman, and Thornton,* the reader will find detailed in a subsequent page; we shall here only add, that very few even of his most intimate acquaintance gave Churchill credit for that fertility of thought, and that strength of imagination, which are displayed in the Rosciad. So difficult is it to determine from a man's conversation, the scope and vigour of his understanding.

The judgment passed upon this work † by the Critical Reviewers roused our author to the publication of a poetical Apology, addressed to them, which established his fame in the literary world. It is one of the most elaborate and correct of his productions, the diction is regular and connected, and the numbers are happily adapted to the sense, while the satire is spirited and just, pointed and severe. From the publication of this poem in April, 1761, one month after the Rosciad, his literary character might be considered as established.

Lloyd, who by the success of the poem he had himself written ‡ on a similar subject, had probably given Churchill the first hint of his subject, was somewhat mortified by the extravagant applause bestowed upon the Rosciad; but the

* These gentlemen were dignified by Murphy in his advertisement to a contemptible poem entitled "The Naiads of Fleet Ditch," with the appellation of "The Little Faction," to which Churchill alluded in these lines of the Rosciad:

Eternal peace shall bless the happy shore,
And *little factions* break thy rest no more.

† Which the reader will find in pp. 115 and 120 of this volume.

‡ The Actor is one of the most pleasing and scientific essays upon theatrical representation in general that has ever been written, and we should be guilty of an act of injustice

decided superiority which Churchill displayed in his subsequent productions, reconciled Lloyd to an inferior station on the Parnassian mount. Not content, however, with a tacit submission, he publicly expressed his acquiescence in the justice of the sentence, in favour of his friend. The ingenuous complacency of mind, and the absence of envy, which we find in the compliments he pays to his friend Churchill, evince no inconsiderable portion of self-knowledge, and are characteristic of that happy amenity of disposition for which Lloyd was distinguished, and which gained and secured to him the affections of our author, who from this period was his inseparable companion, one sentiment governing the minds, and one purse administering to the wants, of both. Lloyd in the following lines pays the homage of respect to the superior genius of his friend, while he

towards the author of it, were we not here to mention, what escaped our notice in its proper place, that Mr. Sheridan, in his Monody on the death of Garrick, from which we have given an extract in our preliminary remarks on the Rosciad, has freely borrowed all the sentiment and most of the expressions from these concluding lines of the Actor:

Yet, hapless artist! though thy skill can raise
The bursting peal of universal praise,
Though at thy beck, applause delighted stands,
And lifts, Briareus-like, her hundred hands,
Know, fame awards thee but a partial breath;
Not all thy talents brave the stroke of death.
Poets to ages yet unborn appeal,
And latest times the eternal nature feel.
Though blended here the praise of bard and player,
While more than half becomes the actor's share,
Relentless death untwists the mingled fame,
And sinks the player's in the poet's name.
The pliant muscles of the various face,
The mien that gave each sentence strength and grace,
The tuneful voice, the eye that spoke the mind,
Are gone, nor leave a single trace behind.

justly appreciates the extent of his own poetic powers:

> For me, who labour with poetic sin,
> Who often woo the muse I cannot win,
> Whom pleasure first a willing poet made,
> And folly spoilt by taking up the trade,
> Pleased I behold superior genius shine,
> Nor tinged with envy, wish that genius mine,
> To Churchill's muse can bow with decent awe,
> Admire his mode, nor make that mode my law;
> Both may, perhaps, have various powers to please;
> Be his the strength of numbers, mine the ease.

The profits accruing from the extensive sale of the Rosciad and the Apology, amounting to upwards of £1000, enabled him to make that full restitution to his creditors, which has been noticed; the merit arising from this noble, because voluntary, act of justice, was tarnished by the general irregularity of his conduct. The celebrity he

Garrick pilfered the same thought in his prologue to the Clandestine Marriage:

> The painter dead, yet still he charms the eye.
> While England lives his fame can never die.
> But he "who struts his hour upon the stage,"
> Can scarce extend his fame for half an age,
> Nor pen nor pencil can the actor save,
> The art and artist share one common grave.

Colley Cibber was the original source from whence they all drew the observation. Speaking of Betterton he observes: "Pity it is that the momentary beauties from an harmonious elocution cannot, like those of poetry, be their own record! that the animated graces of the player can live no longer than the instant breath and motion that presents them; or at best can but faintly glimmer through the memory or imperfect attestation of a few surviving spectators."

That arch plagiarist, Sterne, has observed with Solomon, that there is nothing new under the sun; it is only pouring out of one vial into another. Sheridan, however, frequently adopted the more compendious expedient of taking the whole vial, and only altering the label.

had acquired, obtained for him an immediate introduction to the society of men whose literary endowments were disgraced by the utmost dissoluteness of life and manners. His nocturnal revels and frequent absences from home rendered every return to it more irksome, and the altercations which ensued between him and Mrs. Churchill, who possessed but little of the spirit of conciliation, and whose conduct opened some field for recrimination,* soon ended in a total separation. This circumstance, together with the outcry raised against him by his parishioners for his disregard of his spiritual functions, and the unbecoming nature of his dress, induced him to resign the curacy and lectureship of St. John's,† which but

* Dr. Kippis, in the Biographia Britannica, observes, that it was always understood in Westminster, that Mrs. Churchill's imprudence kept too near a pace with that of her husband.

† The dress he now adopted was a blue coat with metal buttons, a gold laced waistcoat, a gold laced hat and ruffles. The Bishop of Rochester remonstrated with him on the impropriety of his dress, at the instance of the parishioners of St. John's, which circumstance, together with Lloyd's epigram on the occasion, are given in p. 185 of this volume.

The following lines appeared in some of the public papers on the occasion:

Tired with attendance, sick of daily prayer,
Which hardly yielded fourscore pounds a year;
Grown so averse from praise in any way,
He would praise God no longer tho' for pay,
And taught besides, which suited more his nature,
That Satan gave a better price for satire;
Raised all his pensioners to high repute,
By scandal on the government and Bute,
Copying his patrons, Churchill took a stride
From Heaven's service, to the other side,
But loath the fashionable rule to break,
Went to St. John's a formal leave to take,
There with the pride of resignation fired,
Bow'd to the altar, quitted, and retired.

a few years before had been conferred on him, in consequence of the high character he possessed for learning and morality. He now renounced all claim to the clerical character, became quite a man of the town, and indulged in all the excesses to which youth, and unbridled licentiousness prompted.*

To vindicate his conduct from the just censure of the public, Churchill addressed his next poem, entitled Night,† to Lloyd, his friend and partner in excess. This vindication proceeds on the exploded doctrine, that the barefaced avowal of vice is less culpable than the practice of it, under an hypocritical assumption of virtue. The measure of guilt in the individual, is, we conceive, tolerably equal; but the sanction and example afforded in

> Quoth he, if throwing up can give a right
> T' oppose the government with all one's might,
> I'm free to counteract by rule of parity,
> All christian meekness and all christian charity.

* The irregular conduct of our author, and an interesting incident which occurred in the course of it, have been so well told by Charles Johnson, in his masterly but caustic satire, entitled "Chrysal, or the Adventures of a Guinea," that we cannot do an act of greater justice to Churchill, or one that will afford more pleasure to our readers, than by giving an extract from the narrative at the conclusion of these memoirs, especially as it is the one particularly alluded to by Cowper in his letter on the merits and character of Churchill. The pathetic incident related, so well accords with the character of our author, by which he was always enthusiastically impelled to follow the first impulses of his heart, that we see no reason for doubting of his being the real hero of the affecting tale.

† To avoid the necessity of accumulated references, we beg to refer our readers to the preliminary remarks on each poem, and to our notes in general, for several detached anecdotes of the life and writings of our author. They appeared to us necessary for the elucidation of the text, and we could not reintroduce them in this part of our volume, without justly incurring blame for trespassing on the patience of our readers by unnecessary repetitions.

the former case, render it an evil of tenfold magnitude.

The next work he published was the first book of the Ghost, a poem which he afterwards continued at intervals, and which he seems to have composed of several disjointed plans, strung together, and forming a sort of poetical commonplace book, in which he indulged in a greater license of digression, and carelessness of diction, than hitherto. The experiment failed, and excepting a few well drawn characters, the author's reputation received no great accession of public favour by the experiment.

In the year 1762, Churchill plunged deeper and more irrecoverably into a course of debauchery and faction, by the commencement of his acquaintance with Mr. Wilkes, whose coadjutor he became in that vehicle of nationality and sedition, the North Briton, a publication replete with party wit, scurrility, and political information, the effect of which upon the public was considerable, and to its formidable attack, perseverance, and intrepidity, may be attributed the defeat and resignation of Lord Bute. Of the particular share Churchill took in that publication we are ignorant; but Mr. Kearsley, in his examination before the secretaries of state, told them, that Mr. Charles Churchill received the profit arising from its sale. This circumstance rendered him of importance enough to be included with Wilkes in the list of those whom the messengers had *verbal* instructions to apprehend, under the general warrant issued for that purpose, the execution of which gave rise to the most popular and only beneficial portion of the contest that ensued with government. Churchill was with Wilkes at the time the latter was

apprehended, and only escaped owing to the messengers' ignorance of his person, and the presence of mind with which Wilkes addressed him by the name of Thompson.

One of many instances of the popularity of Wilkes and of the North Briton, may be collected from the fact that when one Williams, a bookseller in Fleet Street, stood on the pillory on the 15th of February, 1765, for selling No. 45, he was drawn to it by the populace in a hackney coach covered with laurel, which was transferred to the pillory, and a purse of two hundred guineas, collected on the spot, was presented to him on his discharge.

The materials of the Prophecy of Famine were first proposed to Churchill as the subject of a paper for the North Briton; but on more mature consideration, he determined upon converting them into a poem. This he did with extraordinary success and felicity of expression; and, though we are far from justifying the spirit of nationality with which it is imbued, we cannot but consider it as one of the most admirable specimens of satirical composition in the language. Of this poem it has been observed, that the author displays peculiar skill in throwing his thoughts into poetical paragraphs, so that the sentence swells to the conclusion, as in prose.

Hogarth was the next victim immolated at the shrine of party; and, though he began the attack, he was wholly unprepared either to support his own cause, or to ridicule successfully that of his opponents. The wretched attempts he made to expose the failings of Earl Temple, and the Earl of Chatham; and his coarse caricature of our author, served only to confirm the poet's assertion

of his dotage. It has been generally supposed that this epistle, which is throughout written in our author's best manner, accelerated the death of the ingenious artist. This circumstance, we are by no means inclined to believe to the full extent; though there can be no doubt, but that so vain a man as Hogarth must have been sensibly affected by so severe an attack, in a poem which promised to equal, if not surpass, his own works in duration.*

As the only authentic correspondence of Churchill consists of no more than a few short letters, we shall subjoin to these memoirs such of them as present any matter of interest, and must

* Mr. Nichols, in his amusing anecdotes of Hogarth, mentions his having been assured by Dr. Morrell, the *friend* who first carried and read to Hogarth the invective of Churchill, that he seemed quite insensible to the most sarcastical parts of it. He was so thoroughly wounded before, by the North Briton, especially with regard to what related to his domestic happiness, that he lay nowhere open to a fresh attack. Mr. Nichols adds, "some readers may however entertain a doubt on this subject. A man feels most exquisitely when the merit of which he is proudest, is denied him; and it may be urged, that Hogarth was more solicitous to maintain the character of a good painter, than of a tender husband." (1804).

Since the first edition Mr. Nichols, the learned and amiable Biographer of Hogarth and of Bowyer, has, at an advanced age, descended to the grave loved by all who knew him, and honoured by the still larger circle, who had been instructed or entertained by his wide range of literary labours. In all the forms of publication of Hogarth's prints, from the Imperial Atlas to the cheapest and smallest size, Mr. Nichols's notes supply all that the eye fails of receiving, while every subsequent fact relating to the artist and his works has been gleaned and elucidated with equal ability and accuracy in an edition with notes of Hogarth's autobiography, by Mr. John Bowyer Nichols, the worthy successor of his father, who, with filial piety, has devoted his kindred talents to illustrate and adorn the hereditary mantle, and is himself happy in a son, who has already fulfilled the early promise given of ably cultivating the patrimonial field of antiquarian literature.

refer the reader to one of them, for the author's own sense of the provocation received from Hogarth.

We are now arrived at the most painful part of our duty, that of relating an event which gave Churchill more real anxiety of mind than any other transaction of his life.

Early in 1673, he formed an intimacy with Miss Carr, the daughter of a highly respectable sculptor in Westminster; this young creature he seduced, prevailed on her to quit her father's roof, and lead a life of infamy with him. Satiated by a fortnight's gratification of his passion, during which short period she had leisure for sorrow and repentance, they prevailed upon a friend to communicate her penitence and sufferings to her father, who, by their joint entreaties, was induced to readmit her into his family. This instance of parental tenderness sensibly affected her, and she probably would, by her future conduct, have justified the forbearance of her father, and having once felt the pangs of vice, never again deviate from the paths of virtue, had she not been exposed to the taunts of an elder sister, the bitterness of whose reproaches induced this unhappy young woman to apply once more to Churchill for protection. Actuated by a false sense of gratitude and honour, he thought himself bound to receive her anew; had he made liberal provision for her support, and declined all further intercourse, his former offence might admit of extenuation, but this renewal of the connexion, aggravated the crime. While this transaction was fresh in the public mind, and with a view to efface the unfavourable impression it had made, he published the Conference, in which the emotions of a mind,

not hardened in guilt, and writhing under the pressure of self-conviction, are pathetically described, while several passages are strongly expressive of manly and acute sensibility. This disgraceful transaction appears to have excited much notice, as we find the following allusion to it in a letter from Walpole to Lord Hertford: "I forgot to tell you, and you may wonder at hearing nothing of the Rev. Mr. Charles Pylades, while Mr. John Orestes is making such a figure; but Dr. Pylades the poet has forsaken his consort and the muses, and is gone off with a stonecutter's daughter. What if he should come and offer himself to you for chaplain to the embassy?" And again from Garrick, when at Rome, to Colman: "Where is the bold Churchill? what a noble ruin! When he is quite undone you shall send him here, and he shall be shown among the great fragments of Roman genius, magnificent in ruins."

Accompanied by Miss Carr he, in the summer of 1763, made an excursion into Wales, and resided a few weeks at Monmouth, the rusticity of whose inhabitants he has celebrated in Gotham. On his return to London, he received the disagreeable information of his friend Lloyd's imprisonment in the Fleet. Impelled by that ardour, which on all occasions distinguished him, he flew to his assistance, and demonstrated, by his actions, the warmth and sincerity of his friendship.

A few months after Lloyd's confinement, it was proposed, by his most intimate acquaintance, to raise a subscription for the purpose of extricating him from his immediate embarrassments. Our author made every possible exertion to forward

this benevolent design, but his efforts were abortive. Unfortunately for Lloyd, his pretended friends were more ostentatious than liberal, and had meanly proposed what they did not possess sufficient spirit and generosity to effect. That which adversity alone can teach, he now learnt, the insincerity of the warmest professions, and the instability of the *most inviolable* friendships; Garrick, Thornton, Colman, and Hogarth, whom he had so frequently berhimed and bepraised, abandoned him to his fate; Wilkes was abroad, and while there, in a letter to Colman, thus alluded to Thornton's neglect of Lloyd: "I hope Lloyd's works will be reprinted in twelves, such an edition would certainly succeed. He was indeed a very pretty poet as well as a very amiable man; I find he had subject of just indignation against Thornton, so had Churchill. I am a little inclined to revenge both their quarrels. Our dear friend Churchill wished I would. What is your opinion? If you wish to save Thornton, he will owe his salvation only to you. All this is quite between ourselves." Churchill, in fact, proved the only staunch and generous friend on whom Lloyd could rely. To the liberality of our author, and to some scant payments by the booksellers, Lloyd was indebted for a tolerably comfortable subsistence during his tedious confinement.

It is not to be wondered at that these depressing circumstances should prey upon the mind of Lloyd, who, to use a vulgar but expressive phrase, had been no one's enemy but his own. The amiable mildness and affectionate warmth of his own attachments made him doubly feel the cruel neglect of his old school and college connexions.

He seemed to wish to live for no other purpose than to express his gratitude to Churchill, whom, with a broken heart, he followed to an early grave.

Accustomed on every occasion warmly to espouse the cause of his friends, the rencontre between Wilkes and Martin gave rise to Churchill's next poem the Duellist,* the first book of which was published in November, 1763, soon after that transaction. In this satire, which though in the same metre, much excels the Ghost in spirit and correctness, he did not confine himself to the subject of his muse, but indulged in some severe reflections on persons not immediately connected with the hero of the poem. The allegorical part of it is highly finished, and the personification of the various pursuits, passions, and vices of mankind, displays great animation, and force of imagery. The Cave of Fraud is admirably described, and its hateful inhabitants seem present to our view.

Churchill closed his poetical labours for the year 1763 with the Author, with which poem his various critics and reviewers professed themselves to be better pleased than with any of his preceding publications. The satire, except in one or two instances, is of a public nature, and well directed; the supremacy of genius is asserted with spirit and supported by argument, and the shackles of

* Walpole, in a letter to Lord Hertford, dated 22nd January, 1764, thus notices the appearance of this poem: "Churchill has published a new satire, called the Duellist, the finest and bitterest of his works. The poetry is glorious; some lines on Lord Holland, hemlock; charming abuse on that scurrilous mortal Bishop Warburton; an ill-drawn though deserved character of Sandwich, and one as much deserved and better written, of Norton."

a collegiate life are sarcastically exposed. His apology for quitting his profession is bold but unsatisfactory.

For about six months after his return from Wales, Churchill lodged at Richmond, from whence he removed to a house on Acton Common, where he fixed his residence in the hope of retrieving a shattered constitution, and of sitting down in the quiet enjoyment of that competence which the patronage of the public had bestowed. Here, in the society of the friends he loved, he proposed to pass his days in lettered ease, removed from the seat of business, but sufficiently near to observe the progress of the grand machine of literature and politics, and occasionally to employ his active mind in animadverting on its prime agents.

His first production, in 1764, was Gotham, in which he deviates from his usual style, and indulges in descriptive poetry to a greater degree than on any former occasion. In the first book, by the description of the several ages of mankind, he seems disposed to enter the lists with Shakespeare and Horace. In the second, the avocations of a poet are critically discussed, and while he bows to the superior merit of his great predecessors, and acknowledges the slovenly and careless texture of his own compositions, he yet seems conscious of their worth.

> Materials rich, though rude, inflamed with thought,
> Though more by fancy than by judgment wrought.

His characters of the Stuarts, in the same book, are drawn with historical fidelity. The versification of the third book is more harmonious than

that of either of the preceding; the severe, exclusive duties of royalty, and the painful sacrifice of more alluring pursuits which they claim, are skilfully portrayed.

The contest for the high-stewardship of Cambridge afforded too tempting a subject to escape our author's pen. The desire of such a man as the Earl of Sandwich to preside over one of the great seminaries for the improvement of the youth of this kingdom in religion and learning, could not fail of inspiring Churchill with a wish to display to the public ironically the advantages that would accrue to the cause of virtue and morality in such an event. The scope afforded by the subject constitutes this perhaps the severest satire ever written.

The fire and spirit displayed by our author in the Candidate,* appear to have exhausted his

* In a note upon these lines of this poem,

To coin newfangled wagers, and to lay them,
Laying to lose, and losing not to pay them,

we adverted, from vague recollection, to bets on a race between two drops of water down a window pane, we since find in an old magazine that such a bet actually took place, and which was celebrated by the following lines, afterwards transcribed into the New Foundling Hospital for Wit, entitled,

AMUSEMENT IN MODERN HIGH LIFE.

The Bucks had dined, and deep in council sat,
Their wine was brilliant, but their wit grew flat.
Up starts his lordship—to the window flies,
And lo! a race, a race! in rapture cries.
Where? quoth Sir John; Why, see two drops of rain
Start from the summit of the crystal pane:
A thousand pounds which drop with nimblest force
Performs its current down the slipp'ry course.
The bets were fix'd, in dire suspense they wait
For victory, pendent on the nod of fate.
Now down the sash, unconscious of the prize,
The bubbles roll, like pearls from Chloe's eyes.

present stock; and his next poem, the Farewell,* is in consequence unusually deficient in both.

In his succeeding production, the Times, his muse appears to have recovered her wonted vigour. Nothing can exceed the energy of this satire; the prominent vices of the principal European states are well discriminated, and the picture of the degraded state of Italy, and of its effeminate inhabitants, is delineated in strong and glowing colours.

Independence, the great theme of our author's aspirations, forms the subject of his next poem, and he draws in it no unfavourable portrait of his own soul, though he treats its *case* with little ceremony; he probably felt no hesitation in owning "ingenium Galbæ, male habitat." "Monsieur est mal logé." Lord Lyttelton,† who was in the

> But O, the glitt'ring joys of life are short,
> How oft two jostling steeds have spoil'd the sport:
> So thus attraction, by coercive laws,
> Th' approaching drops into one bubble draws;
> Each cursed his fate that thus their project cross'd,
> How hard their lot who neither won nor lost.

* The passing political themes and characters dealt with by Churchill in his poems, and the exaggerated importance ascribed to them, are aptly ridiculed by Walpole in one of his letters to Conway: "What lectures will be read to your children on this era—Europe taught to tremble, the great king humbled, the treasures of Peru diverted into the Thames, Asia subdued by the gigantic Clive, for in that age men were near seven feet high: France suing for peace at the gates of Buckingham House, the steady wisdom of the Duke of Bedford drawing a circle round the Gallic monarch, and forbidding him to pass it till he had signed the cession of America: Pitt, more eloquent than Demosthenes, and trampling on proffered pensions like—I don't know who: Lord Temple sacrificing a brother to the love of his country: Wilkes as spotless as Sallust, and the Flamen Churchill knocking down the foes of Britain with statues of the gods."

† "With the figure of a spectre and the gesticulations of a puppet, he talked heroics through his nose, made declamations at a visit, and played at cards with scraps of history or sentences of Pindar."—*Earl of Oxford's Memoires.*

same predicament, is stigmatised with unjustifiable severity; this poem would have admitted of considerable improvement had the author lived to revise a second edition.

The Journey, and the Fragment of a Dedication, were posthumous publications, which did not detract from the merit of their author, though in each an honourable character is sacrificed at the shrine of private resentment.*

Being desirous of seeing his friend Wilkes, then, for sufficient cause, a voluntary exile in France, Churchill made arrangements for paying him a visit, and the only previous intimation given by him to his brother, John Churchill, of his intention was conveyed in the following laconic note, "Dear Jack, adieu, C. C." Accordingly, on the 22nd of October, 1764, he accompanied his friends Goy and Cotes to France, and met Wilkes at Boulogne, where, on the 29th, soon after his arrival, he was seized with a miliary fever, which baffled the skill of the two eminent physicians by whom he was attended. Mr. Cotes was a great advocate for Dr. James's powder, and insisted

* The following paragraph appeared in the St. James's Chronicle a few days after the news of Churchill's death reached England; we have every reason to believe that the assertion contained in it is wholly unfounded:

"It is confidently reported that there has been found among the papers of the late Mr. Churchill an unfinished poem, called the Contract, wherein he hath animadverted, with his usual spirit, upon a sort of men who, having plundered their country with impunity, have proceeded to lay out their unrighteous gains in purchasing the power of oppressing and enslaving their fellow subjects, &c. This curious fragment will, it is said, be given in due time to the public. The two following have been repeated as the first lines of the poem,

Whisper, presumptuous Satire, stand in fear,
Lest ermined Mansfield or Sir Fletcher hear."

upon administering it, to which the medical gentlemen consented, but observed that the battle was lost. They at the same time said, that if the powder produced any favourable effect, it would operate as a cathartic, or by perspiration, but that if it acted as an emetic, the patient would be immediately carried off. In this state he expressed a wish to return to England, which his friends imprudently indulged; but his removal from a warm bed, preparatory to undertaking the voyage, terminated his life in a few hours, on the 4th of November, in the thirty-fourth year of his age. At the moment when his danger was imminent, the physicians, according to the law of the country, were obliged to apprise the priests of his state, that they might attend to perform their spiritual functions, and, the patient being a protestant, to use their endeavours for his conversion. Accordingly they repeatedly demanded admission for this purpose, but their attempts were parried by Wilkes, with his usual address.

This gentlemen has informed the world that the goodness of Churchill's heart and the firmness of his philosophy, shone in full lustre during the whole of his very severe illness, and that the comprehensive faculties of his mind remained unimpaired till within a few moments of his death.*

* Davies, in his Life of Garrick, confidently asserts, that the last words uttered by our author were, "What a fool have I been!" but while we admit the propriety of this exclamation, it is not, in this instance, entitled to any credit, having always been pointedly denied by Wilkes and others present.

Churchill's brother John survived him little more than one year, dying after a week's illness only, on 18 November, 1765. He was an apothecary in Church Street, St. John the Evangelist, Westminister.

His friends considered it incumbent on them to persuade him to make a will, which with great formality he sat up in his bed to do, and bequeathed annuities to the amount of £110, though at the same time, if he had given himself the trouble to consider, he would know that he had not a single guinea, independent of the copyright and sale of his works, that he could call his own. Among the few manuscripts he left, was found the commencement of a satire against two of his most intimate friends, Colman and Thornton. Wilkes, who had the inspection of his papers, judiciously burnt the fragment, which consisted of upwards of one hundred lines.

His few books, furniture, &c. sold extravagantly dear. Party and the popularity of his name as a writer had stamped on them a factitious value, of which the reader will best judge when informed that a common steel pen sold for £5, and a pair of plated spurs for 16 guineas.

Churchill's body was brought to Dover,* and deposited in the old church-yard formerly belonging to the collegiate church of St. Martin, with a stone over it, on which are inscribed his age, the date of his death, and this line from his own works—

"Life to the last enjoy'd, here Churchill lies."

A tablet sacred to his memory has since been placed in the church by Mr. Underwood, the author of several poetical pieces.

The unexpected death of a man who had for

* Foote also died at Dover, on the 20th of October, 1774, just ten years afterwards, on which occasion the ships in the harbour lowered their flags half mast.—He was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a tablet was erected to his memory.

nearly four years occupied the attention of the public, could not take place without exciting considerable sensation. He was sincerely lamented by his friends and acquaintance; and his popularity, with a great party, gave to his death the appearance of a national loss. Such was at first the enthusiasm in favour of his memory, that a suggestion was entertained by several eminent artists of raising a subscription among themselves for defraying the expense of erecting a monument to him in Westminster Abbey; but the notion soon subsided, and will scarcely be revived.*

* Dr. Beattie, in 1765, printed some lines on this subject, in which he attacked the memory of our author in a manner unworthy of the head and heart which dictated the Minstrel; the good sense of Sir W. Forbes induced him to expunge this poem from his edition of Beattie's works. It has however been reprinted in most of the subsequent editions, and we give some extracts from the poem as well as from his preliminary observations, to show how far a highly cultivated mind may be warped, under political and national excitement, to a degree of coarse abuse unredeemed by a single particle of wit, or talent.

"When I saw the extravagant honours that were paid to his memory, and heard that a monument in Westminster Abbey was intended for one whom even his admirers acknowledge to have been an incendiary and a debauchee, I could not help wishing that my countrymen would reflect a little on what they were doing before they consecrated, by what posterity would think the public voice, a character which no friend to virtue or true taste could approve."

Bufo, begone! with thee may faction's fire,
That hatch'd thy salamander fame expire;
Fame, dirty idol of the brainless crowd;
What half made moon-calf can mistake for good,
Since shared by knaves of high and low degree,
Cromwell, and Catiline, Guido Faux and thee.
By nature uninspired, untaught by art,
With not one thought that breathes the feeling heart,
With not one offering vow'd to Virtue's shrine,
With not one pure unprostituted line;
Alike debauch'd in body, soul, and lays;
For pension'd censure and for pension'd praise,

It was not until many years after his death, that Dryden obtained a memorial among his bro-

For ribaldry, for libels, lewdness, lies,
For blasphemy of all the good and wise,
Coarse violence in coarser doggerel writ,
Which bawling blackguards spell'd and took for wit,
For conscience, honour, slighted, spurn'd, o'erthrown,
Lo! Bufo shines the minion of renown;
And yet, tho' thousand cits admire his rage,
Tho' less of fool than felon marks his page,
Still shall a Bufo's most polluted name
Stain Britain's tablet of untainted fame;
Shall his disgraceful name with theirs be join'd,
Who wish'd and wrought the welfare of mankind;
His name accurst who leagued with Wilkes and Hell,
Labour'd to rouse with rude and murderous yell,
Discord, the fiend, to toss rebellion's brand,
To whelm in rage and woe a guiltless land.

* * * * * *

But when a ruffian whose portentous crimes,
Like plagues and earthquakes terrify the times,
Triumphs thro' life from legal judgment free,
For Hell may hatch what law could ne'er foresee.
Sacred from vengeance shall his memory rest,
Judas, tho' dead, tho' damn'd, we still detest.

The following couplet more good-humouredly expressed the whole sense and substance of Beattie's tirade.

EPITAPH ON THE SUGGESTION OF A MONUMENT TO C. CHURCHILL IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

"Tho' you finish the work with most masterly skill,
All judges will say, it becomes a Church-ill."

By way of antidote, were any needed, to Dr. Beattie's intemperate lines, we extract from Lord Byron's Poems a pathetic tribute to the genius and memory of Churchill, with a mournful recognition prompted by his own melancholy experience of "the glory and the nothing of a name."

CHURCHILL'S GRAVE.

[A fact literally rendered.]

I stood beside the grave of him who blazed
The comet of a season, and I saw
The humblest of all sepulchres, and gazed
With not the less of sorrow and of awe

ther poets. Perhaps another Sheffield may arise to place Churchill, his legitimate offspring, by the side of that great poet.

In the year 1765, the celebrated Abbé Winckelman having presented Wilkes with an antique sepulchral urn of alabaster, the latter caused the

On that neglected turf and quiet stone,
With name no clearer than the names unknown,
Which lay unread around it; and I ask'd
The gardener of that ground, why it might be
That for this plant strangers his memory task'd
Through the thick deaths of half a century.
And thus he answer'd, "Well, I do not know
Why frequent travellers turn to pilgrims so;
He died before my day of Sextonship,
And I had not the digging of this grave."
And is this all, I thought—and do we rip
The veil of immortality, and crave
I know not what of honour and of light
Thro' unborn ages, to endure this blight,
So soon and so successless? as I said,
The architect of all on which we tread,
For earth is but a tombstone, did essay
To extricate remembrance from the clay,
Whose minglings might confuse a Newton's thought,
Were it not that all life must end in one
Of which we are but dreamers, as he caught
As 'twere the twilight of a former sun,
Thus spoke, "I believe the man of whom
You wot, who lies in this selected tomb,
Was a most famous writer in his day,
And therefore travellers step from out their way
To pay him honour—and myself whate'er—
Your honour pleases"—then most pleased I shook
From out my pocket's avaricious nook
Some certain coins of silver, which as 'twere
Perforce I gave this man, tho' I could spare
So much but inconveniently—ye smile,
I see ye, ye profane ones all the while,
Because my homely phrase the truth would tell.
You are the fools, not I, for I did dwell,
With a deep thought and with a soften'd eye,
On that old Sexton's natural homily,
In which there was obscurity and fame,
The glory and the nothing of a Name.

following inscription, closely imitative of the terse style of the ancients, to be engraven on it:

Carolo Churchill,
Amico Jucundo
Poetæ acri
Civi optime de patria merito
P
Johannes Wilkes.
MDCCLXV.

The same inscription is on a Doric pillar, erected to his memory by Mr. Wilkes, in the grove of Sandham cottage, in the Isle of Wight. It is in the middle of the grove; behind it are weeping willows, cypresses, and yews. Laurels seem to grow out of the column, as from Virgil's tomb at Naples, and nearly descend to the tablet on the pillar, which is fluted, and appears in some parts already injured by time. On the foreground are large myrtles, bays, laburnums, &c. The shaft is broken, and is about nine feet in height, and five in diameter.*

Churchill left two sons, Charles and John, the charge of whose education was generously undertaken by Sir Richard Jebb, who sent the former to the university of Cambridge with a handsome allowance. They neither of them proved worthy of this support, inheriting the faults, without the good qualities or genius of their father, and died, like him, victims to their disregard of temperance and prudence.†

* So described by Dr. Anderson in 1794.

† It does not appear that Charles ever married, or if he did, no issue survived. John made an imprudent marriage, and went to France, where he died, leaving a widow and an only child, a daughter, born in 1793; they came to England in about 1813, and interested Mr. Mudford and Mr. Pratt

Of the numerous publications relating to Churchill and his works which appeared during his life, and soon after his death, notice has been taken in the remarks upon his poems; and we shall not trespass on the patience of our readers, by any farther mention of them. They have, like many other things, become valuable, only because they are scarce, and became scarce, only because they were of no value; their titles, names, and merits, are preserved in the reviews of the day, while

to undertake a subscription on their behalf, and at whose instance the following statement of their case was circulated:

"THE GRAND-DAUGHTER OF CHARLES CHURCHILL.

If the assertion of Johnson be true, that "the chief glory of every people arises from its authors," may it not be hoped that an enlightened nation will identify its own greatness with the prosperity of its literary men and their posterity? When the grand-daughter of Milton was discovered in poverty, a generous emulation appeared, who should be foremost to honor the memory of the great Epic Poet, by befriending his aged and indigent descendant. This was worthy of a people proud of their literary greatness. A similar occasion now calls for similar benevolence, the grand-daughter of Charles Churchill, of a writer not excelled by any for vigour of imagination, and for a manly independence of character, is at this moment languishing in poverty, sinking under accumulated embarrassments, with the added pain of beholding a mother the sharer of her afflictions. The benevolence of the public would not only relieve them from the threatened terrors of a prison, but enable the daughter to avail herself of peculiar advantages she possesses to support herself and mother. Born in France, the victim and survivor of all the horrors that marked the progress of the French Revolution, she has now, in her twentieth year, visited the soil of her ancestors, hoping to subsist by her industry in the country that has been adorned by the writings of her progenitor."

It appears that both mother and daughter behaved with much ingratitude to the gentlemen who had so liberally espoused their cause, the subscription which had been headed by the late Earl Spencer languished accordingly. In 1820, the daughter, Mary Churchill, was French Governess in a school at Elstree, Herts, and in 1825, was a patient in St. George's Hospital, from whence we have not traced her.

the works themselves are to be found only in the libraries of the collectors of obsolete English literature. It would likewise be a needless task to enumerate the various editions of his works; the present containing all he ever published, except his sermons, and some poetical trifles of little merit, and of doubtful authenticity.

On a short review of Churchill's writings, we must pronounce them to be like his life, irregular, unequal, and inconsistent. In the same page may frequently be contrasted the strength, fire, and brilliancy of Dryden* with the roughness of Oldham and of Donne, while by some he has been compared to Bishop Hall, owing to the frequently prosaic character of his lines. In either case, however, a noble vein of moral satire pervades his poems, and he stands forth the undaunted champion of liberty, the scourge of tyranny, and the firm friend of the laws and constitution of his country. Led away by the enthusiasm of friendship, Churchill occasionally sullied and deserted these noble principles, by adopting the

* Churchill evidently took Dryden for his model in poetry, and his genius seemed to incline more to the strong and energetic than to the correct and harmonious style. But his defect was, that he did not sufficiently blend them so as to give perfection to the former. His usual manner of composing, as reported by his first publisher, was this; after he had finally resolved upon a subject he rambled about the fields alone for some hours, until he had accumulated as many ideas relative to the matter as he could; he then retired to his study, threw the whole upon paper, and, after a very few corrections, offered his book to the bookseller. Some of his lighter poems were published in this careless manner, but his friend Wilkes soon put a stop to such a proceeding, which he justly observed would soon ruin his reputation, both with his party as with the public at large. The hasty temper of Churchill did not like to be so often sent back to the *anvil*, as he called it, but Wilkes was peremptory, and he acquiesced.

libellous and factious language of the profligate supporters of a good cause. Unfortunately we cannot vindicate the patriotism of our author without impeaching his judgment, when we are compelled to acknowledge him to have been the dupe of a designing demagogue. Such, however, was we believe the fact, for while we cannot but regret his numerous errors, we yet see no traces of systematic vice or deception in his disposition. This was frank and open; to hypocrisy he was an utter stranger, his great failing, and the original source of his misconduct, was the paying an inconsiderate and implicit obedience to the dictates of a heart comparatively inclined to good, but which, under the influence of his witty and dissolute companions, took a wrong bias, and progressively diverged from the path of virtue.

No poet of equal celebrity had fewer testimonies paid to his memory and merits than Churchill; he was too severe a censor of his literary contemporaries to incline them to contribute to the extension of his fame,* whose object it had been to

* We may venture, without fear of contradiction, to assert that no English poet ever provoked such a swarm of pamphlets and poems as followed in the wake of each of Churchill's satires; we have given an abridged list of those occasioned by the Rosciad alone, and could have appended a longer one to each of his other poems. Not one has survived, or deserved to do so; and in only one can we find any lines rising even to mediocrity, except a few in a satire called the Patriot Poet, inscribed to the Rev. Mr. Churchill, by a Country Curate. The invocation to which, containing a happy imitation of some of Churchill's more slovenly rhimes, will be found in a note on Gotham, vol. ii. p. 112.

The following strains are of a more ambitious character:

> Long hath that fierce Goliah's haughty stride
> The armies of the living God defied;
> Long hath he unrestrain'd in error trod,
> Apostate to his country, king, and God.

depreciate theirs. The partial pen of Lloyd, who appears throughout all his poems desirous of expressing his admiration of his friend, forms nearly a solitary exception. We shall confine ourselves to the following extract, at once affording a pleasing specimen of his poetry and of his gratitude:

> Is there a man, whose genius strong,
> Rolls like a rapid stream along,
> Whose muse, long hid in cheerless night,
> Pours on us like a flood of light,
> Whose active, comprehensive mind
> Walks Fancy's regions, unconfined;

> I know, as novice in the muse's train,
> He'll curse me by his gods in proud disdain,
> All these his midnight orgies gods invoke,
> Revel the loud, loose laugh, the lewd, coarse joke;
> And yet I'll face him, He in whom I trust
> Shall lay the enormous giant in the dust.
> * * * *
> Even where the painting's strongest I can trace
> Low keen eyed malice in the outraged face;
> Malice, which often prompts the illiberal tongue
> To paint defects with energy of song,
> * * * *
> Thou talk'st of freedom, what? without control
> Do what we list in wantonness of soul.
> Fly, ruffian, from the haunts of men repair
> To Lybian wilds, and seek thy freedom there;
> Mix with the tigers, and in savage joy,
> Vagrant at large, be mangled, and destroy.

The Country Curate was answered by some one of Churchill's champions, who introduced into his defence the following whimsical comparison between the poet and John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough:

> In Anna's wars immortal Churchill rose,
> And, great in arms, subdued Britannia's foes;
> A greater Churchill now commands our praise,
> And the palm yields her empire to the bays.
> Though John fought nobly at his army's head,
> And slew his thousands with the balls of lead;
> Yet must the hero to the bard submit,
> Who hurls unmatch'd the thunderbolts of wit.

Whom, nor the surly sense of pride,
Nor affectation, warps aside;
Who drags no author from his shelf,
To talk on with an eye to self;
Careless alike, in conversation,
Of censure, or of approbation;
Who freely thinks and freely speaks,
And meets the wit he never seeks;
Whose reason calm, and judgment cool,
Can pity, but not hate a fool:
Who can a hearty praise bestow,
If merit sparkles in a foe;
Who, bold and open, firm and true,
Flatters no friends, yet loves them too;
Churchill will be the last to know
His is the portrait, I would show.

Goldsmith is said to have spoken slightingly of Churchill, and would be induced, as well from partial dissimilarity of character and conduct, as from motives of duty and gratitude, to vindicate the fame of his friend and patron, Dr. Johnson.* Few writers have ventured to impeach their own judgment by committing to paper any remarks in derogation of Churchill's genius; though they would not commend, they dared not censure, and have preferred silence to praise.†

* In the dedication prefixed to the Traveller, an observation occurs, which, though very general, may be supposed to allude more pointedly to Churchill.

"But there is an enemy to poetry still more dangerous, I mean party; party entirely distorts the judgment and destroys the taste. A mind capable of relishing general beauty, when once infected with this disease, can only find pleasure in what contributes to increase the distemper. Like the tiger, that seldom desists from pursuing man, after having once preyed upon human flesh, the reader who has once gratified his appetite with calumny, makes ever after the most agreeable feast upon murdered reputation. Such readers generally admire some half-witted thing, who wants to be thought a bold man, having lost the character of a wise one. Him they dignify with the name of poet; his lampoons are called satires, his turbulence is said to be force, and his frenzy fire."

† Warton and Knox are exceptions to this observation; the

Cowper always retained and expressed a warm admiration for the talents of Churchill, and has recorded both in prose and verse his favorable opinion of his schoolfellow.

> Contemporaries all surpass'd, see one;
> Short his career, indeed, but ably run;
> Churchill; himself unconscious of his powers,
> In penury consumed his idle hours;
> And, like a scatter'd seed at random sown,
> Was left to spring by vigour of his own.
> Lifted at length, by dignity of thought
> And dint of genius to an affluent lot,
> He laid his head in luxury's soft lap
> And took, too often, there his easy nap.
> If *brighter beams than all* he threw not forth,
> 'Twas negligence in him, not *want of worth*,
> Surly and slovenly, and bold, and coarse,
> Too proud for art, and trusting in mere force,
> Spendthrift alike of money and of wit,
> Always at speed, and never drawing bit,
> He struck the lyre in such a careless mood,
> And so disdain'd the rules he understood,
> The laurel seem'd to wait on his command,
> He snatch'd it rudely from the Muse's hand.
>
> TABLE TALK.

In one of his letters he thus more fully discussed the merits of the departed bard.

"It is a great thing to be indeed a poet, and does not happen to more than one man in a century. Churchill, the great Churchill, deserved

former, in his Essay on Poetry, immolates Churchill at the shrine of Gray; and the latter, in his frothy and flimsy "Essays," consigns Churchill to that oblivion in which his own writings have been most righteously overwhelmed. The vitality of Churchill's fame being sufficiently attested by the successive tributes paid to it by Cowper, Byron, Southey, and Campbell, the manes of the poet will not be greatly disturbed by the opinions either of Dr. Vicesimus Knox or of Mr. D'Israeli, who, in his Curiosities of Literature, has hazarded the assertion that "Churchill was spendthrift of fame, and enjoyed all his revenue while he lived. Posterity owes him little and pays him nothing."

the name. I have read him twice, and some of his pieces three times over, and the last time with more pleasure than the first. The pitiful scribbler of his life, seems to have undertaken that task for which he was entirely unqualified, merely because it afforded an opportunity to traduce him. He has inserted in it but one anecdote of consequence, for which he refers you to a novel, and introduces the story, with doubts of the truth of it. But his barrenness as a biographer I could forgive, if the simpleton had not thought himself a judge of his writings, and under the eroneous influence of that thought informs his reader that Gotham, Independence, and the Times, were catchpennies. Gotham, unless I am a greater blockhead than he, which I am far from believing, I think a noble and beautiful poem, and a poem with which I make no doubt the author took as much pains, as with any he ever wrote. Making allowance, (and Dryden, perhaps, in his Absalom and Achitophel, stands in need of the same indulgence) for an unwarrantable use of scripture, it appears to me to be a masterly performance. Independence is a most animated piece, full of strength and spirit, and marked with that bold masculine character, which I think is the great peculiarity of this writer. And the Times (except that the subject is disgusting in the last degree) stands equally high in my opinion. He is indeed a careless writer for the most part; but where shall we find, in any of those authors who finish their works with the exactness of a Flemish pencil, those bold and daring strokes of fancy, those numbers so hazardously ventured upon and so happily finished, the matter so compressed and yet so clear, and the coluring so

sparingly laid on, and yet with such a beautiful effect? In short, it is not his least praise that he is never guilty of those faults as a writer, which he lays to the charge of others. A proof that he did not judge by a borrowed standard, or from rules laid down by critics, but that he was qualified to do it by his own native powers, and his great superiority of genius. For he that wrote so much, and so fast, would, through inadvertence and hurry, unavoidably have departed from rules which he might have found in books; but his truly poetical talent was a guide which could not suffer him to err. A race horse is graceful in his swiftest pace, and never makes an awkward motion though pushed to his utmost speed. A cart horse might perhaps be taught to play tricks in the riding school, and might prance and curvet like his betters, but at some unlucky time would be sure to betray the baseness of his original. It is an affair of very little consequence, perhaps, to the well-being of mankind, but I cannot help regretting that he died so soon. Those words of Virgil, upon the immature death of Marcellus, might serve for his epitaph."

> "Ostendent terris hunc tantum fata, neque ultra
> Esse sinent." *

It gives us pleasure to add the testimony of

* Southey, in his Life of Cowper, observes on this letter: "That Cowper made Churchill more than any other writer his model. No two poets could be more unlike each other in habits, temper, and disposition. Their only sympathy was in a spirit of indignation, taking, in both, the form of satire, but which the one directed against individuals for what he deemed their political turpitude, or for offence given to himself or his friends, the other against the prevailing sins and errors of the age. Churchill's object was to annoy those whom he disliked, Cowper's to exhort and reclaim his fellow-

one of the most distinguished of living poets to the poetical merits of Churchill. Mr. Campbell, in his Specimens of British Poets,* with preliminary observations on each, thus characterises him:

"Churchill may be ranked as a satirist, immediately after Pope and Dryden, with perhaps a greater share of humour than either. He has the bitterness of Pope, with less wit to atone for it; but no mean share of the free manner and energetic plainness of Dryden. After the Rosciad and Apology, he began his poem of the Ghost, (founded on the well-known story of Cock Lane,) many parts of which tradition reports him to have composed when scarce recovered from his fits of drunkenness. It is certainly a rambling and scandalous production, with a few such original gleams as might have crossed the brain of genius, amidst the life and lassitude of dissipation. The novelty of political warfare seems to have given a new impulse to his powers in the Prophecy of Famine, a satire on Scotland; which even, to Scotchmen must seem to sheath its sting in its

creatures. He however found something so congenial to his own taste and sentiments in the strength and manliness of Churchill's poetry, the generous love of liberty which it breathed, and its general tone of morals, that its venom and virulence seem to have given him no displeasure. No doubt he thought that the principal objects of Churchill's satire deserved the severity with which they were treated, for the flagitious profligacy of their private lives, and his own feelings went with the satirist, because his political opinions were of the same school."

* We observe that Lord Jeffrey, in his critique on these Selections, as included in his recent publication of his Contributions to the Edinburgh Review, says, that Mr. Campbell has as much overrated Churchill, as he has underrated Akenside; but as his lordship does not condescend upon particulars, we beg leave, with much deference, to demur to his judgment as regards the former.

laughable extravagance. His poetical epistle to Hogarth is remarkable, amidst its savage ferocity, for one of the best panegyrics that was ever bestowed on that painter's works. He scalps indeed, even barbarously, the infirmities of the man, but on the whole spares the laurels of the artist."

"There are two peculiarly interesting passages in the Conference. One of them, expressive of remorse for the crime of seduction, has been often quoted. The other is a touching description of a man of independent spirit, reduced by despair and poverty, to accept of the means of sustaining life on humiliating terms."

Mr. Campbell differs from Cowper, in his opinion of Gotham, and concludes with a remark which will hardly be acceded to when it is remembered, that Churchill's last production was the Dedication to Warburton. "It was justly complained," Mr. Campbell says, "that Churchill became too much an echo of himself, and that before his short literary career was closed his originality appeared to be exhausted."

Our account of Churchill and our estimate of his character and genius would be imperfect, were we not to notice the opinion of one most capable of forming it; we of course allude to Dr. Johnson; but deeply as we reverence him, we should consider him more than human, if he had not been biassed by the attacks made upon him by Churchill in almost all his poems, and particularly in the North Briton, to which he was a reputed contributor. All this, aggravated by Johnson's natural distaste to Churchill's morals, and aversion from his politics, would apparently justify a stronger tone of censure than he has adopted,

conveying no critical animadversion, but those forcible epithets only which he was in the habit of bestowing. In one point, indeed, the Doctor was vulnerable, and he severely felt the allusion in the Ghost, to his long-promised edition of Shakespeare:

> He for subscribers baits his hook,
> And takes your cash, but where's the book:
> No matter where, wise fear you know
> Forbids the robbing of a foe;
> But what, to serve our private ends,
> Forbids the cheating of our friends?

The prospectus for this edition had been issued, and subscriptions received for it in 1757, yet nine years elapsed before it saw the light. Johnson's throes, as Boswell * observes, in bringing it forth,

* We have been so much indebted to Boswell, and his editors for many an amusing anecdote in aid of our task of elucidation, that had we no other motive than gratitude we should venture to dissent from the very severe animadversion bestowed by Mr. Macaulay, on what he designates as the thoughtless loquacity of Boswell, adding that he "would infallibly have made Johnson as contemptible as he has made himself, had not his hero really possessed some moral and intellectual qualities of a very high order. The best proof that Johnson was really an extraordinary man, is, that his character, instead of being degraded, has on the whole been decidedly raised by a work in which all his vices and weaknesses are exposed more unsparingly than they ever were exposed by Churchill or by Kenrick."

Mr. Macaulay has done injustice to Churchill in thus classing him with Kenrick, who with a bilious temperament, but some ability, was neither happy nor successful in his manifestations of it. He was born at Watford, and brought up to his father's trade of a rule-maker, but took to literary pursuits, and became the editor of the London Review; he had a lawsuit with Garrick about some of his rejected dramas, and his attack on Johnson was contained in a pamphlet entitled "A Review of Dr. Johnson's new edition of Shakespeare, in which the ignorance or inattention of the editor is exposed, and the poet defended from the persecution of his commentator;" of which the only notice

had been severe, and remittent, and at last we may conclude that the Cæsarian operation was performed by the knife of Churchill, whose satire made Sir Joshua Reynolds, and other of Johnson's friends, urge him to dispatch; to vindicate his credit from the stain which might, by longer delay, attach to it. The work appeared in 1765, and nobly redeemed the pledge given, were it only by the preface, which is superior to any dissertation of the kind, Dryden's Prefatory Essays excepted.

Boswell also admits, that Johnson was nettled by Churchill, and that he felt the sting, or that poet's works would hardly have been left out of the edition; he however adds, "I know Johnson was exceedingly zealous to declare that he abided by the bookseller's list, and had little to do with the selection." Churchill's works, too, might possibly be rejected by him upon a higher principle, the highest indeed, if he was inspired by the more laudable motive which made him reject every authority for a word in his Dictionary, that could only be gleaned from writers hostile to religion or morality.

With these qualifications, we do not think Johnson's opinion of Churchill, as recorded by Boswell, can be considered as detracting from the more unprejudiced opinions of Cowper and Campbell.

"He talked contemptuously of Churchill's poetry, observing that 'it had a temporary cur-

Johnson deigned to take was, that he was one of the many who have made themselves *public* without making themselves known, and that he did not consider himself bound by Kenrick's *rules*. Dr. William Kenrick, LL. D. died 10 June, 1779, and only lives in Goldsmith's Retaliation.

rency, only from its audacity of abuse, and being filled with living names, and that it would sink into oblivion.' I ventured to hint that he was not quite a fair judge, as Churchill had attacked him. 'Nay, Sir, I am a fair judge. He did not attack me till he found I did not like his poetry; and his attack on me shall not prevent me from continuing to say what I think of him, from an apprehension that it may be ascribed to resentment. No, Sir, I called the fellow a blockhead at first, and I will call him a blockhead still. However, I will acknowledge that I have a better opinion of him than I once had; for he has shown more fertility than I expected. To be sure, he is a tree that cannot produce good fruit: he only bears crabs. But, Sir, a tree that produces a great many crabs is better than a tree which produces only a few.' In this depreciation of Churchill's poetry I could not agree with him. It is true that the greatest part of it is upon the topics of the day, on which account, as it brought him great fame and profit, it must proportionably slide out of the public attention as other subjects succeed. But Churchill had extraordinary vigour both of thought and expression. His portraits of the players will ever be valuable to the lovers of the drama; and his strong caricatures of several eminent men of his age will not be forgotten by the curious. Let me add, that there are in his works many passages of general interest; and his 'Prophecy of Famine' is a poem of no ordinary merit. It is, indeed, falsely applied to Scotland; but on that account may be allowed a greater share of invention."

The intimate union, social, literary, and political, which subsisted between Wilkes and Churchill

during the whole of the short but brilliant career of the latter, would call here for some more particular notices of circumstances arising out of that intimacy, and of the general proceedings of the civic patriot, during his most active period of agitation, but that the frequent reference to these transactions in the poems, has elicited in the notes most of the material facts connected with them. To those notes we therefore refer the reader; and while we abide by the unqualified censure bestowed in them on the general character and conduct of Wilkes and of most of his associates, we still feel, that, from whatever motives, he was instrumental in rendering service to his country; unlike some of his successors in Parliament, even in a reformed House of Commons, who, equally dissolute in morals, have neither public services nor literary accomplishments to adduce in palliation of their vices.

With no disposition to extenuate the misconduct of Wilkes, we could have wished that the noble and learned author of the Historical Sketches of characters during the reign of George III.* had tempered the unmeasured severity of his invective against Wilkes, by some notice of his classical and literary attainments.

In those Sketches, not only is the claim of Wilkes to be a gentleman denied, because he was the son of a distiller, but the imputation of vulgarity is attached to him for no other reason than

* It has been surmised that the names of Wilkes and Junius have been introduced into these Historical Sketches as the prototypes merely of living individuals, and this supposition will account for many of the omissions and much of the carelessness evident in the Sketches as applicable to the parties named.

that when Lord Mayor he sportively offered invitations to a Mansion House entertainment to Junius, and his Junia, "if he had one." To refute both charges it may suffice to state, on the authority of the late Mr. Andrew Strahan, that Lord Mansfield, than whom no one could be a better judge in such matters, was of opinion that "Mr. Wilkes was the pleasantest companion, the politest gentleman, and the best scholar he ever knew."

Dr. Johnson also bore testimony to the agreeable qualities of Wilkes, to whom he was at first rather reluctantly introduced at Dilly's table, with, of course, no prepossessions in his favour, as he had been fiercely attacked by him in the North Briton.* But it was one of Wilkes's chief merits never to carry into private society any of his political opinions, except as matter of amusement; this is exemplified by his well known saying, on some allusion to the proceedings of his adherents, that it was true he was Wilkes, but it did not follow that he was a Wilkite.

Wilkes maintained through life an epistolary and social intercourse with some of the most distinguished individuals of his time, both in England and in France, and has left, as the fruit of his leisure and retirement, the most splendid and

* Dr. Johnson afterwards met him frequently, and much enjoyed his society, of which Boswell reports him to have said, "Did we not hear so much of Jack Wilkes, we should think more highly of his conversation. Jack has a great variety of talk; Jack is a scholar; and Jack has the manners of a gentleman. But after hearing his name sounded from pole to pole as the phœnix of convivial felicity, we are disappointed in his company. He has always been at *me*, but I would do Jack a kindness rather than not. The contest is now over."

correct editions we possess of Catullus and of Theophrastus, for which he received letters of thanks from Lord Mansfield, Lord Spencer, Gibbon, Mr. Pitt, Warren Hastings,* and other eminent statesmen and scholars. His prose compositions, in which he measured almost equal lances with Junius and Horne Tooke, we shall have frequent occasion to notice; and he was the author of some pleasing occasional verses, consisting chiefly of congratulatory lines addressed to his daughter on her successive birthdays.†

We add the following, as the best authenticated of Churchill's juvenile productions, and which was apparently written by him when at Westminster school.

ON THE MONUMENTS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

In famed Cathedral, who'd expect
Pallas, a heathen goddess,
To lift her shield, come to protect
Lord Stanhope?—this most odd is!

---

* Warren Hastings was ever grateful to Wilkes for having, in the House of Commons, made the best speech of any that was delivered in his defence; and on Wilkes presenting him with a copy of his Theophrastus, wrote thus in answer.

DEAR SIR,

I return you many thanks for the valuable present of your new edition of Theophrastus; its value to me consists of its being a memorial, and not the first of the kind, of your friendship. As such I shall ever sacredly preserve it, and shall contemplate it with more pleasure than the perusal could afford to many who possess the knowledge which I have unfortunately lost, if I can pretend to have ever attained it, of the language in which it is written. I am, dear Sir, &c.

WARREN HASTINGS.

† We subjoin the shortest and the best:

TO MISS WILKES, ON HER BIRTHDAY, 1777.

The noblest gift you could receive,
The noblest gift to-day I'd give,
A father's heart I would bestow,
But that you stole it long ago.

Or to see Hercules, a son
Of Jupiter, as fabled,
Hovering like old nurse o'er an admiral's bust;
As if his pupil, or by him enabled;
What could they more
In days of yore
Do, heroes to defend,
What could our stage exhibit more
Than make the gods descend?

Verger or beadle, who thou art
That hast the supervising part,
Fain would I mace lay thee on;
For Dean's yard boys, with much surprise,
Being thus greatly edified,
May throw their books of heathen gods aside;
And shortly there I fear see rise
In statuary the *whole Pantheon.*

APPENDIX.

LETTERS FROM CHARLES CHURCHILL TO JOHN WILKES, ESQ.

MY DEAR WILKES,

I AM infinitely obliged to you for the concern you express for my health; but what account to give you of it, I can't well tell. I am better as to acuteness of pain.

After having accused me on account of my indolence, dost thou not now tremble at the sight of a whole sheet? Have you laid in a stock of patience, or sufficiently prepared yourself for the Christian duty of mortification? I shall try the strength of your virtues, and the sincerity of your conversion to the doctrines of patience and forbearance.

The affair of Lord Talbot* still lives in conversation, and you are spoken of by all with the highest respect. Lord Weymouth gives you the greatest encomiums. Your friends at the Beef-Steak enquired after you last Saturday with the greatest zeal, and it gave me no small pleasure that I was the person of whom the enquiry was made. Colonel —— —— desires his compliments in the warmest terms, and declares he must be known to you with the first occasion. Nothing ever gave me so high an opinion of myself as not being envious of you.

I have made the North Briton entirely out of your letters. There is a very decent Irishism, unless for *cautious of avoiding*, you read *careful*

* See Vol. ii. p. 250.

to avoid. I am, with the utmost sincerity, Yours ever,

C. CHURCHILL.

MY DEAR WILKES, Aug. 3, 1763.

I COULD not write sooner. Would it not have been more for your comfort not to write at all?

News there is none, or, as Dr. Markham under Lord Stormont's name most Christ-Churchically expresses it, *no notices come here.**

I am full of work, and flatter myself my spirits are pretty good—I live soberly—enjoy health—and could, I believe, answer a bill on sight to any woman—but my wife. Next winter is certainly ordained for the rising and falling of many in Israel. The Lord forbid I should be idle in so great a work, *aut tanto cessarim cardine rerum.* Several poems I shall have out soon, but not, I hope, so soon as to cut them off from the advantage of your criticism. Mr. Pope ought surely to feel some instinctive terrors, for against him I have double pointed all my little thunderbolts, in

* Most probably alluding to some dispatches of Lord Stormont, then Ambassador at Paris, and with whom Dr. Markham, who had been his tutor, was then on a visit, and whose families became afterwards allied by Lord Stormont's son marrying a daughter of Dr. Markham, when he was Archbishop of York. The Doctor was a native of Ireland, born in 1724, admitted a King's scholar at Westminster in 1734, elected to Christ Church, Oxford, in 1738, and appointed head master of Westminster School in 1753, which he resigned in January 1764. Dean of Rochester in 1765, and of Christ Church in 1767, bishop of Chester in 1768, and Archbishop of York on the death of Dr. Drummond in 1776. He died November 3, 1807, leaving above £100,000, having the Christmas before his death presented each of his forty-seven grandchildren with £1000. He was a very excellent scholar, and frequently consulted as such, although he never wrote or published any work.

which as to the design, I hope I shall have your approbation, when you consider his *heart*, and as to the execution, if you approve it, I can sit down easily, and hear with contempt the censures of all the half-blooded, prudish lords.

For something relative to Pope take the following lines, intended as an answer to those, who because I have slightly mentioned a few qualities of a goodly nature of one of my friends, would have me enlarge on his bad, and think me inexcusable for not mentioning them.

> Not spare the man I love, not dare to feel
> The partial glowings of a friendly zeal?
> Nature forgives, nay justifies the deed,
> By friendship's first and noblest law decreed.
> Shall I not do then, what in days of yore
> Most bitter satirists have done before?
> They saw the follies, but they loved the men:
> E'en Pope could feel for friendship now and then.

I take it for granted you have seen Hogarth's Print against me. Was ever any thing so contemptible? I think he is fairly felo de se—I think not to let him off in that manner, although I might safely leave him to your Notes.* He has broke into my pale of private life, and set that example of illiberality, which I wished—of that kind of attack which is ungenerous in the first instance, but justice in the return—I intend an elegy on him, supposing him dead, but —— tells

* The reviewer of the first edition of this work, in the Anti-Jacobin Review for April, 1804, makes the following remark on this passage:—"The writer of this article was with Wilkes, and in habits of intimacy with him, at Paris the year after Churchill died, and he declared his intention then of fulfilling this wish of his friend, but that he should not publish the notes during his life; and several years afterwards he told him in London, that he had written the notes, but repeated his resolution of not letting them be published till after his death." None, however, were then found.

me with a kiss he will be really dead before it comes out, that I have already killed him, &c. How sweet is flattery from the woman we love, and how weak is our boasted strength when opposed to beauty and good sense with good nature? Those who value themselves on the dignity of man may scorn such a supposition, but I would rather bear that slavery (and it is the only slavery I would tamely bear) than enjoy the empire of mankind.

How is my little muse? how is Miss Wilkes?*

I have not, and am afraid shall not be able to steal to Aylesbury. Some inducement I find wanting to draw me even to the pleasures of that place. Can Wilkes at Paris guess what it is? As little shall I be able to see Mr. Dixon, for your letter to whom I shall not thank you, intending, for my own ease, to bring all your acts of civility and friendship to one account, which I hope is yet at a great distance. I have begun the fourth book

* Miss Wilkes was the only legitimate child of Wilkes, and they appear to have been most affectionately and devotedly attached to one another. She accompanied him more than once to France, where she was received at court and in the highest circles, as was also the case on her return to England. She was a highly accomplished lady, had a handsome fortune in right of her mother, and succeeded to more on her father's death, of which she made a very liberal and judicious disposition by her will. She died in 1802 at the age of 57.

Wilkes had two illegitimate children, one a son, for whom he obtained an appointment in the East Indies: and a daughter, Harriet, who, in 1802, married Mr. Serjeant Rough, and died at Demarara, whither she had accompanied her husband on his appointment as judge of that colony.

Mr. Serjeant Rough published a meagre memoir of Wilkes, prefixed to four volumes of Letters from him to Harriet Wilkes, when a child, and containing mere familiar gossip, which should never have seen the light; and here we should dismiss this wretched compilation without a word more, did not we feel called upon to stigmatize with marked reprobation that shameful compound of folly and blasphemy, called 'an account of a Christmas dinner.' (Letter 75, vol. ii.)

of the Ghost, and by the beginning of next month hope to hear of its being received, where I most wish it should be approved.

Is Paris pleasant? Have the lively Gauls superior attractions to the English? The only thing I envy France, is you. For my own sake, I could wish it was without pleasure; for yours, I could wish every pleasure doubled. Col. ***** desires to be remembered to you, with many others; and when I reflect on the enquiries made after you by the most sensible of this sinking nation, I cannot help feeling a vain satisfaction, that I am the person of whom they enquire. Lloyd talks of writing, and Fitzherbert, who is perfectly recovered, of coming in at the heel of the letter, mean time, desiring his best respects. The post-chaise waits. and Charlotte cries, Away.—I beg you will not let me have an opportunity of writing again. I am on fire for politics, nor do I perceive one jot of discouragement come from the thought of the King's Bench, and the *pale Mansfield*.* Come over, nor by staying there add one more triumph of peace to France. Your friends long to see you, and none more than, yours most affectionately,

C. CHURCHILL.

I have resolved,

> Resolve not quick, but once resolved, be strong,

to write an Epic Poem in four books. The purport you may guess by the name, *Culloden*.

I enclose you the copy of a paper, which will

* In the epistle to Hogarth he says,

> Doth not the voice of Norton strike thy ear,
> And the *pale* Mansfield chill thy soul with fear?

See also Ghost, book 4, vol. iii. l. 1879.

soon be sent you by the printers, &c. in gratitude for your late labours. I hope you are recruiting to begin more attacks against the tyranny of our ministry, which increases every day.

"We, the underwitten, who were contrary to law imprisoned by the King's Messengers, desire thus publicly to return thanks to John Wilkes, Esquire, for his spirited endeavours, and steady attention to procure us that redress and satisfaction, which we have at length obtained by the verdict of our countrymen." Witness our hands, &c.

MY DEAR WILKES,

I AM greatly obliged by yours of this morning, and the moment I have occasion, there is no person in the world to whom I would so soon apply as yourself, and from whom I should so willingly receive favours. I shall without scruple shew you what dependence I have on your friendship. The plan of next North Briton I have changed, and for this reason, on pursuing it I find it the best subject for a poem I ever had in my life. The Prophecy of Famine, you may remember, took its rise from a similar circumstance; and if I may venture to be prophetical in prose, this will be a much better poem.

I admire exceedingly your motto * for the last number of the Auditor. It will make Murphy mad. My head is full of Hogarth, and as I like not his company, I believe I shall get him or

* Discedam, explebo numerum, reddarque tenebris.
VIRG. ÆN. lib. vi.

paper, not so much to please the public, not so much for the sake of justice, as for my own ease —a motive ever powerful with indolent minds. I have begun already, and seem to like the subject. I have been so long out of verse, that it appears like a new world, and has acquired fresh charms from disuse.

Mr. Legge enquired affectionately after you. He is in good spirits, and bears up nobly. I am ever yours,

C. CHURCHILL.

Should I have put my name to the truth? Is it not a libel? *

MY DEAR WILKES,

My not writing to you sooner and my not giving you earlier notice of my inability to write the North Briton for this week, arises from my flattering myself that I should have been recovered

* Dr. Southey, in a note in his Life of Cowper, on the subject of the two burlesque Odes to Oblivion and Obscurity, by Colman and Lloyd, in ridicule of Gray and Mason, adds the following observation:

"The personal attack upon Mason was equally reprehensible and unfounded; but his stilted style and obtrusive alliteration, were not unfairly satirized; and this perhaps he felt, for his later poems were not characterized by the same faults. But if it was an act of prudence on his part to follow his friend Gray's example, and express no resentment at an unprovoked attack, it was an act of forbearance in him, who had the temper and the talents for satire. Lloyd and Colman would hardly have assailed him, had they known that he was the most efficient satirist of the age; for Mason it was who, by an anonymous satire, (the Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers,) exploded that barbarous fashion of Chinese taste, which most of the contemporary essayists had attacked without effect."

from my indisposition, but I still keep my bed: when I shall get out of it, I do not guess. Many things have I to say to you, but my head rambles too much for recollection. I am quite exhausted, for I have not been able to sleep for the last week. Would I had a Mason here!

Lloyd tells me that you have wrote an answer to the supposed letter from the Pretender to the Earl of Bute, in the North Briton of February the 19th. He says you have most happily imitated all the quaintnesses of Bute's stile, and inserted several curious anecdotes from him to his dear Cousin. Pray send it to me. You are again happy in your motto* to it. Pray finish the paper against the Tories, which you shewed me, I mean that which has the motto,

> Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum
> Tendimus in Latium.

I fear the damned Aristocracy † is gaining ground in this country. I am yours most sincerely,

C. CHURCHILL.

* The motto to this ironical letter of the Earl of Bute to the Pretender was from Ovid:

> Nil mihi rescribas; attamen ipse veni.

The letter was never published.

† Let not, whatever ills assail,
A damned Aristocracy prevail. FAREWELL.

D'Alembert says, "Dans le plan que le celebre Chancelier Oxenstiern donna pour la régence, on remarque un éloignement pour le despotisme, qui doit honorer la mémoire d'un Ministre d'Etat. Il paroît incliner pour un gouvernement melé du monarchique et du républicain; et l'on ne peut disconvenir que cette fórme n'ait plusieurs grands avantages, sans prétendre d'ailleurs toucher à la question delicate du meilleur gouvernement possible, dont la solution peut recevoir différentes modifications par la différence des climats, de la situation, des circonstances, du genie des Rois et des

MY DEAR WILKES,

I WISH it was in my power to send you the next Saturday's North Briton, according to your desires, but though I expected that you would depend on me, I have not as yet wrote a letter of it, according to my usual maxim of putting every thing off till the last. You may be certain, however, of its being done in time. I have the cause too much at heart to let it be out of my head.*

I have just received the following epigram, built on the supposition of my being the North Briton.

While the Briton, true Scotsman, more cunning than wise,
Would cajole us good people with party and lies,
The North Briton steps forth like a Briton of old,
And tells us those truths which we ought to be told.
Oh Patriot Divine, how I honour thy merit!
Thou hast twice laid a Ghost,† may'st thou now raise a spirit.

I am very sorry I cannot meet you at Aylesbury, or come to you at Winchester; but that which I at first considered as the amusement of a trifling

Peuples. *Mais on ne sauroit soupçonner un esprit aussi eclairé qu' Oxenstiern d'avoir donné la préférence, comme quelques-uns l'ont cru, au gouvernement* ARISTOCRATIQUE, *que le droit naturel et l'experience démontrent être le pire de tous.*"

Mélanges de Littérature. Amst. 1764, vol ii. p. 237.

* The North Briton for July 17, 1762, was probably written by our author; it contains a ludicrous chronicle of the occurrences likely to take place in the event of the complete reascendency of the Stuarts. What other papers were written by Churchill we know not; but should suppose that during the absence of Wilkes he generally composed them from that gentleman's letters, and from the communications of occasional correspondents.

† Only the first two books of the Ghost were then published.

hour is become the serious attention and delight of my days. It has already been so of three weeks, and is likely to continue as much longer. This *universum triduum*. When we meet, which I flatter myself will be soon, you will be amazed to see how I am altered. Breakfast at nine—two dishes of tea, and one thin slice of bread and butter—dine at three—eat moderately—drink a sober pint—tumble the bed till four—tea at six—walk till nine—eat some cooling fruit and to bed. There is regularity for you.

Last Saturday I heard the trial of the conspirators relative to Miss Fanny, and was much entertained. They proposed to bring the girl into court; but my lord, looking in that way which is called looking we don't know how, significantly declared that he would advise them not to bring her in, for, quoth my lord, I find I shall certainly be at her.

I read the two last papers with much pleasure, and hear them well spoken of. There is one circumstance in your letter which hurts me. You say nothing when you shall be in town. I hope soon. Neither do you mention Miss Wilkes, whom I must not forget.

The paper of the third * will never be forgotten,

* The North Briton, No. 5, for July 3, 1762, consists of a bitter invective against the system of favouritism. The text is taken from the historical fact of the influence of Mortimer over the Queen Mother, during the minority of Edward III. It was an observation of Wilkes, that though No. 45 had wonderful luck, the elder brother, No. 5, deserved still more to have been taken notice of, and perhaps actually laid the foundation of the younger brother's fortune. Wilkes republished an old tragedy, entitled the Fall of Mortimer, to which he prefixed a Dedication to the Earl of Bute, couched in language the most insulting and sarcastic. Wilkes was often heard to declare that this Dedication was the best thing he had ever written.

and you will never be forgiven, as it is universally ascribed to you. It has opened the eyes of many. *Hated by knaves, and knaves to hate*, may not be your motto, but will undoubtedly be your fate through life.

I desire you to take great care of your health, and still more of your life. I cannot bear to think that a life, which I value almost equally with my own, should be sacrificed to false principles of honour, though ever ready to be devoted on a true and noble plan. You seem sometimes rather to live in romance, than under the direction of that well-tempered, cool, distinguishing reason, in which no man is generally more happy than you.

The passage you quote from Homer* ought never one moment to be out of your mind.

Yours,

July, 13, 1762. C. CHURCHILL.

MY DEAR WILKES, Oct. 11, 1764.

You are certainly the best tempered fellow in the world; so ready to forgive the idleness of a friend, and yet never giving him an opportunity of paying you in kind. I am now in the same sentence to thank you for several letters, and likewise for the acquaintance of Goy,† which I deem

* Bold is the task, when subjects grown too wise
Instruct a monarch where his error lies;
For though we deem the short-lived fury past,
'Tis sure the mighty will revenge at last.

† For some account of M. Goy, see vol. iii. p. 287. On Churchill having intimated his wish to visit Wilkes in France, with some doubt as to his safety in so doing, in consequence of the then political position of affairs between the two parties, and the part taken in the North Briton as to the dispute between D'Eon and Guerchy the French ambassador, Wilkes wrote thus, on the 20th of Jan. 1764, to his agent Cotes.

"Goy felt the pulse of the French ministers about my

one of the greatest obligations you have conferred upon me. I have a thousand things to say relative to fools and wise men, Englishmen in France, and Scotsmen in England, but your own affairs are in their own nature so much more pressing, and as to time, so very critical, that I shall postpone every other consideration, and give them that preference in my letter they have in my mind.

Shall you come over in November? A very pithy manner of asking a question, on the decision of which your whole welfare turns, which you submit to others, when you should ask it of yourself, concerning which your friends may mean well, but you only from your own feelings can judge rightly. But take my thoughts thus.

If you stay in France, you will undoubtedly be outlawed: (the consequences of the outlawry are however nothing to a man not foolishly mad after this land of folly). You will not be able to go on now against Halifax, the cause cannot soon be tried. Yet, if I may advise, stay in France. There is scarcely a consideration that could make me think your return to England in November defensible in the eye of common sense.

Have I made out clearly what I mean? It is a cause in which you have too near a concern, for me to be cool and disinterested, and my heart is too much affected to give my head fair play. As there is no man, who is more ready to ask advice,

coming here, and Churchill's upon the former report. The answer was sent from the Duke de Praslin, by the king's orders, to M. St. Foy, Premier Commis des Affaires Etrangeres, in these words, "Les deux illustres J. W. et C. C. peuvent venir en France et a Paris aussi souvent et pour autant de tems, qu'ils le jugeront à propos."

so I am sure there is no one more able to give it you than yourself—I mean your cool and rational self—consult that, and you cannot do wrong.

Lend us Miss Wilkes—I long to see her—and I am sure you will not refuse her, when I tell you that every true Englishman will be happy in seeing her, and consider her (which I hope she will prove) as a forerunner of him, to whom every true Englishman is most essentially indebted.

Friendship great as mine can scarcely forgive your inattention to the care of your health. Reflect that your country demands your life. The cause of liberty is in your hands, and that blessing so much dearer than life, must remain precarious, if not fixed by you. No one can try the Secretary of State, if you do not, and though there is no doubt but there may be arbitrary ministers in future times, yet 'tis with me a matter of question, whether there may ever be another Wilkes.

There is a new print just published of you, very like. I have wrote under it the four following lines from Pope, who is happy in them:

> A soul supreme, in each hard instance tried,
> Above all pain, all passion, and all pride,
> The rage of power, the blast of public breath,
> The lust of lucre, and the dread of death.

I am ever yours, C. CHURCHILL.

The foregoing letters are almost the only ones which have been preserved, nor does it appear that Churchill was in habitual correspondence with any other individual than Wilkes; his letters are therefore scarce, and consequently valuable. If they,

however, are not of a more interesting nature than some we have seen, there is little cause for regret. The autograph under the portrait to this volume, is a fac simile of the signature to an original letter in the possession of the Publisher of these volumes: it is, we fear, too characteristic of the writer:

MY DEAR GARRICK,

HALF drunk—half mad—and quite stript of all my money, I should be much obliged if you would enclose and send by bearer, five pieces: by way of adding to favours already received by yours sincerely, CHARLES CHURCHILL.

Dr. Kippis in his article of Churchill, in the Biographia Britannica, for several particulars in which he acknowledges himself much indebted to the obliging information of Mr. Wilkes,* alleges that Churchill contributed much of the poetry to "The Library," a respectable periodical miscellany, of which Lloyd was the editor; it extended only to two volumes; on reading the poetry we find only the following epigram which can be safely ascribed to Churchill:

On reading in the Newspaper, that the Players had given a benefit to a distressed Clergyman.

WRITTEN BY A CLERGYMAN.

What fine discourses each revolving year,
On charity, from our divines we hear;
The gift of charity so little theirs,
They send a starving brother to the Players;
And who, says Garrick, wonders at the fact,
Who knows not Priests can talk and Players act.

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* Chalmers, in his more satisfactory account of Churchill, in the Biographical Dictionary, says that Dr. Kippis expressed more gratitude than the small and imperfect information given justified. We have availed ourselves of both authorities, rectifying many errors in each.

THE WILL OF CHARLES CHURCHILL.

I CHARLES CHURCHILL, of Acton, in the county of Middlesex, Clerk, but now at Boulogne in France, being in an ill state of health, but of sound mind, memory, and understanding, do make, publish, and declare this to be my last Will and Testament, in manner and form following. In the first place, I give to my Wife an annuity of sixty pounds a year for her natural life. Item, I give to Elizabeth Carr, of Turnham Green, in the county of Middlesex, spinster, an annuity of fifty pounds a year during her natural life. I give to his Grace, the Duke of Grafton, the Earl and Countess Temple, John Wilkes, Humphry Cotes, and Robert Lloyd, Esquires, and Mr. Walsh, merchant at Boulogne, each a ring, as a memorial of my regard to their merit. I desire my dear friend, John Wilkes, Esquire, to collect and publish my works with the remarks and explanations he has prepared, and any others he thinks proper to make. I give all the rest, residue, and remainder of my estates, of what nature or kind soever, to my executors hereinafter named, IN TRUST, to be divided equally between my two sons, Charles and John, and the survivor of them. Lastly, I nominate, constitute, and appoint the said Humphry Cotes, and John Churchill, my brother, of Church Street, Westminster, executors of this my last Will, and guardians to my said children. In witness, &c. 3rd Nov. 1764.

CHARLES CHURCHILL.

Wilkes, in conformity with the injunction contained in Churchill's Will, professed to be occupied

in the preparation of copious notes for a complete edition of the poems, and in most of his letters alluded to the progress he was making, and to the pleasing but mournful interest he took in the duty. It does not appear, however, that he ever wrote more than the few notes printed in the Appendix to the North Briton, and reprinted by Almon, in his Memoirs and Correspondence of Wilkes, in five volumes; of which Southey has well said that a more catchpenny work has seldom issued from the press upon the decease of any public character. Horace Walpole, in one of his letters, mentioned that Wilkes showed him the notes he had prepared, and that they consisted of nothing but a preliminary observation on each of the poems. If Wilkes did write more fully, he must have destroyed the manuscripts, as none were found after his death; although it is possible he may have been induced to suppress some notes for various motives, some probably of a questionable nature.*

* Something of this sort may be collected from the following passage in one of his letters to Cotes:

"I have a very long note on this passage of my ever honoured Churchill:

She could not starve if there was only Clive.

Farewell.

I have laboured much, but it will remain locked up among my papers, for fear of hurting Jack. I have sent you a variety of MSS. and printed papers, and know not what you have received. Have you that about Calcraft, which is done with much care? If you have not, I will send it to you. If I wanted money, Colonel Keene hinted to me that I might have what I would from him; that is, he would buy me off. I have nobly served him up. How pleased is the dear shade of our friend with all I have done, I am sure of it."

In his letters to Miss Wilkes and to Cotes, until the end of 1765, constant allusions are made to the intended edition, with notes, as appears by the extracts we subjoin; after which period his interest in the work appears to have ceased, and although he always afterwards wrote of Churchill with affection and respect, he seldom if ever adverted to the promised notes.

TO COTES.

Calais, Dec. 10, 1764.

I HAVE not slept two hours since I have been here, I mean continued sleep, Churchill is still before my eyes.

I hear that John Churchill is about selling the right of copy of our dear friend's works. Is it to take place before or after my edition, which will take me up several months more; for I will never risk any crudities with the public.

TO COTES.

December, 13.

MY eye is ever fixed, not *straitly*,* but steadily, on my two great works, Churchill's edition, and my history.

TO MISS WILKES.

Naples, March 25, 1705.

THERE is not a man in Europe who writes to a friend under the disadvantages I now do. I have

* Alluding to his obliquity of vision, of which he appears to have been more sensible than of that of his conduct.

reason to fear the shadow of a pen, yet I will persevere in justice to myself, in love to my country, in veneration to the memory of poor Churchill. He told me, and the world too,

> Resolve not quick, but once resolved be strong.

I am following every part of the plan I had concerted with him. I shall soon be here in a philosophical retirement such as he admired, in the bosom of philosophy and patriotism, for so you'll find it. I came here upon principle, to dedicate myself to my two great works, the edition of his noble poetry, and my history.

I hope to eat my frugal morsel with content and cheerfulness, though many a sigh and tear escape me for the death of dear Churchill.

TO MISS WILKES.

April 16, 1765.

You cannot read Pope too much. He is the most correct of our English poets, though he has not the strength and copiousness of Dryden, nor of my dear Churchill. The edition of Churchill and my history, occupy me entirely.

TO MISS WILKES.

Naples, May 21.

The loss of Churchill I shall always reckon the most cruel of all afflictions I have suffered. I will soon convince mankind that I knew how to value such superior genius and merit. I have more than half finished the projected edition of Churchill,

and my thoughts now turn towards printing it, which I find cannot be done here.

TO COTES.

May 28, 1765.

I LOOK forward to better times, and feel a resource in my old fortitude, adequate to every affliction but the death of Churchill, and the absence of a very few. I have told you fully about our dear friend's work, and the notes relative to yourself, as likewise of my history. I do not know your sentiments on any of these heads, but I am sure you and the public will approve what I shall soon submit to you both. No man has ever taken more pains, that notes, a dull business of itself, may not *disgrace* his fair classic page.

TO GEORGE COLMAN.

Nov. 10, 1765.

I HAD your friendly letter by M. de Beaumont, but I have not been able before this to write to you; your idea was so closely joined with that of poor Churchill, that for a long time I sought to avoid it, and though it returned upon me in my late pursuits, I could not cherish it as I used to do. My grief began to abate, when the additional shock of Lloyd's death almost overset me. I have tried ever since by journeys and a variety of company, to recover the tone of my mind, but I am at times more melancholy than it is almost possible for you to conceive a man of so good animal spirits to be.

I had fully opened my mind to Lloyd as to my

idea of the second volume of our friend's works, and he had undertaken to write a short preface, and to correct the press. I begged him likewise to announce the edition I had projected at our dear Churchill's desire. I wish you would take upon yourself the publication of the second volume, and tell the world how you loved the man, as well as honoured the poet.

The following epitaphs are preserved among the manuscripts of the Rev. William Cole at the British Museum. They appear to have been copied from the Cambridge Chronicle, and other prints about the period of the poet's death.

Churchill no more! O cruel death, 'twas hard
So soon to rob us of our favourite bard;
We should not thus bewail the fatal doom
Hadst thou but placed an equal in his room.

He's gone! great Churchill's gone! 'tis true,
Yet cease the fates to blame,
Years they allow'd him but a few,
But gave eternal fame.

Prose-driving dunces, waddling fools in rhyme,
Scoundrels by every kind of vengeance led,
Spit forth your venom, poison all your slime,
Churchill, who scourged you to your holes, is dead.

Wit, satire, humour, poetry, are fled,
For Churchill, who possess'd them all, is dead.

That Churchill's dead, Apocrypha don't lie,
The British Juvenal will never die;
'Tis only now that he begins to live,
And eat that bread which bishops cannot give;
But though he never more should lift his head,
Like Spanish flies he blisters, though he's dead.

Great Churchill gone! ye ministers rejoice,
Who conscious blush'd, or trembled at his voice;

But then once warn'd, repent, ere 'tis too late,
Nor dare the stroke of an avenging fate.
What though he laid aside the priestly gown,
All will allow his muse from Heaven came down.

BY CUNNINGHAM.

Says Tom to Richard, Churchill's dead,
Says Richard, Tom, you lie;
Old rancour the report hath spread,
But genius cannot die.

EXTRACT FROM THE SCOURGE, A SATIRE.

Churchill's no more! corruption rears her head,
And points her foe supine amongst the dead.
True to her call, her numerous votaries come,
And tread insulting on the patriot's tomb;
Avenging meanly on the passive grave
And lifeless corpse, those wounds his spirit gave.
Churchill's no more! each muse has dropt a tear
Of heartfelt grief on his untimely bier;
E'en virtue's self, to human errors mild,
Pardoning the foibles of a favourite child,
And, some few slips from her severer laws,
Has wept the honest champion of her cause.

BY ROBERT LLOYD.

Authors, as Dryden's maxim runs,
Have what he calls poetic sons;
Thus Milton, more correctly wild,
Was richer Spenser's lawful child;
And Churchill, got on all the nine,
Was Dryden's heir in every line.

ANONYMOUS.

Great Churchill's sword to vanquish'd France gave law,
His mighty deeds astonish'd Europe saw,
Great Churchill's pen unequall'd shines in story,
Fresh laurels gaining, never-fading glory.
Old Rome in vain her satirists may boast,
Whose fame in his superior merit's lost.
Dire scourge of knaves and fools
Whate'er their station,
He reaps a plenteous harvest through the nation:
Such honour to the name belongs, how fit,
The first supreme in arms, the last in wit.

EXTRACT FROM CHRYSAL,

OR THE ADVENTURES OF A GUINEA.*

The company to which my new master was in such haste to go, consisted of a few persons, whom a similarity of temper had linked in the closest intimacy. With these, he spent the remainder of the evening, in a manner which few would dislike, though fewer still could approve; the spirited wit, and liveliness of their conversation gilding the grossest debaucheries; at the same time, that the rectitude and sublimity of their sentiments, whenever their hearts could find opportunity to speak, made the vices of their practice still more horrible by the contrast.

They broke not up, as it may be imagined, till nature sunk under their excesses, when my master, as he staggered home, was accosted by a female, who had something in her air and manner so different from those outcasts of humanity who offer themselves to casual prostitution in the streets, that his curiosity was struck, and he stopped to take more particular notice of her. She appeared to be about fifteen. Her figure was elegant, and her features regular; but want had sicklied o'er their beauty: and all the horrors of despair gloomed through the languid smile she forced, when she addressed him.

The sigh of distress, which never struck his ear without affecting his heart, came with double force from such an object. He viewed her with silent compassion for some moments; and reaching her a piece of gold, bade her go home, and shelter herself from the inclemencies of the night at so late an hour. Her surprise and joy at such unexpected charity overpowered her. She dropped upon her knees, in the wet and dirt of the street, and raising her hands and eyes toward heaven, remained in that posture for some moments, unable to give utterance to the gratitude that filled her heart.

Such a sight was more expressive than all the powers of eloquence. He raised her tenderly from the ground, and soothing her with words of comfort, offered to conduct her to some place, where she might get that refreshment of which she appeared to be in too great want.

* See p. xxxiv.

"O! Sir," (said she, pressing the hand that had raised her, with her cold trembling lips) "my deliverer, sent by heaven to save me from despair, let me not think of taking refreshment myself, till I have first procured it for those, whose greater wants I feel ten thousand times more severely than my own."

"Who can they be?" (interrupted he, with anxious impatience) "can humanity feel greater wants than those under which you are sinking?"

"My father," (exclaimed she, bursting into tears) "languishing under infirmities, acquired in the service of his country; my mother, worn out with attending on him, and both perishing of want, (heaven grant they are not already dead!) together with two infant brothers, insensible of the cause of their distress, and crying to them for a morsel of bread, which it is not in their power to give."

"Where can such a scene of wretchedness be hidden from relief? I'll go with you myself directly! But stop! let us first procure some comfortable nourishment from some of the houses which are kept open at this late hour, for a very different purpose. Come with me! we have no time to lose." With these words, he went directly to a tavern, and enquiring what victuals were dressed in the house, loaded her with as much as she could carry of the best, and putting a couple of bottles of wine in his own pocket, walked with her to her habitation, which was in a blind alley, happily for her not very far distant, as weakness, together with the conflict of passions struggling in her heart, made her scarce able to go.

When they came to the door, she would have gone up first for a light, but he was resolved to accompany her, that he might see the whole scene in its genuine colours. He therefore followed her up to the top of the house, where, opening the door of the garret, she discovered to him such a scene of misery, as struck him with astonishment. By the light of a lamp, that glimmered in the fireless chimney, he saw, lying on a bare bedstead, without any other covering than the relics of their own rags, a man, a woman, and two children, shuddering with cold, though huddled together to share the little warmth which exhausted nature still supplied them with.

While he stood gazing in horror at such complicated wretchedness, his conductress ran to the bedside, and falling on her knees, "O! Sir! Madam!" (exclaimed she in rapture) "Arise! I have got relief from an angel of heaven."—

"Take care!" (answered a voice, the hollow trembling of which was sharpened by indignation) "take care it is not from a fiend of hell, who has taken advantage of your distress to tempt you to ruin! for with whom else could you be till this time of night? But know, wretched girl, that I will never eat the earnings of vice and infamy. A few hours will put an end to my miseries, which have received the only possible addition by this your folly."

"He must be such indeed," (interrupted my master, still more struck with sentiments so uncommon in such a situation) "who could think of tempting her in such circumstances to any folly. I will withdraw, while you arise, and then we will consult what can be soonest done to alleviate a distress, of which you appear so undeserving." While he said this, he took the wine out of his pockets, and giving it to the daughter, went directly down stairs, without waiting for a reply, and walking backward and forward in the street for some time, enjoyed the sublimest pleasure the human heart is capable of, in considering how he had relieved, and should further relieve the sufferings of objects so worthy of relief.

By the time he thought they might have learned from their daughter the circumstances of her meeting with him, and taken some nourishment, he returned to them; when, the moment he entered the room, the whole family fell upon their knees to thank him. Such humiliation was more than he could bear. He raised them, one by one, as fast as he could, and taking the father's hand, "Gracious God! (said he) can a sense of humanity be such an uncommon thing among creatures, who call themselves human, that so poor an exertion of it should be thought deserving of a return, proper to be made only to heaven? Oppress me not, Sir, I conjure you, with the mention of what it would have been a crime, I could never have forgiven myself, to know I had not done. It is too late to think of leaving this place before to-morrow, when I will provide a better, if there is not any to which you choose particularly to go. I am not rich; but I thank heaven that it has blessed me with ability, and inclination to afford such assistance as may be immediately necessary to you, till means may be thought of for doing more."

"O, Sir," (answered the mother) "well might my daughter call you an angel of heaven! You know not from what misery you have already relieved—

"Nor will I know more of it at this time," (interrupted my master) "than that which I too plainly see. I will

leave you now to your rest, and return as soon as it is day—

"Speak not of leaving us, Sir, (exclaimed the daughter, who was afraid that if he should go away, he might not return) "What rest can we take in so short a time? Leave us not, I beseech you! leave us not in this place!"—

"Cease, my child!" (interposed the father) "nor press your benefactor to continue in a scene of misery, that must give pain to his humane heart."

"If my staying will not give you pain," (answered my master) "I will most willingly stay; but it must be on condition that our conversation points entirely forward to happier days. There will be time enough hereafter to look back."—

Saying this, he sat down on the bed-side, (for other seat the apartment afforded none) between the husband and wife, with whom he spent the little remainder of the night, in such discourse as he thought most likely to divert their attention from their present misery, and inspire their minds with better hopes, while the children, all but the daughter who hung upon his words, comforted at heart with a better meal than they had long tasted, fell fast asleep, as they leaned their heads upon their mother's lap.

As soon as it was day, "Now Madam," (said my master, addressing himself to the mother) "I will go, and provide a place for your reception, as you say all places are alike to you. In the mean time accept of this trifle (giving her ten guineas) to provide such necessaries, as you may indispensably want before you remove. When you are settled, we will see what further can be done. I shall be back with you within these three hours at most."

For such beneficence there was no possibility of returning thanks, but their hearts spoke through their eyes, in a language sufficiently intelligible. Departing directly, to save both himself and them the pain of pursuing a conversation that grew too distressful, he went, without regard to change of dress or appearance, to look for a proper lodging for them, where he laid in such provisions of every kind, as he knew they must immediately want, and to which he assisted in removing them.

The story of the distressed officer then follows.

Chrysal, vol. iv. p. 90.

REVIEW OF CHURCHILL'S POEMS

BY THE LATE R. SOUTHEY.

CHARLES CHURCHILL.

The Poetical Works of Charles Churchill, with explanatory notes, and an authentic account of his life. Now first published, 2 vols. 8vo. C. and R. Baldwin, 1804. (No name of editor, but the initials W. T. to the preface.)

The Poetical Works of Charles Churchill, with copious notes, and a life of the author, by W. Tooke, F. R. S. 2nd edit. 3 vols. 12mo. W. Pickering, 1844.

The Editor of Churchill's Poems was not aware, until long after the publication of the second edition, that the first had been so early as the year 1804 reviewed in the Annual Review for that year, of which Mr. Arthur Aikin was the avowed and responsible Editor, and Messrs. Longman and Co. the publishers, and that the critique in question was written by no less distinguished a person than Robert Southey, as appears by the list of his writings, and literary contributions, in the recent Memoirs and Correspondence of the late Laureate.

The same work was reviewed in the Critical Review for May, 1804, by William Taylor, of Norwich, the friend and correspondent of Southey, and such review is included in the list of his miscellaneous writings contained in the Memoir of his Life by Mr. Robberds.

The review by W. Taylor was an indulgent

one, and some extracts from it are given in the preface to the second edition.

The same would have been done in respect of the article in the Annual Review, had it then been known to the Editor, who would thus have derived additional encouragement for the revision and re-issue of his volumes.

As the Editor, however, cannot flatter himself with the probability of an early demand for a third edition, wherein allusion might be made to the article in question, he has no alternative but to give this partial circulation to the opinion on his labours pronounced by so eminent an authority in all departments of English literature as Dr. Southey.

The effect of so favourable a notice, had it been known to him, would have stimulated the efforts of the then youthful literary debutant, and even now, after an interval of forty years, it has not been altogether without its soothing if not cheering influence when considered as an unbought and unsought contribution by a master in the art to the store of recorded and well digested canons of criticism.

After giving, by way of extract the entire preface to the first edition, also reprinted in the second, the following is a full transcript of Southey's observations on the works of the Poet and his editor.

W. T.

London, June, 1852.

REVIEW OF CHURCHILL'S POEMS,

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

From the Annual Review and History of Literature for 1804, vol. iii. p. 580. ARTHUR AIKIN, *Editor.*

THE public are much indebted to the present Editor for having thus elucidated the works of so able a writer, which without such assistance were becoming as unintelligible as Hudibras.—Wilkes should have performed this task, it was Churchill's dying wish, and no other person could have performed it so well. He knew the secret history of the poems, his opinions accorded with the satirist, and the comment would have been as pungent as the text. Such annotations would have fixed the volatile spirit of satire which has now evaporated. In the present edition much is done, but it is not done with that unison of feeling which is desirable. Churchill has one opinion in the poem and his commentator another in the notes, and this discrepancy produces upon the reader a very unpleasant effect. This is the age of Editors; they have gradually assumed a censorial power to which they are in general as little entitled by their talents as by their office. In old times they confined themselves to illustrating their author, which is their proper function; the next step was that of undertaking to show the beauties, like the guides of the lakes when you come to such a place, say stop and admire; and in this way critical essays, as they are called, are manufactured as if the public had neither eyes to see nor understanding

to comprehend for themselves, a mischievous practice by which the young are taught to acquiesce blindly in the opinions of others instead of exercising their own powers of thought. The same acquiescence is expected when the Editor takes it for granted that he is wiser than his author, and proceeds to censure his mistakes.

All the biographical notices of Churchill which have hitherto appeared are said to have been taken from a partial and inaccurate statement in the Annual Register, and eked out by imaginary anecdotes; the present narrative is certainly faithful, and is written with impartiality towards the subject. "We lament," says Mr. T. "the opportunity offered by our author of relating some few facts beyond the mere limits of his literary labours, facts too notorious to be suppressed, too immoral to be palliated."

Charles Churchill was the eldest son of a clergyman who was for many years Curate and Lecturer of St. John's, Westminster, in which parish the Poet was born, some time in February, 1731. When about eight years of age he was sent to Westminster School, where his proficiency in learning, though considerable, was not preëminent.

"At the age of fifteen he became a candidate to be admitted on the foundation at Westminster, and went in head of the election; on entering his nineteenth year he quitted Westminster School, and, as is generally supposed, applied for matriculation at the University of Oxford; here it is said he was repulsed on account of his alleged deficiency in the learned languages. We cannot vouch for the authenticity of this anecdote; but must suppose he was more successful in his

answers, or the questions to have been less difficult at his next examination at Cambridge in 1749, in which year we find him admitted of Trinity College in that University: immediately after his admission he returned to London, thoroughly disgusted with both Universities, neither of which can claim any share in his education, which was begun and finished at Westminster."

This anecdote is unquestionably false. No person who ever went in head of an election at Westminster could possibly have been rejected at Oxford as deficient. It is said, in another part of these volumes, that instead of making proper replies to the questions demanded of him, he launched out into satirical reflections on the abilities of the gentlemen whose office it was to examine him. The probable truth is this: the king's scholars at Westminster are elected to Christchurch or to Trinity College, Cambridge, at the pleasure of the Electors; the appointments to Oxford are far the most valuable, and as the business is regulated by interest, of course they fall to the lot of those who have the most powerful friends, which was not likely to be Churchill's case. That he should have ridiculed the Electors (for this is settled at Westminster and not at the Universities) is very improbable; that he should have been deficient in attainments, altogether impossible. At Trinity he was admitted, but he never resided there. The Editor says he was disgusted with both Universities; that may well have been the case, but his conduct is explained by his marriage, by which act his scholarship was vacated.

For a year after his marriage he resided with his father, during which time his conduct was

exemplarily regular; he then removed to Sunderland for family reasons, where he lived two years, devoting almost the whole of that time to poetry. Are none of his early productions to be traced? it would be interesting to know to what branch of poetry his first feeling inclined him. At the customary age he was ordained in the Curacy of Cadbury, in Somersetshire, where he discharged his duties well: and when twenty-five years of age was admitted to Priest's orders by Sherlock, on the mere strength of his good character and reputation for learning, notwithstanding he had never graduated. This circumstance would disprove the tale of his rejection at Oxford.

He removed now to his father's curacy at Rainham, in Essex, applied himself closely to theology, and opened a school. From this situation he was liberated by the unfortunate event of his father's death; the parishioners of St. John's immediately electing him as his successor to the Curacy and Lectureship. Here, also, for a while, his conduct was unexceptionable; he gave lessons in the English tongue at a female boarding school, and read the Classics with some pupils; but Churchill was unhappy at home. To this domestic unhappiness must be added another and a deeper source of disquietude. It is evident, by his subsequent conduct, that he had ceased to believe, if not in Christianity certainly in Christianity as by law established. To continue the profession then must have been intolerable to a mind so truly honest. At this time he renewed his intimacy with his schoolfellow Lloyd. Lloyd also was unhappily circumstanced, with less reason than Churchill, for he was unhappy only because he was discontented. Two men so sympathizing in

genius, in temper and in situation, were dangerous companions to each other. It appears, however, by the Poet's own account, that he was driven into excess by embarrassments, and not, as is usually represented, reduced to distress at first by his own imprudence; thus we should interpret these lines, for Churchill never palliated his own faults.

What proof might do, what hunger might effect,
What famished Nature, looking with neglect
On all she once held dear, what fear, at strife
With fainting virtue, for the means of life,
Might make this coward flesh, in love with breath,
Shuddering at pain, and shrinking back from death,
In treason to my soul, descend to bear,
Trusting to fate, I neither know nor care.
Once, at this hour, those wounds afresh I feel,
Which nor prosperity nor time can heal,
Those wounds which fate severely hath decreed,
Mentioned or thought of, must for ever bleed;
Those wounds which humbled all that pride of man
Which brings such mighty aid to virtue's plan;
Once, awed by Fortune's most oppressive frown,
By legal rapine to the earth bowed down,
My credit at last gasp, my state undone,
Trembling to meet the shock I could not shun,
Virtue gave ground, and black despair prevailed;
Sinking beneath the storm, my spirits failed,
Like Peter's faith, till one, a friend indeed,
May all distress find such in time of need,
One kind good man, in act, in word, in thought,
By virtue guided, and by wisdom taught,
Image of Him whom Christians should adore,
Stretched forth his hand, and brought me safe to shore.

Lloyd's father was the friend who saved him; he interfered with the creditors, and persuaded them to receive five shillings in the pound. When Churchill had acquired money by his publications he voluntarily paid the full amount of his original debts.

He now commenced Author. The first poem

which he offered to the booksellers was in Hudibrastic verse, and entitled the Bard. It was rejected without any hesitation as a contemptible performance; an opinion in which he seems himself to have afterwards coincided. The Conclave was his next attempt at satire, aimed against the Dean and Chapter of Westminster; but this was thought by the lawyers too personal to be printed without danger. It was written in anapæstic measure, not Alexandrine as the Editor says in the life, and the characters are said to have been nervously drawn, boldly coloured, and nicely discriminated. If the poem is in existence, and so we understand from one of the notes, its virulence and personality should not now have prevented its publication. Nearly half a century has elapsed since it was written, and that length of time must have removed all to whom it could give pain. The poem would be the more interesting inasmuch as it is written in a metre which will not admit of his usual ruggedness of versification. After the second failure he produced the Rosciad, and offered it to several booksellers for five guineas. Luckily for Churchill he could find no purchaser, and therefore ventured to publish it on his own account. The unexampled success of this poem is well known, and the subsequent history of his literary career.

Had it been Churchill's fortune, like Savage and Burns, to have found a friendly biographer, who would rather have extenuated something than have set down aught in malice, his latter conduct would have appeared in a very different light. He separated from his wife;—it is admitted that she possessed little of the spirit of conciliation, and that her conduct opened some field for recrimi-

nation;—what provision he made for her in his life is not stated, but it was not in his nature to be ungenerous, and he left her an annuity of £60. He threw off the gown, and totally renounced all claim to the clerical character when his theological researches had terminated in disbelief. What other course was left him? "He indulged in all the excesses to which youth and unbridled licentiousness could prompt;" but this is the accusation of his enemies: late hours and convivial meetings do not necessarily imply licentiousness, and his epistle to Lloyd is the vindication of an imprudent and irregular man, not of a debauched one. The authority of Chrysal is nothing. If novels and satire are to be quoted as proof in the next generation—God help us! As for the assertion that he shortened his life by his debaucheries, it is utterly false. He died of a miliary fever. It is equally false that his last words were—"What a fool I have been." Such pious frauds are usually invented by a man's enemies, and there are weak people enough in the world to believe them. In worldly matters Churchill had not been a fool; wealth is the test of wisdom in the world, and he was accumulating money.

The worst action of his life is thus related by his biographer:—

"Early in 1763, he had formed an intimacy with Miss C., the daughter of a tradesman in Westminster; this poor young creature he seduced, prevailed on her to quit her father's roof, and lead a life of infamy with him. Satiated by a fortnight's gratification of his passion, during which short period she had full leisure afforded her for sorrow and repentance, they prevailed upon a real friend to communicate her penitence

and sufferings to her father, who, by their joint entreaties, was induced again to receive her into his family. This instance of parental tenderness sensibly affected her, and she most probably would, by her future conduct, have justified the lenient kindness of her father, and having once felt the pangs of vice, would never again have deviated from the paths of virtue, had she not been continually exposed to the taunts and goadings of an elder sister, the bitterness of whose reproaches induced this unhappy young woman to apply once more to Churchill for protection. Actuated by a false sense of gratitude and honour, he thought himself imperiously bound to receive her to his arms; had he made ample provision for her support, and declined further intercourse, his former offence might admit of extenuation, but this renewal of the connexion aggravated the crime. While this transaction was fresh in the public mind, and with a view, in some measure to efface the unfavourable impression it had made, he published the Conference, in which the emotions of a mind not hardened in guilt, and severely labouring under self-conviction, are pathetically described, and several passages of that poem are strongly expressive of manly sensibility and acute feeling."

Let us add the passage alluded to. "Self-condemnation," says the Editor, "so just, so public, and so severe, if it does not excite compassion, must at least disarm revenge."

"Ah! what, my Lord, hath private life to do
With things of public nature? why to view
Would you thus cruelly these scenes unfold
Which without pain and horror to behold,
Must speak me something more or less than man,

Which friends may pardon, but I never can?
Look back! a thought which borders on despair,
Which human nature must, yet cannot bear.
'Tis not the babbling of a busy world,
Where praise and censure are at random hurled,
Which can the meanest of my thoughts control,
Or shake one settled purpose of my soul:
Free and at large, might their wild curses roam,
If all, if all, alas! were well at home.
No—'tis the tale which angry conscience tells,
When she with more than tragic horror swells
Each circumstance of guilt; when stern but true,
She brings bad actions forth into review,
And like the dread handwriting on the wall,
Bids late remorse awake at reason's call:
Armed at all points, bids scorpion vengeance pass,
And to the mind, holds up reflection's glass,
The mind which, starting, heaves the heart-felt groan,
And hates that form she knows to be her own."

If we are not deceived by the initial, he left this lady £50 a-year for her life. These were his faults, let his virtues be weighed against them. His payment of his debts has been already mentioned. The fearless zeal with which he came forward as a political writer, and the pure principles which all his writing so manfully inculcate, would alone be sufficient to evince that he has deserved well of mankind. Even his enemies never denied that he had a heart to feel compassion, and a hand to bestow relief. He it was who allowed poor Lloyd a guinea a-week, and a servant to attend him, when he was in the Fleet prison, having been deserted by his three summer friends,* whose whole united stock of goodness will not be worth so much to them in purgatory as the fruition of one Ave Maria equally divided among a whole fraternity. Churchill was a true friend and a true Englishman.

* Bonnell Thornton, Colman, and Bentley.

What has been falsely asserted of his moral is true of his intellectual character. As a poet he sacrificed future fame to present gratification. No English poet ever enjoyed so excessive and so short-lived a popularity.

Such reputations resemble the lives of insects whose shortness of existence is compensated by intensity of enjoyment. He perhaps imagined that his genius would preserve his subjects, as spices embalm a mummy; that the wretches whom he had celebrated would go down to posterity in his verse as an old admiral comes home from the West Indies in a puncheon of rum: but he did not consider that the rum is wasted, and that the Pharaohs and Ptolemys spoiled all the spices which were bestowed upon their carcases. Some old parabolist has a tale in point, of a man who being remarkably wise and remarkably ugly, married a woman very beautiful and very foolish, calculating that the children would have his wisdom and their mother's beauty; they all proved ugly and idiots.

Churchill was soon forgotten—his friends were silent, for poor Lloyd followed him to the grave, and his enemies did not venture to trample on the dead lion; for his superiority had been too notorious, and they prudently held their tongues. More important politics succeeded, and his satires would perhaps have slept with their heroes, if they had not been luckily included in Bell's collection of the Poets, which, though made with little knowledge and little judgment, has been followed by subsequent collectors. Johnson omitted him: if he had not received personal offence, Johnson would from system have disliked his poetry as much as his principles; but he was included in the supple-

ment to Johnson's Collection, and is now considered as a regular member of the corporation of poets. To this rank he is fairly entitled.

No writer seems to have better understood his own powers. There is no indication in any of his poems that he could have done any thing better than the things he did. It was his intention to write an epic poem upon the Battle of Culloden. Modern warfare is even less poetical than picturesque; it would have been curious to see how an event so recent could have been modified to his purpose, and a General of the year 1745 elevated into an epic hero. This subject is better suited to a Scottish poet, and Flora Macdonald should be the heroine, as a woman whose unexampled heroism, true Whigs as we are, and deeply as we abhor the house of Stuart, we never remember without admiration and reverence. Churchill, would have done justice to the Jacobites; he would have delineated strongly the absurdity of their principles, but he would not have forgotten the virtues by which that absurdity was fostered.

Perhaps the projected poem would not have added to his reputation; the subject was unpromising, and his powers, though great, were not of the highest order. Manly sense is the characteristic of his poems, deriving strength of expression from indignation. His reputation may be considered as fixed; it is impossible that he should ever recover his popularity, but politicians will still read his works for their temporary allusions, and poets for their intrinsic merit and permanent truth.

The editor has performed his work well; it would have been better had he displayed less dogmatism, and he would do wisely to remember that

when a writer ventures to speak contemptuously of the abilities of his contemporaries, some proof may fairly be demanded of his own. He has not done all that should have been done.

"Of the numerous publications relating to our author, his works which appeared during his life, and soon after his death, notice has occasionally been taken in the remarks upon his poems, and we shall not trespass on the patience of our readers by any farther mention of them here. They have, like many other things, become valuable only because they are scarce; and became scarce, only because they were of no value; their titles, names, and merits are preserved in the reviews of the day, the works themselves may be found in the libraries of the antiquarian scavengers of English literature."

A critical catalogue of these publications should have been given in this edition, as materially illustrative of Churchill's literary life, and of the literary history of the times. Has Mr. W. T. examined these publications? if he has not, he has not performed his duty as an Editor; if he has, he has most probably been obliged to some of those gentlemen whom he thinks proper to denominate antiquarian scavengers, but to whom English literature is daily more and more indebted.

The free use of their collections, which they afford to all men of letters who deserve the privilege, is not and perhaps could not be properly afforded by any of the public libraries in England. The language of the Editor is sometimes disfigured by such miserable affectation as appears in the following instances. "The Monthly Review has sympathetically aged with its Editor." "Dodsley

was unequal to receive the sublime inspiration of Melpomene." *

* Had the Editor been aware at the time of this just rebuke, he would have gratefully profited by it, and omitted both passages in his next edition; as it is, he spontaneously did so in respect of the unjust and unkind allusion to the Monthly Review and its venerable Editor; but although the sentiment as to Dodsley's tragic powers might have been better expressed, posterity has confirmed its substantial accuracy.

THE ROSCIAD.

The structure of this Poem appears to be founded on the old notion of a Session of the Poets, in which, on the demise of the Laureate, the poets of the time were supposed to make their claim to the laurel in the presence of Apollo. The Rosciad stole anonymously into the world in March, 1761, being announced by only one or two advertisements, without any notice of its subject or its plan, and was acknowledged, by every impartial judge, to be a most excellent theatical critique. The satire, though severe, was generally just. A number of Pamphleteers and Poetasters drew their pens in defence of the actors, but their productions being of the most contemptible order, only served to increase the reputation of the Author, and promote the sale of his Poem. The critical reviewers confidently attributed this Poem to Mr. Robert Lloyd, who had in the preceding year published a Poem, called the Actor; or to the united efforts of Lloyd, Colman, and Thornton, the two former of whom advertised their disclaimer;* but so tenacious

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* The following advertisements appeared on the occasion in the St. James's Chronicle, and other Newspapers:—

Whereas in the Critical Review, published this month, it is roundly reported that I am author jointly, if not solely, of a poem called the Rosciad; and whereas the reviewer has, in consequence of that supposition, taken occasion to throw out many reflections injurious to my character, I think I am bound in justice to myself to declare most solemnly, in this public manner, that I was not in the least concerned in writing or publishing the poem above mentioned.

2 April, 1761. George Colman.

The Authors of the Critical Review having attributed a Poem called the Rosciad to Mr. Lloyd, he thinks it a justice due to the author and himself thus publicly to declare, that he never was concerned, either directly or indirectly, in the writing of it, nor in the least privy to its publication.

2 April, 1761. Robert Lloyd.

were the Reviewers of their opinion, that they professed to remain unconvinced, even when the name of Churchill appeared to the second edition. They persisted in this unbelief till the severity of the Apology lashed them out of their infidelity.

In the title-page to the second edition our author asserted his claim to the Poem, and at one bound sprung from complete obscurity to the first rank in literary fame. To his celebrity the actors themselves in no small degree contributed; they, as Davies ingenuously confesses, ran about the town like so many stricken deer, and strove to extract the arrow from the wound by communicating their misfortune to their friends. The public enjoyed their distress, and considered the Rosciad as a pleasant and reasonable retaliation for the mirth which the stage had continually excited by the representation of the follies and frailties of mankind. Excepting Garrick, there was not a single man amongst the players of that period who, in the first impression, entirely escaped the Poet's satirical lash. Those who were foremost in expressing their anger had only the misfortune of being treated with greater severity in subsequent editions. In this respect Churchill has been blamed by some writers, and it has been said that the Rosciad was not always benefited by the alterations which it received. Perhaps there is little foundation for this assertion; but, however that may be, it is certain that its excellence enabled it firmly to maintain its ground against all opposition. Though Anti-Rosciads, Triumvirates, Churchilliads, Examiners, &c. were published in vindication of the players; they were so poorly written that they only served to swell Churchill's triumph. The satirist had for a long time frequented the playhouse: he bestowed incessant attention on stage representation; and by close application laboured to understand perfectly the subject which was the choice of his muse. His observatory was generally the first row of the pit, next to the orchestra; from this place he thought he could best discern the real workings of the passions in the actors, or detect the first symptoms of affectation or inattention.

When Churchill first published the Rosciad anonymously, those performers who thought themselves roughly handled by

him, vowed vengeance against the author, should he ever have the temerity to publish his name. Churchill hearing this, immediately ordered his bookseller to put his name at full in the next edition, which was accordingly done, and the day after Churchill went to the Bedford Coffee House where he was sure of meeting some of his exasperated adversaries; spying a group of them at the lower end of the room, he boldly marched up, and drawing off his gloves with great composure, called for a dish of coffee and the Rosciad, in a tone of voice that by no means indicated the least spark of apprehension. This menace, however, produced no other effect for the present than their judiciously moving off, one by one, till they left the box entirely to himself. This anecdote, of course, immediately spread among the actors, and the conduct of the pusillanimous party was much laughed at, and despised by the buskined heroes of the green room, who bragged that it was their only wish to repair the honour of their fraternity, by exhibiting their own valour. Churchill soon after happened to be in a room at the Rose Tavern, where there was no other company but Yates, and one Clark, a respectable, but obscure actor. The conversation turning on the above circumstance, which Churchill placed in a very ludicrous point of view, a quarrel ensued between him and Yates, which the latter was for deciding immediately, in the Dutch fashion (Snick a snee). Churchill thought this rather too desperate, but fearing lest his courage should be questioned, at length agreed, and each seized a case knife for the purpose, but the comedian's prudence at that moment recurring, put it off for the present, and saying he should soon hear from him, left the room. Clark, upon this, began commenting on the conduct of both parties, and remarked to Churchill it was well for him he did not attempt treating him in that manner. "And what would you have done, if I had, good Sir?" asked the bard, in an ironical manner. "Put you to death on the spot," said the other. Churchill, instead of replying, immediately ran up to him, embraced him, and begged the honour of his acquaintance, declaring that he was the only actor of spirit he had met with in either house.

The difficulty experienced by the Editor in procuring some

of the following notices of persons once, and that at no distant period, in full possession of public notoriety, could not but forcibly bring to his recollection, that, while Painters, Sculptors and Poets can by their works insure immortality to *their* names,

> The *Actor* only shrinks from time's award;
> Feeble tradition is *his* memory's guard;
> By whose faint breath his merits must abide,
> Unvouch'd by proof,—to substance unallied!
> Ev'n matchless Garrick's art, to Heav'n resigned
> No fix'd effect, no model leaves behind!
> The *grace of action*—the adapted *mien*,
> Faithful as nature to the varied scene,
> Th' *expressive glance*—whose subtle comment draws
> Entranc'd attention and a mute applause;
> *Gesture* that marks, with force and feeling fraught,
> A sense in silence, and a will in thought;
> *Harmonious speech*, whose pure and liquid tone
> Gives verse a music, scarce confess'd its own;
> As light from gems assumes a brighter ray,
> And, cloth'd with orient hues, transcends the day!—
> *Passion's* wild break, and *frown*, that awes the sense,
> And every *charm* of gentler *eloquence*—
> All perishable!—like th' electric fire
> But strike the frame—and as they strike expire;
> Incense too pure a bodied flame to bear,
> Its fragrance charms the sense, and blends with air.
>
> SHERIDAN'S MONODY ON GARRICK.

THE ROSCIAD.

Unknowing and unknown the hardy muse
Boldly defies all mean and partial views;
With honest freedom plays the critic's part,
And praises, as she censures, from the heart.

Roscius deceased, each high aspiring player
Push'd all his interest for the vacant chair.
The buskin'd heroes of the mimic stage
No longer whine in love, and rant in rage;

[1] By way of beginning at the beginning, we cannot better enter on a survey of the modern stage in its most brilliant æra, than by adverting to the Garrick of ancient Rome, the friend and companion of Sylla and of Cicero: as Garrick was of Pulteney, of Johnson and of Burke.

Quintus Roscius, a native of Narbonese Gaul, was the most celebrated comedian of antiquity, and had the additional merit of being among the first who discovered and appreciated the merit of Cicero, whom Roscius prevailed upon to undertake the defence of his brother-in-law P. Quinctius, though Cicero at first endeavoured to excuse himself, alleging "that he should not be able to speak a word against Hortensius, any more than the other players could act with any spirit before Roscius."

Cicero soon afterwards had an opportunity of exerting, in return, his wonderful talents in behalf of his friend; the cause he pleaded was this: "One C. Fannius had made over to Roscius a young slave to be formed by him to the stage, on condition of a partnership in the profits which the slave should acquire by acting. The slave was afterwards killed, and Roscius prosecuted the murderer for damages, and obtained, by a

The monarch quits his throne, and condescends
Humbly to court the favour of his friends;
For pity's sake tells undeserved mishaps,
And, their applause to gain, recounts his claps.
Thus the victorious chiefs of ancient Rome,
To win the mob, a suppliant's form assume,

composition, a little farm worth about £800 for his particular share. Fannius also sued separately, and was supposed to have gained as much, but pretending to have recovered nothing, sued Roscius for the moiety of what he had recovered. Cicero, in his oration, draws a pleasing picture of the actor, whom he represents as enjoying the familiarity and friendship of the greatest men in Rome, and then proceeds: "Has Roscius then defrauded his partner! can such a stain attach to such a man? who, I speak it with confidence, has more integrity than skill, more veracity than experience, whom the people of Rome know to be a better man than he is an actor; and who while he makes the first figure on the stage for his art, is worthy of the senate for his virtue." In another place, he says of him, "that he was such an artist as to seem the only one fit to come upon the stage, yet such a man as to seem the only one unfit to come upon it at all; and that his action was so perfect and admirable, that when a man excelled in any other profession it was grown into a proverb to call him a Roscius." His daily pay for acting is said to have been about thirty pounds sterling. Pliny computes his yearly profit at £4000, but Cicero seems to rate it at £5000. He was generous, benevolent, and a contemner of money; and after he had raised an ample fortune from the stage, gave his pains to the public for many years without any pay; whence Cicero urges it as incredible, that he who, in ten years past, might honestly have gained £50,000, which he refused, should be tempted to commit a fraud for the paltry sum of £400. Roscius was the first actor who wore a mask on the stage, which he did to conceal an affection of the eyes, and an unprepossessing countenance, yet when occasionally unmasked, the extraordinary powers of his voice and action conciliated

In pompous strain fight o'er the extinguish'd war,
And shew where honour bled in every scar.
But though bare merit might in Rome appear
The strongest plea for favour, 'tis not here;
We form our judgment in another way,
And they will best succeed, who best can pay:

to him the applauses of his auditors in greater measure than were bestowed on his brother players. We are told that Cicero used to divert himself sometimes with Roscius, and make it an exercise or trial of skill between them, which could express the same passion the most variously, the one by words, the other by gestures. Roscius died at an advanced age, sixty-one years before the birth of Christ.

10 It was the custom for those who pretended to offices and dignities among the Romans, to solicit and caress the people at their general assemblies, clad only in a loose gown, without any coat under it, either to promote their supplications the better, by suing in such an humble habit, or that such as had received wounds in the war might thus more readily demonstrate the visible tokens of their fortitude. Plutarch mentions this circumstance in his life of Coriolanus, who was banished U. C. 262, although then, and until the time of Manlius Torquatus, U. C. 393, the senate chose both the Consuls. Shakespeare, misled by this authority, has made the haughty refusal of Coriolanus to comply with this custom, the immediate cause of his banishment, and of the indignation of the tribunes, one of whom

——— heard him swear
Were he to stand for Consul, never would he
Appear i' the market place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility;
Nor shewing (as the manner is) his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.
It was his word: O! he would miss it rather
Than carry it, but by the suit of the gentry to him
And the desire of the nobles.

Those, who would gain the votes of British tribes,
Must add to force of merit, force of bribes.
What can an actor give? in every age
Cash hath been rudely banish'd from the stage;
Monarchs themselves, to grief of every player,
Appear as often as their image there;
They can't, like candidate for other seat,

[18] The national debt, and the consequent increase of oligarchical influence, may be considered as the causes of the increased eagerness of individuals to become members of the house of Commons, and of their indifference as to the means used to gratify their ambition. The evidence of which may be found in the acts of the legislature, on reference to which, it appears that with every progressive addition to the debt, it has been found necessary to extend the number of provisions against corruption in elections: thus, at the Revolution, there existed only fourteen statutes to preserve the freedom and independence of parliament, to regulate elections, and to prevent frauds, bribery, &c. At the death of William III. these statutes increased to twenty-six, at the death of Queen Anne to thirty-five, at the death of George I. to thirty-seven, of George II. to forty-nine, and in the year 1790, to no less than sixty-five. At the period of passing the Reform Bill in 1832, they exceeded one hundred in number, while the subsequent operation of that Bill has been at once to increase the expense of the seat, by an aggravated amount of bribery and of every other election crime, and in an inverse ratio to reduce the moral, intellectual, and gentlemanly standard of the member, inasmuch as the nominee of a noble or wealthy patron may be readily supposed to have been of superior calibre in all those essential requisites, as compared with a dependent on the sweet voices of a constituency of householders, with most of whom ten pounds is at once qualification and price.

[19] The antients were more liberal in their encouragement of histrionic eminence, although in general holding the professors of that art in great contempt, if we are to credit the immense sums which Roscius and Æsopus are said to have

Pour seas of wine, and mountains raise of meat.
Wine! they could bribe you with the world as soon,
And of Roast Beef, they only know the tune:
But what they have they give; could Clive do more,
Though for each million he had brought home four?
Shuter keeps open house at Southwark fair,
And hopes the friends of humour will be there;

acquired by acting. The latter was contemporary with Roscius, and equally the friend and companion of Cicero. Melmoth states his having left behind him about £200,000 sterling; and we shall only be induced to wonder at the smallness of this sum, when we are told that, at a feast he presented one dish which alone cost him near £4,900.

27 Robert Lord Clive, the restorer, if not the founder of the British Empire in India. By the sole force of his personal abilities he raised himself from a middling rank in life, to honours, distinction, and unbounded wealth. Soon after his return to England, his mind too active preyed upon itself, and in a fit of despondence, this illustrious warrior and consummate statesman put a period to his own life in 1774, soon after he had entered upon the fiftieth year of his age. The considerable fortune he had so nobly earned raised a popular outcry against him, in which our author here, and again in his poem called the Farewell, too readily joined, in a note on which the reader will find some farther particulars of this heaven-born hero, as the Earl of Chatham styled him, and of his spirited speech in the House of Commons in vindication of his conduct.

29 Edward Shuter, a comic actor, who, after various theatrical vicissitudes, died a zealous methodist and disciple of George Whitefield in 1776. His father was a clergyman, and young Shuter was originally employed as a marker at a billiard-table; but discovering a turn for the stage, he was engaged at Covent Garden, and became a performer of considerable merit in low comedy. The difficult part of Falstaff he filled with ability; what he wanted in judgment he supplied by archness and drollery. He enjoyed the effects of

In Smithfield, Yates prepares the rival treat
For those who laughter love, instead of meat.

his roguery with a chuckle of his own compounding, and rolled his full eye, when detected, with a most laughable effect; but his comic humour often degenerated into buffoonery to please the galleries. Shuter had a happy knack at imitating the various sounds of animals, and successfully exerted his talent on the following occasion: When Foote first opened the theatre in the Haymarket, amongst other projects he proposed to entertain the public with an imitation of cat music; for this purpose he engaged a man famous for his skill in mimicking the mewing of cats. This person was called Cat Harris, he not attending a rehearsal of this odd concert, Foote desired Shuter would endeavour to find him out, and bring him with him. Shuter was directed to some court in the Minories, where this extraordinary musician lived, but not knowing the house, Shuter began a *cat-solo*. Upon this, the other looked out of window, and answered with a cantata of the same sort. "Come along," said Shuter, "I want no better information that you are the man; Mr. Foote stays for us, and cannot begin the cat-opera without you." On passing the act for licensing the Playhouses, Lord Chesterfield observed, "How cruel it is to lay a tax on so scarce a commodity as wit; it is a sort of property of those who have it, and too often the only property they have to depend on—it is, indeed, a precarious dependence. Thank God, we, my lords, have a dependence of another kind." Shuter revenged the treatment he met with in this poem by getting merry with the author.

[81] Richard Yates, from filling the most insignificant characters, gradually rose to eminence in the comic line, and deservedly acquired the high degree of estimation which he possessed without a rival for many years: he was remarkable for pure and chaste acting up to the words of his author, with a scrupulous attention; he was distinguished for peculiar appropriateness of dress; and excelled in teaching or drilling an actor in a higher degree than any one of his time. His second wife was a very superior actress, whom we shall have further occasion to mention. Yates kept a booth at Smithfield

Foote, at Old House, for even Foote will be,
In self-conceit, an actor, bribes with tea;

during Bartholomew Fair, which scene of riot and low debauchery was then of several weeks duration; but both he and Shuter were precluded from any longer diverting the public, either in Southwark or Smithfield, by an order of the Court of Common Council, of 17th June, 1762, directing, that Lady Fair in the Borough of Southwark should not be held for the future; and that shows, interludes, and other unlawful pastimes should not be suffered at Bartholomew Fair. His characteristic merits as an actor will be noticed towards the conclusion of this Poem.

88 Samuel Foote, the well-known author of several of the best farces in the English language, was descended from two of the most considerable families in Cornwall, and received a suitable education in the university of Oxford, from whence he moved to the Temple, but the law not suiting his inclination, he, in 1747, hired the old Playhouse in the Haymarket, which had been built in 1720, and opened it, in the double capacity of author and performer, with a dramatic piece of his own writing, called "The Diversions of the Morning," in which he introduced several well-known characters in real life, whom he very amusingly represented by a most exact imitation of not only the voice and manner, but even of the person; in this plan he met with some difficulties, owing to his having no license; but by the powerful intercession of his friends, he overruled the opposition of the magistrates, and by an alteration in the title of his bill to that of "Mr. Foote's giving tea to his friends," he proceeded occasionally to perform there without farther molestation. It was not until the year 1762 that he regularly occupied it as a summer theatre, and began his career with his celebrated farce of The Minor. In July, 1766, it was advanced to the dignity of a theatre royal, by patent, authorizing Mr. Foote to exhibit dramatic performances therein, from the 14th of May to the 14th of September; on this grant he purchased and pulled down the Old House and built the New One, recently still farther enlarged and improved, and very successfully managed it until the year

Which Wilkinson at second-hand receives,
And at the New, pours water on the leaves.
The town divided, each runs several ways,
As passion, humour, interest, party sways.
Things of no moment, colour of the hair,
Shape of a leg, complexion brown or fair,

before his death, when he disposed of his patent to Mr. Colman. Before he obtained the royal patent he frequently performed at the regular theatres some important parts in old comedies, such as Fondlewife in the Old Bachelor, Sir Paul Pliant in the Double Dealer, and Ben in Love for Love, in which he gave a loose to the most ridiculous burlesque and the vilest grimace. However, the people laughed heartily, and that, he thought, was a full approbation of his grotesque performance. In short, Foote was a despicable player in almost all such characters as were not expressly written by and for himself. From this censure we must, however, except his representation of Bayes in the Rehearsal, into which he introduced so much new matter as to make the character more his own than the Duke of Buckingham's. His fancy was so exuberant, his conceptions were so ready, and his thoughts so brilliant, that he kept his audience in continual laughter. Public transactions, the flying follies of the day, debates of grave assemblies, absurdities of play-wrights, politicians, and actors, all came under his cognizance, and felt the force of his wit; he laid hold of everything and everybody that could furnish merriment for the evening. Foote could have written a new Rehearsal equal to the old. We shall have occasion to notice some farther particulars of Foote, and of the resentment he felt on the publication of the Rosciad.

Foote's advertisement was thus worded: "Mr. Foote presents his compliments to his friends and the public, and desires them to drink tea at the little Theatre in the Haymarket every morning at Playhouse prices." The house was crowded: he advanced before the curtain and said, that while the tea was preparing, as he was then training some young actors for the

A dress well chosen, or a patch misplaced,
Conciliate favour, or create distaste.
From galleries loud peals of laughter roll,
And thunder Shuter's praises;—he's so droll,
Embox'd, the ladies must have something smart,
Palmer! oh! Palmer tops the janty part. 46

stage, he would, with their permission, proceed with his instructions. The manœuvre was highly relished, and it became the universal fashion every noon to drink a dish of Mr. Foote's tea, and for two or three years he termed his pieces of imitation, giving tea. All the actors were the objects of his imitation or rather caricature in their respective parts; of Garrick, who was apt to hesitate in his dying scenes, he gave the following specimen in Lothario:

"adorns my fall
And chea—chea—chea—chea—chea—chears
My heart in dy—dy—dying."

35 Tate Wilkinson, a comic actor, whom our author in a subsequent part of this poem characterizes as the mere shadow of Foote, was, at the publication of the Rosciad, a principal proprietor and one of the managers of Sadler's Wells, which concern he afterwards quitted and commenced manager of the theatre at York, where he died in the summer of 1803. He was the author of an incoherent rambling work entitled, The Wandering Patentee, or, The History of the Yorkshire Theatres, in 4 vols. 8vo. His performance of the part of Shift, in Foot's Minor, was considered his highest effort.

Wilkinson, in his Memoirs, disclaims the charge of imitation, and alleges "that the desire to become an actor at only ten years of age appeared very conspicuous, and will fully prove and clear an error conceived by Mr. Churchill (who was afterwards convinced to the contrary) that Mr. Foote instructed me in the art of imitation."

46 John Palmer, a favourite actor in genteel comedy. He married Miss Pritchard, daughter of the celebrated actress of

Seated in pit, the dwarf with aching eyes
Looks up, and vows that Barry's out of size;
Whilst to six feet the vigorous stripling grown,
Declares that Garrick is another Coan.
When place of judgment is by whim supplied,
And our opinions have their rise in pride;
When, in discoursing on each mimic elf,
We praise and censure with an eye to self;
All must meet friends, and Ackman bids as fair

that name, and died about the year 1780, in consequence of an improper draught being given to him, for what might otherwise have proved but a slight indisposition. He was a very respectable player, and a man much esteemed for his integrity.

48 Spranger Barry, an actor of first rate eminence, whose peculiar merit will be the subject of a future note, was in his person above five feet eleven inches high, finely formed, and possessing a countenance in which manliness and sweetness of feature were so happily blended, as to form one of the best representatives of the Belvedere Apollo. With this commanding figure he had acquired such an easy and unembarrassed management of his limbs, as never to look encumbered, or present an ungraceful attitude in his various traverses on the stage.

50 John Coan, an uncommonly diminutive dwarf, was a native of Norfolk, and died in March, 1764. He, during some years before his death, gratified the curiosity of his countrymen at the small charge of sixpence per head.

55 Ackman ranked with the lowest comic actors of his time; but as no talents are proof against satire, so no inferiority precludes praise. This man had lavish encomiums bestowed on him for his acting by Hugh Kelly, in an humble imitation of the Rosciad, entitled Thespis. In which poem, Kelly with perfect consistency treated Mrs. Clive, Mrs. Barry, and other excellent actors with the utmost severity.

In such a court, as Garrick, for the chair.
At length agreed, all squabbles to decide,
By some one judge the cause was to be tried;
But this their squabbles did afresh renew,
Who should be judge in such a trial:—who?
For Johnson some; but Johnson, it was fear'd,
Would be too grave; and Sterne too gay appear'd;
Others for Franklin voted: but 'twas known

61 Churchill, who in this poem had a character to establish, possibly thought it prudent to abstain from that acrimonious mention of Dr. Johnson, which too often occurs in some of his subsequent poems;—or most probably he had not yet formed that close intimacy with Wilkes, which might in its progress induce him to ridicule the foibles of the one, that the public attention might be diverted from contemplating the odious vices of the other.

62 The Reverend Dr. Laurence Sterne, whose Tristram Shandy, published in 1760, was now at the zenith of its popularity. Dr. Ferriar, in an ingenious Essay in the Transactions of the Philosophical Society of Manchester, has successfully established many plagiarisms by Sterne from Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, and other obsolete works; and which may be allowed to exist, without detracting from the exquisite tact and happy mannerism of Shandy, and the Sentimental Journey;—would that they could be as readily absolved from the more serious charge of indelicacy.

63 Dr. Thomas Franklin, the translator of Sophocles, Phalaris, and Lucian, and the author of a volume of Sermons; he also permitted his name to be prefixed to a translation of Voltaire's works. He wrote several plays, among which his Orestes and Electra were avowedly taken from Voltaire, but his most popular effort in the dramatic walk was "The Earl of Warwick," a tragedy, which, without any acknowledgment, he took from M. de la Harpe's celebrated play of the same name, and on the same subject. This gentleman, though

He sicken'd at all triumphs but his own;
For Colman many, but the peevish tongue [65]

possessed of considerable learning and abilities, contrived to render himself obnoxious to most of his contemporaries. Perhaps, had he been willing to allow merit in others, his own would have been by their assistance rendered more conspicuous. He was Greek professor at the University of Cambridge, and died possessed of considerable church preferment in 1784.

[65] George Colman, the translator of Terence, and of the Art of Poetry, and the intimate friend and favourite of our author, was the son of Francis Colman, Esq., resident at the court of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, by a sister of the first Countess of Bath, and born at Florence about 1733. He was educated with our author at Westminster School, and thence proceeded to Christ Church, Oxford, where he engaged with Bonnel Thornton, in writing the Connoisseur, a periodical paper of some merit. He was called to the bar, but never practised. His first dramatic work, Polly Honeycomb, was performed at Drury Lane theatre in 1760, with success; and the next year his comedy of the Jealous Wife met with unbounded applause. In 1764 Lord Bath died and left him a liberal annuity, which was enlarged by General Pulteney. In 1767 he became a Patentee of Covent Garden theatre, but in 1770 sold his share, and purchased Foote's theatre in the Haymarket. Besides the above works, he was the author of prefaces to Massinger, and to Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, edited by him, and of several fugitive tracts; he also, in conjunction with Garrick, wrote the Clandestine Marriage, and some other dramatic performances. At the close of the theatrical season of 1785, Mr. Colman was seized, at Margate, with the palsy, and at the beginning of the season of 1789, he first showed symptoms of derangement of mind, which, increasing gradually, left him in a state of idiotism. In this melancholy condition he was placed in a private house of restraint at Paddington. The management of the theatre was entrusted to his son, with an allowance of £600 a year. Mr. Colman died on the 14th of August, 1794, at the age of 62.

Of prudent Age found out that he was young:
For Murphy some few pilfering wits declared,
Whilst Folly clapp'd her hands, and Wisdom stared.
To mischief train'd, e'en from his mother's womb,
Grown old in fraud, though yet in manhood's bloom,

67 Arthur Murphy, Esq. a native of Ireland, was originally intended for trade, which pursuit, from a growing fondness for literature and politics, he soon discontinued. He commenced his career as an author in 1752, by publishing a periodical paper called the Gray's Inn Journal; this was continued till October 1754, when he, at Covent Garden, attempted the province of an actor, and after deserting to Drury Lane, and a trial of two seasons, found he had egregiously mistaken his powers, and resumed his former employment as a writer. The violence of party running high, he undertook the unpopular side of the question, and published several pamphlets in defence of Lord Bute's administration. The circumstance that chiefly excited the animosity of Wilkes and Churchill, was his being employed in the beginning of the reign of George the Third, to write a weekly paper called the Auditor, in opposition to the North Briton. Mr. Murphy, in consequence of the powerful patronage his political labours had procured for him, and which his poetical ones, although equally below mediocrity, had failed to acquire, was, notwithstanding his having been an actor, which occasioned his rejection at Gray's Inn and the Temple, successful in his third application for the degree of Barrister, to which he was called by the Society of Lincoln's Inn, and afterwards attained the dignity of a Bencher. He was the author, or rather the translator and purloiner from the French, of some tolerable plays and farces; he also published an edition of Fielding's works, a translation of Tacitus, and a meagre life of Garrick; his last publication, and of the same vapid character, was the Memoirs of Foote. A pension of £200 a year was ultimately bestowed upon this literary veteran, who died at Knightsbridge, 18 June, 1805, in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

Adopting arts by which gay villains rise,
And reach the heights which honest men despise;
Mute at the bar, and in the senate loud,
Dull 'mongst the dullest, proudest of the proud,
A pert, prim, prater of the northern race,
Guilt in his heart, and famine in his face,
Stood forth,—and thrice he waved his lily hand—
And thrice he twirl'd his tye—thrice stroked his band—
"At Friendship's call (thus oft, with traitorous aim,
Men void of faith, usurp faith's sacred name)
At Friendship's call I come, by Murphy sent,
Who thus by me developes his intent:
But lest, transfused, the spirit should be lost,
That spirit which in storms of rhetoric toss'd,
Bounces about, and flies like bottled beer,
In his own words his own intentions hear.

75 The person thus alluded to was Alexander Wedderburne, then an aspiring barrister, afterwards Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, on which occasion he was raised to the peerage by the title of Lord Loughborough, and lastly Lord Chancellor; on his retirement from which office in 1803 he was created Earl of Rosslyn. In parliament, to a seat in which he was first introduced by Lord Bute, Mr. Wedderburne was an eloquent defender of ministerial measures, and a warm promoter of the persecution against Wilkes, as he was at a later period of that against Dr. Franklin. When Lord Chancellor he gave Murphy, to whom he had been through life a steady patron, the appointment of a Commissioner in Bankruptcy. The dignified deportment of Lord Rosslyn in his official situations, his abilities as a parliamentary debater, and his lucid expositions as a judge, in the absence of the more solid requirements of the bench, were calculated, as the event has proved, to acquire contemporaneous rather than

"Thanks to my friends, but to vile fortunes born,
No robes of fur these shoulders must adorn.
Vain your applause, no aid from thence I draw;
Vain all my wit, for what is wit in law?
Twice (cursed remembrance!) twice I strove to gain
Admittance 'mongst the law-instructed train,
Who, in the Temple and Gray's Inn, prepare
For client's wretched feet the legal snare;
Dead to those arts which polish and refine,
Deaf to all worth, because that worth was mine,
Twice did those blockheads startle at my name,
And foul rejection gave me up to shame.
To laws and lawyers then I bade adieu,
And plans of far more liberal note pursue.
Who will may be a Judge—my kindling breast
Burns for that chair which Roscius once possess'd,
Here give your votes, your interest here exert,

posthumous fame. Of his political character, Junius, with his usual acuteness, seizes the prominent feature: "The wary Wedderburne never threw away the scabbard, nor ever went upon a forlorn hope."

Lord Rosslyn's judicial character was not of a nature to entitle him to a high rank in the annals of English judicature, and his ephemeral qualities as a courtier and a statesman, based on no public principle, entailed their usual result, a mortified and disappointed old age. He died 2 Jan. 1805, in the seventy-third year of his age. Mr. Foss, in his Grandeur of the Law, or Notices of Eminent Lawyers who have achieved Peerages, has well observed of the Earl of Rosslyn, in corroboration of the preceding observations, "that more of a politician than a lawyer, his contemporaries did not highly appreciate his decisions on the Bench, and the opinion of his successors in Westminster Hall has not reversed that judgment."

And let success for once attend desert." 104
With sleek appearance, and with ambling pace,

107 Sir John Hill, son of the Rev. Theophilus Hill, born about the year 1716, was originally an apothecary and a student in botany, in which latter pursuit he was encouraged by the patronage of the Duke of Richmond and the Lord Petre; but being unsuccessful in it, he made two or three attempts as an actor and dramatic author; a failure in both drove him back to his former trade of an apothecary and to his botanical studies, in which he had more experience if not more talent. Few epigrams possess greater truth than that of Garrick on Dr. Hill's farce of the Rout, which was performed in 1758, and was damned on the second night of its representation—

"For physic and farces, his equal there scarce is,
His farces are physic, his physic a farce is."

In the course of his botanical pursuits he got introduced to Mr. Martin Folkes, the president, and Mr. Henry Baker, and Dr. Stuart, leading members of the Royal Society, who, thinking him a young man of parts, and well skilled in Natural History, recommended him among their friends. His first publication was in 1746, being a translation from the Greek, of a small tract of Theophrastus on Gems, which obtained him some credit; so much so as to induce the booksellers to engage him in writing a General Natural History in three volumes folio, and soon after a supplement to Chambers's Dictionary, and also to undertake the conduct of the British Magazine. He had received no academical education; but his ambition prompting him to be a graduate, he accordingly obtained from one of those convenient northern universities which barter unsubstantial honours for solid gold, a diploma of doctor of physic. After this he engaged in a variety of works, mostly compilations, which he published with incredible expedition; and though his character was never in such estimation with his booksellers as to entitle him to an extraordinary price for his writings, he was known by such works, by novels, pamphlets, and a daily paper called

And, type of vacant head, with vacant face, 106
The Proteus Hill put in his modest plea,—

the Inspector, the labour of his own head and hand, to have earned in one year the sum of £1500. He was intolerably vain, and in his writings disposed to satire and licentious scurrility, which he indulged without any regard to truth, and became frequently engaged in quarrels that always terminated in his own disgrace. For some abuse in his Inspector upon an Irish gentleman of the name of Browne, he was severely chastised in the circus at Ranelagh. He attacked the Royal Society in a scurrilous review of their Transactions, and abused his old patrons Mr. Folkes and Mr. Baker, for successfully opposing, on account of his unprincipled character, his admission among them as a member, and met with a similar rebuff in the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures and Commerce. In the midst of all this employment, he found time and means to drive about the town in his chariot, and to appear abroad, and at all public places, and most private parties, at Batson's coffee house, at masquerades, and at the opera and play houses, splendidly dressed, and as often as he could in the front of the boxes. Towards the end of his life his reputation as an author was so sunk by the slovenliness of his compilations, and his disregard to truth in what he related, that he was forced to betake himself to the vending a few simple medicines; namely, essence of water-dock, tincture of Valerian, pectoral balsam of honey, Canada balsam, tincture of sage, and Bardana drops; and by pamphlets, ascribing to them extraordinary virtues and as extraordinary cures, imposed on the credulity of the public, and thereby got, though not an honest, a competent livelihood. In 1773, he received from the King of Sweden the investiture of the Order of Vasa, or the Polar Star, in return for a present to that monarch of his Vegetable System, in twenty-six folio volumes, a magnificent work, which he completed at the expense and under the patronage of the Earl of Bute, who warmly interested himself for a time in favour of the author, and obtained for him the management of the royal gardens, but the grant was never confirmed. He was the author of a

"Let Favour speak for others, Worth for me."—
For who, like him, his various powers could call
Into so many shapes, and shine in all?
Who could so nobly grace the motley list,
Actor, Inspector, Doctor, Botanist?
Knows any one so well—sure no one knows—
At once to play, prescribe, compound, compose?
Who can—But Woodward came,—Hill slipp'd away,

tract entitled Lucina sine concubitu! under the name of Abraham Johnson, and which may be found in the second volume of Dodsley's fugitive pieces in prose. It is a clever but impudent hoax on the Royal Society, which was the object of his repeated attacks, in revenge for his rejection by that body. He died about the year 1775.

108 The vanity displayed by this man in constantly enlarging on his own merits, occasioned the following epigram:

Hill puffs himself, forbear to chide,
An insect vile and mean
Must first, he knows, be magnified,
Before it can be seen.

115 This alludes to a paper war in which Hill was engaged with Woodward the comedian, in consequence of an insult the latter had received in the exercise of his profession. Woodward represented him on the stage in the character of a quack doctor; and, in allusion to a habit Hill had of appropriating to himself any curious plant he could unobservedly lay his hands upon in public or private collections, adopted the following motto to one of his pamphlets:

"I do remember an apothecary
. . . . . .
Culling of simples."

Dr. Hill was also the hero of a mock heroic by C. Smart, entitled the Hilliad, which he provoked by writing a paper

Melting, like ghosts, before the rising day.
With that low cunning, which in fools supplies,
And amply too, the place of being wise,
Which Nature, kind indulgent parent, gave
To qualify the blockhead for a knave;
With that smooth falsehood, whose appearance charms,
And reason of each wholesome doubt disarms,
Which to the lowest depths of guile descends,

called the Impertinent, in which curious piece he did not stop at abusing himself; the rest of it was made a vehicle for invective against Smart and Fielding. It was ushered into the world in a pompous manner as if intended to be continued, but no second number was ever published. The following lines afford some specimen of the severity of Smart's revenge:

A wretch devoid of use, of sense, and grace,
The insolvent tenant of encumber'd space;
A paltry player, that in no parts succeeds,
A hackney writer, whom no mortal reads,
The trumpet of a base deserted cause,
Doom'd to the scandal of his own applause;
While thus he stands a general wit confess'd,
With all these titles, all these talents bless'd,
Be he by Jove's authority assign'd
The universal butt of all mankind.

HILLIAD.

117 This severe invective was intended to apply to a Mr. Fitzpatrick, who was the ringleader of the riots at the theatres in the year 1763. Mr. Garrick, on the revival of Shakespeare's Two Gentleman of Verona, made an order that nothing should be taken under the full price. In consequence of this regulation, the disturbance began at Drury Lane. Mr. Fitzpatrick and his party insisted that half price should be taken at every theatrical exhibition, except the first season of a pantomime. Mr. Garrick, not complying with their de-

By vilest means pursues the vilest ends,
Wears Friendship's mask for purposes of spite,
Fawns in the day, and butchers in the night;
With that malignant envy which turns pale,
And sickens, even if a friend prevail,
Which merit and success pursues with hate,
And damns the worth it cannot imitate;
With the cold caution of a coward's spleen,
Which fears not guilt, but always seeks a screen,
Which keeps this maxim ever in her view—
What's basely done, should be done safely too;
With that dull, rooted, callous impudence
Which, dead to shame and every nicer sense,
Ne'er blush'd, unless, in spreading vice's snares,
She blunder'd on some virtue unawares;
With all these blessings, which we seldom find
Lavish'd by Nature on one happy mind,
A motley figure, of the fribble tribe,
Which heart can scarce conceive, or pen describe,

mand, they proceeded to the grossest outrages. At length not only Mr. Garrick, but Mr. Beard, the manager of Covent Garden, found it necessary to acquiesce. Sometime previous to this disturbance, Mr. Fitzpatrick attacked Mr. Garrick's professional character in the Craftsman, and afterwards published his paradoxical strictures in a pamphlet, with a dedication to that gentleman. Mr. Garrick retaliated by writing a poem called the Fribbleriad, in which this six foot suckling, as he was designated, was very severely satirized under the name of Fizgig. Mr. Fitzpatrick smothered his resentment until it broke out in the riot at Drury Lane; his vehement exertions, therefore, on that occasion did not proceed from a generous public-spirited motive, but were prompted by an unmanly and illiberal principle of revenge.

Came simpering on: to ascertain whose sex
Twelve, sage, impanell'd matrons would perplex;
Nor male, nor female; neither, and yet both;
Of neuter gender, though of Irish growth;
A six-foot suckling, mincing in Its gait,
Affected, peevish, prim and delicate;
Fearful it seem'd, though of athletic make,
Lest brutal breezes should too roughly shake
Its tender form, and savage motion spread,
O'er Its pale cheeks, the horrid manly red.
Much did It talk, in Its own pretty phrase,
Of genius and of taste, of players and plays;
Much too of writings, which Itself had wrote,
Of special merit, though of little note;
For Fate, in a strange humour, had decreed
That what It wrote, none but Itself should read;
Much, too, It chatter'd of dramatic laws,
Misjudging critics, and misplaced applause;
Then, with a self-complacent jutting air,
It smiled, It smirk'd, It wriggled to the chair,
And, with an awkward briskness not Its own,
Looking around, and perking on the throne,
Triumphant seem'd, when that strange savage dame,
Known but to few, or only known by name,
Plain Common Sense appear'd, by Nature there

145 Nor male nor female! then on oath
We safely may pronounce it both.
FRIBBLERIAD.

Femina, vir, neutrum.

Appointed, with Plain Truth, to guard the chair;
The pageant saw, and blasted with her frown,
To Its first state of nothing melted down.
Nor shall the Muse, (for even there the pride
Of this vain nothing shall be mortified)
Nor shall the Muse (should fate ordain her rhymes,
Fond, pleasing thought! to live in after-times),
With such a trifler's name her pages blot;
Known be the character, the thing forgot:
Let It, to disappoint each future aim,
Live without sex, and die without a name!
Cold-blooded critics, by enervate sires
Scarce hammer'd out, when Nature's feeble fires
Glimmer'd their last; whose sluggish blood, half froze,
Creeps labouring through the veins; whose heart ne'er glows
With fancy-kindled heat:—a servile race,

178 We shall not trespass farther on the patience of our readers by reviving the long forgotten history of Fitzpatrick's furious warfare against both the theatres, on the subject of half price, originating, as before observed, in private pique to Garrick, whom he first flattered, then personally insulted, and afterwards attempted to write down, under the signature of X. Y. Z. in a periodical paper called the Craftsman. A detailed account of the dispute may be found in the second volume of Davies's Life of Garrick. The author of the Fribbleriad thus noticed the assistance of his great ally:

With colours flying, beat of drum,
Unlike to this see Churchill come!
And now like Hercules he stands,
Unmask'd his face, but arm'd his hands,

Who, in mere want of fault, all merit place;
Who blind obedience pay to ancient schools,
Bigots to Greece, and slaves to musty rules;
With solemn consequence declared that none
Could judge that cause but Sophocles alone:
Dupes to their fancied excellence, the crowd,
Obsequious to the sacred dictate, bow'd.

When, from amidst the throng, a youth stood forth,
Unknown his person, not unknown his worth;
His look bespoke applause; alone he stood,
Alone he stemm'd the mighty critic flood:
He talk'd of ancients, as the man became
Who prized our own, but envied not their fame;
With noble reverence spoke of Greece and Rome,
And scorn'd to tear the laurel from the tomb.

"But more than just to other countries grown,
Must we turn base apostates to our own?

Alike prepared to write or drub!
This holds a pen, and that a club!
A club which nerves like his can wield,
And form'd a wit like his to shield.
"Mine is the Rosciad, mine, he cries,
Who says 'tis not, I say he lies.
To falsehood and to fear a stranger,
Not one shall fear my fame or danger;
Let those who write with fear or shame,
Those craftsmen-scribblers, hide their name.
My name is Churchill!" Thus he spoke,
And thrice he waved his knotted oak,
That done, he paused, prepared the blow,
Impartial bard! for friend and foe.

Where do these words of Greece and Rome excel,
That England may not please the ear as well?
What mighty magic's in the place or air,
That all perfection needs must centre there?
In states, let strangers blindly be preferr'd;
In state of letters, merit should be heard.
Genius is of no country; her pure ray
Spreads all abroad, as general as the day;
Foe to restraint, from place to place she flies,
And may hereafter e'en in Holland rise.
May not, (to give a pleasing fancy scope,
And cheer a patriot heart with patriot hope)
May not some great extensive genius raise
The name of Britain 'bove Athenian praise;
And, whilst brave thirst of fame his bosom warms,
Make England great in letters as in arms?

201 A favourite accusation against our author and his literary associates, was what the reviewers termed an affected contempt of the ancients, apparent, as they alleged, in all the productions of this set of writers. It is remarkable, however, that Colman, Thornton, and our author, were all good classical scholars; and Lloyd, in whose mouth Churchill puts this vindication of the moderns, was thoroughly well versed in ancient literature. His Latin verses and his imitations of the Greek and Roman poets place him in the first rank of modern latinists, and what is more meritorious, he had not the least tincture of pedantry in his composition, and entertained a perfect contempt for those empty pedagogues who, possessed of no other talent themselves, think all learning is comprised in the correct scanning of a line. Lloyd was one of those

> Whose knowledge unaffected flows,
> And sits as easy as their clothes,
> Who care not though an *ac* or *sed*
> Misplaced, endanger Priscian's head,

There may—there hath—and Shakspeare's muse aspires
Beyond the reach of Greece; with native fires
Mounting aloft, he wings his daring flight,
Whilst Sophocles below stands trembling at his height.
Why should we then abroad for judges roam,
When abler judges we may find at home?
Happy in tragic and in comic powers,
Have we not Shakspeare?—is not Jonson ours?
For them, your natural judges, Britons, vote;
They'll judge like Britons, who like Britons wrote."
He said, and conquer'd.—Sense resumed her sway,
And disappointed pedants stalk'd away.
Shakspeare and Jonson, with deserved applause,
Joint judges were ordain'd to try the cause,
Meantime the stranger every voice employ'd,

Nor think his wit a grain the worse
Who cannot frame a Latin verse,
Or give a Roman proper word
To things a Roman never heard.

205 This line affords the first specimen of our author's political views, which, though in him honourably directed to sound constitutional objects, were, owing to his unfortunate connexion with Wilkes, made subservient to the purposes of an interested faction. The injudicious patronage by Lord Bute of his immediate countrymen, the Scotch, excited the worst species of jealous nationality in this country, of which that faction took advantage, and by affixing the epithet of *strangers* to so large a proportion of our fellow islanders and fellow subjects, gave rise to a spirit of disunion and mutual irritation, which has now happily, and we hope for ever, subsided.

To ask or tell his name.—Who is it?—Lloyd.
Thus, when the aged friends of Job stood mute,
And, tamely prudent, gave up the dispute,
Elihu, with the decent warmth of youth,
Boldly stood forth the advocate of Truth,
Confuted Falsehood, and disabled pride,
Whilst baffled Age stood snarling at his side.
The day of trial's fix'd, nor any fear
Lest day of trial should be put off here.
Causes but seldom for delay can call
In courts where forms are few, fees none at all.
The morning came, nor find I that the sun,
As he on other great events hath done,
Put on a brighter robe than what he wore
To go his journey in the day before.

232 Robert Lloyd, the bosom friend of Churchill, and of whose life we have given some particulars in the preceding memoirs of our author, had at this time acquired considerable reputation by his poem entitled the Actor, which not only gave proof of great judgment, but had also the merit of smooth versification and strength of poetry. Intoxicated with his literary success, he quitted his situation of usher at Westminster school, and relied entirely on his pen for subsistence; but being of a thoughtless and extravagant disposition, he soon made himself liable for debts which he was unable to discharge. In consequence of this improvidence he was confined in the Fleet Prison, where he depended for support almost wholly on the bounty of his friend Churchill, whose kindness to him continued undiminished during all his necessities. On the death of his liberal benefactor, Mr. Lloyd sunk into a state of despondence, which terminated his existence on the 15th of December 1764, less than one month after he was informed of the death of Churchill. Mr. Wilkes used to say, that "Mr. Lloyd was mild and affable in private

Full in the centre of a spacious plain,
On plan entirely new, where nothing vain,
Nothing magnificent appear'd, but Art
With decent modesty perform'd her part,
Rose a tribunal; from no other court
It borrow'd ornament, or sought support;
No juries here were packed to kill or clear,
No bribes were taken, nor oaths broken here;
No gownsmen, partial to a client's cause,
To their own purpose tuned the pliant laws;
Each judge was true and steady to his trust,
As Mansfield wise, and as old Foster just.
In the first seat, in robe of various dyes,
A noble wildness flashing from his eyes,
Sat Shakspeare.—In one hand a wand he bore,

life, of gentle manners, and very engaging in conversation. He was an excellent scholar and an easy natural poet. His peculiar excellence was the dressing up an old thought in a new, neat, and trim manner. He was contented to scamper round the foot of Parnassus on his little Welsh pony, which seems never to have tired. He left the fury of the winged steed, and the daring heights of the sacred mountain to the sublime genius of his friend Churchill."

258 Sir Michael Foster, one of the puisne judges of the Court of King's Bench, and author of an excellent treatise on Crown Law. He died the 7th of November, 1763.

261 Dr. Johnson's highly poetical delineation of the merits of the two fathers of the British drama was first introduced in an occasional prologue, spoken by Garrick, at the opening of Drury Lane theatre in 1747—

> When Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes
> First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakspeare rose;
> Each change of many colour'd life he drew,

For mighty wonders famed in days of yore;
The other held a globe, which to his will
Obedient turn'd, and own'd the master's skill:
Things of the noblest kind his genius drew,
And look'd through nature at a single view:
A loose he gave to his unbounded soul,
And taught new lands to rise, new seas to roll;
Call'd into being scenes unknown before,
And passing Nature's bounds, was something more.
Next Jonson sat, in ancient learning train'd,
His rigid judgment Fancy's flights restrain'd;
Correctly pruned each wild luxuriant thought,
Mark'd out her course, nor spared a glorious fault:
The book of man he read with nicest art,
And ransack'd all the secrets of the heart;
Exerted penetration's utmost force,
And traced each passion to its proper source;
Then, strongly mark'd, in liveliest colours drew,
And brought each foible forth to public view:

Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting time toil'd after him in vain.
His powerful strokes presiding truth impress'd,
And unresisted passion storm'd the breast.
Then Jonson came, instructed from the school
To please in method and invent by rule;
His studious patience and laborious art,
By regular approach assail'd the heart;
Cold approbation gave the lingering bays,
For those who durst not censure, scarce could praise.
A mortal born, he met the general doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

The coxcomb felt a lash in every word,
And fools, hung out, their brother fools deterr'd.
His comic humour kept the world in awe,
And laughter frighten'd folly more than law.
But, hark!—the trumpet sounds, the crowd gives way,
And the procession comes in just array.
Now should I, in some sweet poetic line,
Offer up incense at Apollo's shrine,
Invoke the muse to quit her calm abode,
And waken memory with a sleeping ode:
For how shall mortal man, in mortal verse
Their titles, merits, or their names, rehearse?
But give, kind Dullness! memory and rhyme,
We'll put off Genius till another time.
First Order came,—with solemn step and slow,
In measured time his feet were taught to go.
Behind, from time to time, he cast his eye,
Lest this should quit his place, that step awry;
Appearances to save his only care;
So things seem right, no matter what they are:

290 Alluding to Mason's Ode to Memory, which was also ridiculed by Lloyd in an Ode to Oblivion, as Gray's Odes were by Colman in an Ode to Obscurity. The former was written to expose those poets

> Who gently lull the senses all the while
> With placid poems in the sinking style,
> As Mason sings, whose verse affords
> A bevy of the choicest words;
> Who meets his lady muse by moss-grown cell,
> Adorn'd with epithet and tinkling bell.

In him his parents saw themselves renew'd,
Begotten by Sir Critic on Saint Prude.
Then came Drum, Trumpet, Hautboy, Fiddle, Flute;
Next Snuffer, Sweeper, Shifter, Soldier, Mute:
Legions of angels all in white advance;
Furies, all fire, come forward in a dance;
Pantomime figures then are brought to view,
Fools hand in hand with fools go two by two.
Next came the Treasurer of either House,

310 Covent Garden theatre became rich under the management of Beard, who, with Miss Brent in the Beggar's Opera and Artaxerxes, turned the tide of public favour for several seasons to the advantage of that house.

315 William Havard was the son of a vintner at Dublin, and was originally intended for the practice of surgery. His first engagement as a player was at the theatre in Goodman's Fields; he then entered into the service of Rich, at Covent Garden; but moved to Drury Lane upon his friend Garrick becoming the patentee of that theatre. As an actor he was pleasing though not powerful, and his attention to his part and amiable character recommended him to the good-will of the audience, and the most assiduous performer could not deserve, on that score, more encouragement than Havard; he acted a variety of characters both in tragedy and comedy, and was constantly before the eyes of a critical audience. Such was the soundness of his judgment, and so respectable his character, that he never met with any marks of displeasure from the public; but on the contrary, was constantly favoured with their countenance and approbation. His person was prepossessing, his voice clear and articulate, and his critical judgment and perfect understanding of the meaning of his author shone forth conspicuously in every part he performed. He did not want feeling, but, from a degree of monotony, which seemed natural to his voice, he sometimes fell short of impassioned execution.

One with full purse, t'other with not a sous:
Behind, a group of figures awe create,
Set off with all the impertinence of state;
By lace and feather consecrate to fame,
Expletive kings, and queens without a name.
Here Havard, all serene, in the same strains
Loves, hates, and rages, triumphs, and complains;
His easy vacant face proclaim'd a heart
Which could not feel emotions, nor impart.

He was however always decent, sensible, and correct, and acquired an ease in his manner of deportment not commonly to be met with, and which rendered him a very useful though not a capital performer. The same mediocrity of genius attached to his literary efforts, consisting of three tragedies and a farce, the names of the former were Scanderbeg, Charles the First, and Regulus, and the latter, which has never been printed, was called The Elopement; his Charles the First met with the most success, and possesses some merit. Lord Chesterfield, in his celebrated speech on the licensing act, said of this play "that the catastrophe was too recent, too melancholy, and of too solemn a nature to be heard of any where but in a pulpit." Havard retired from the stage in May, 1769, and died of a gentle decay at his lodgings in Tavistock-street, in January 1778, at the age of sixty-eight years. Contrary to the accustomed suavity of his disposition, he was extremely offended at Churchill for the above lines. On this occasion it was pleasant to observe how artfully some of the actors, who were in fact the most hurt, pretended to be unaffected by the injury done to themselves, but to feel extremely for the obloquy thrown upon others. "Why," exclaimed one of these disinterested persons, "should this man attack Mr. Havard? I am not at all concerned for myself; but what has poor Billy Havard done, that he must be treated so cruelly?" "And pray," replied a gentleman, "What has Mr. Havard done that he cannot bear his misfortunes as well as another?"

With him came mighty Davies. On my life,
That Davies hath a very pretty wife:— 320
Statesman all over!—in plots famous grown!—

The amiable qualities of Havard are better conveyed than expressed in his epitaph:—

"The clay cold tenant underneath this stone
Had once those virtues which a prince might own."

319 Thomas Davies, a bookseller, actor, and author. He failed in the two former avocations, but has deservedly established a reputation for amusing biography, by his dramatic miscellanies and a gossiping life of Garrick, to which works we are indebted for several of our notes on this poem. He was a perfect *quidnunc* in politics, with which he has seasoned all his publications. He died in 1785. Mrs. Davies was sometimes called upon to perform Mrs. Cibber's parts, particularly Cordelia, in Lear; and her figure, look, and deportment were so correspondent with the idea of this amiable character, that she was received with no inconsiderable share of approbation. A report having once prevailed that Churchill intended speedily to publish a new theatrical satire, entitled *The Smithfield Rosciad*, wherein the merits of the inferior actors were to be considered; and poor Davies having been informed that he was to be the hero of the intended publication, thought proper to send the following letter to Churchill:

Sir,

Conscious of my inability, and ever desirous of attending to the reproof of those whose judgment in my profession must be deemed of a superior degree, from the just estimation they have acquired in the literary world; I humbly conceive myself entitled, at least, to an omission of such parts of your next intended publication as may tend to expose some imperfections (perhaps natural ones) and thereby retard the progress I presume to hope in the esteem of the candid world, from an invariable assiduity and exertion of the poor talents with which I am invested. Nature and fortune are not equally liberal to all. Perfection in my profession is rarely attainable. Where the pursuit of science has its due effect, and the know-

He mouths a sentence as curs mouth a bone.
Next Holland came,—with truly tragic stalk,
He creeps, he flies,—a hero should not walk.

ledge of ourselves improves with other attainments, it will dispose us to treat with lenity those who wait our reproof at humble distance, and to correct their errors in a manner not injurious to them in the very means of their existence, but by kind admonishing, conducive to excite a due attention, and produce reformation in all, who are conscious of defects, and willing to amend; amongst whom none is more sincerely so than, Sir, your humble Servant,

T. Davies.

To this Letter Churchill *made the following Reply:*

Sir,

From whom you have obtained your information concerning my next publication I know not, nor indeed am solicitous to know, neither can I think you entitled, as you express it, to an exemption from any severity, as you express it, which gentlemen of your profession, as you express it, are subject to. I am your humble Servant,

Charles Churchill.

P. S. Defects (perhaps natural, as you express it) are secure from my own feelings, without any application.

323 Holland, a pupil of Mr. Garrick, under whose tuition he made some proficiency, though he seldom merited more praise than that of being a tolerable copy of a fine original, first appeared on the stage in 1755. He was a good looking man, but had an affectation of carrying his head either stiffly erect, or leaning towards one shoulder, which gave an awkwardness to his person which was not otherwise ungenteel. Holland's ear was perfectly good, and he had great good sense, industry, and application, with a moderate share of sensibility. He had also a fine and a powerful, melodious, and articulate voice, and by a constant attention to the tone, manner, and action of Mr. Garrick, did not displease when

As if with Heaven he warr'd, his eager eyes
Planted their batteries against the skies;
Attitude, action, air, pause, start, sigh, groan,
He borrow'd, and made use of as his own.
By fortune thrown on any other stage,
He might, perhaps, have pleased an easy age;
But now appears a copy, and no more,
Of something better we have seen before.
The actor who would build a solid fame,
Must imitation's servile arts disclaim;
Act from himself, on his own bottom stand;

he represented some of his most favourite characters; particularly Hamlet, Chamont, Hastings, and Tancred; in the last he manifested an uncommon degree of spirit. He was, however, always most correct when acting under the eye and immediate direction of his master; he was then scrupulously exact; and if he never rose to excellence, his endeavours to attain it merited and obtained the approbation of the public. It was his misfortune to be too much elated by applause, and he too soon thought he was able to walk alone; in consequence of this he became tumid in speech and extravagant in action; instead of attending to the real situations of his character he stretched his voice to an insufferable degree of loudness: his Iago and his Jachimo were his most chaste performances. Holland, during Garrick's absence abroad, was one of his acting managers, and introduced Powell on the stage of Drury Lane; and though Powell had been his rival, and was his superior, these actors remained friends during life. Holland died the 7th of December, 1769, of the smallpox. He was extremely illiterate, and bold vulgarity supplied with him the place of pleasantry and humour; to compensate for these defects he possessed a kind, benevolent heart, and a mind exempt from all bad meaning. To sum up his character in a few words, he was an indefatigable, decent actor, and an honest, good-natured man.

I hate e'en Garrick thus at second-hand.
Behind came King.—Bred up in modest lore,
Bashful and young he sought Hibernia's shore;
Hibernia, famed, 'bove every other grace
For matchless intrepidity of face.
From her his features caught the generous flame,
And bid defiance to all sense of shame:
Tutor'd by her all rivals to surpass,

336 The same thought occurs in the "Actor,"

"A Garrick's genius must our wonder raise,
But gives his mimic no reflected praise."

337 Thomas King, though much displeased, expressed no resentment against the author for this notice of him. His most admired characters were Brass in the Confederacy, Sir Peter Teazle in the School for Scandal, the Grave-digger in Hamlet, &c.; but his *chef-d'œuvre* was Lord Ogleby, in the Clandestine Marriage, which he performed with peculiar chasteness and discrimination. This part Garrick originally intended for himself, but fearing too much fatigue from playing so important a character during several successive nights, he resigned all thought of it. For dry humour and articulate volubility Mr. King was unequalled. He was born August, 1730, and died in December, 1805, at the age of 75, in circumstances of great pecuniary difficulty; his friend Davies records him as an honest servant to the proprietors; engaged in a variety of parts, no man ever exerted his abilities more to the satisfaction of the public, or consulted the interests of his employers with greater cordiality and assiduity. As a manager intrusted to superintend, bring forward, and revive dramatic pieces, his judgment was solid, and his attention unwearied. When he thought proper to quit his part of theatrical director, those of his own profession regretted the loss of a friend and companion whose humanity and candour they had experienced, and on whose impartiality and justice they knew they could firmly depend.

'Mongst Drury's sons he comes, and shines in Brass.
Lo, Yates!—Without the least finesse of art
He gets applause; I wish he'd get his part.
When hot impatience is in full career,
How vilely "Harkee! Harkee!" grates the ear;
When active fancy from the brain is sent,
And stands on tip-toe for some wish'd event,
I hate those careless blunders which recall
Suspended sense, and prove it fiction all.
In characters of low and vulgar mould,
Where Nature's coarsest features we behold,
Where, destitute of every decent grace,
Unmanner'd jests are blurted in your face,

345 A defect of memory or a vicious habit on the part of Yates occasioned his frequently repeating a sentence two or three times over, as "Hark you, Hark you, Polly Honeycomb:" and when the Rosciad was published, to shew his courage, he took particular care to reiterate the very words which Churchill had made the subject of his satire, although intended by the satirist to apply to the too frequent appeals to the prompter, rather than to any repetitions in his parts. By this means he caused his fault to be far more universally known than would otherwise have been the case. Hitherto the audience in general had been very little acquainted with it, and it afforded no small diversion to the people behind the scenes, that Mr. Yates should thus be the proclaimer of his own defect. He died suddenly on the 5th of April, 1796, at Pimlico, in the ninetieth year of his age: he was rich, and the disposition of his property being forcibly contested on the spot by his heir-at-law Thomas Yates, a lieutenant in the navy, a scuffle ensued between him and the friends of Miss Jones, the comedian's housekeeper and principal legatee, in which the former was unfortunately killed. At a trial at the Old Bailey for the alleged murder, the jury brought in a verdict of manslaughter against the person by whom he had been shot in the affray.

There Yates with justice strict attention draws,
Acts truly from himself, and gains applause;
But when, to please himself or charm his wife,
He aims at something in politer life,
When, blindly thwarting Nature's stubborn plan,
He treads the stage by way of gentleman,
The clown, who no one touch of breeding knows,
Looks like Tom Errand dress'd in Clincher's clothes.
Fond of his dress, fond of his person grown,
Laugh'd at by all, and to himself unknown,
From side to side he struts, he smiles, he prates,
And seems to wonder what's become of Yates.
Woodward, endow'd with various tricks of face,

363 The fitter word clown was substituted by Churchill for that of fop, which appears in the earlier editions of this poem.

364 A humorous character in Farquhar's comedy of the Constant Couple, in the principal character of which, Sir Harry Wildair, the author is supposed to have intended his own portrait. Wilks was the original and unequalled representative of this part, which was subsequently generally performed by women, in whose favour any defect in the execution is more readily pardoned. The elegant form and exquisite beauty of Mrs. Woffington, added to her judicious conception of the part, acquired for her a considerable portion of celebrity and popularity.

369 Henry Woodward was born in London in 1717, had a liberal education at Merchant Taylors' School, and was at first engaged in the business of a tallow-chandler. He was then bound apprentice to Mr. Rich, the manager of Covent Garden Theatre, under whose tuition he became qualified for a harlequin. He afterwards engaged at Drury Lane in 1738, where his comic powers acquired great applause. All the variations of brisk impertinence, and assumed consequence, of affected gaiety, unblushing effrontery, and lively absurdity, he displayed with a most engaging and ludicrous confidence.

Great master in the science of grimace,
From Ireland ventures, favourite of the town,
Lured by the pleasing prospect of renown;
A speaking Harlequin, made up of whim,
He twists, he twines, he tortures every limb,
Plays to the eye with a mere monkey's art,
And leaves to sense the conquest of the heart.
We laugh indeed, but, on reflection's birth,
We wonder at ourselves, and curse our mirth.
His walk of parts he fatally misplaced,
And inclination fondly took for taste;
Hence hath the town so often seen display'd
Beau in burlesque, high life in masquerade.

This versatility of countenance was in the early editions designated as *powers* of face. His person was so regularly formed, and his look so serious and composed, that an indifferent observer would have imagined that his talents were adapted to none but characters of a serious cast, to the real fine gentleman, to the man of graceful deportment and elegant demeanour, rather than to the affecter of gaiety, the brisk fop, and pert coxcomb. But the moment he opened his mouth on the stage, every muscle of his face ranged itself on the side of levity. The very tones of his voice inspired comic ideas, and though he often wished to act tragedy, he could never speak one serious line with propriety. In the Apprentice he very happily exhibited a burlesque imitation of tragedy. Bobadil, Bessus, Parolles, and Cacafogo, were esteemed his masterpieces. After he had saved about £6000 from his theatrical emoluments in London, he lost it all again by imprudently commencing manager in Ireland. He then returned to Covent Garden, where he continued to act till the time of his death, which happened on the 17th of April, 1777, and was occasioned by an accident, as he was jumping on a table, in the character of Scrub in the Beaux Stratagem. During the last ten years of his life he resided with the celebrated Mrs. Bellamy.

But when bold wits, not such as patch up plays,
Cold and correct, in these insipid days,
Some comic character, strong featured, urge,
To probability's extremest verge,
Where modest Judgment her decree suspends,
And for a time, nor censures nor commends;
Where critics can't determine on the spot
Whether it is in nature found or not,
There Woodward safely shall his powers exert,
Nor fail of favour where he shews desert;
Hence he in Bobadil such praises bore,
Such worthy praises, Kitely scarce had more.
By turns transform'd into all kind of shapes,

Woodward altered plays, and wrote a few trifling pieces both in prose and verse; of the latter, his occasional prologues were the best, in one of which, spoken by himself on his benefit, he thus alludes to our author's attack on him:—

Hence has a giant bard (you all know who)
In lines most bitter and of course most true,
Remark'd on Woodward's tricks, his starts and whims,
His twisted features and his tortured limbs,
His wink impertinent, his saucy stare,
His grin ridiculous, his careless air!
His more than idiot vacancy of face,
His monkey arts and whimsical grimace,
Which furrow'd cheeks with untaught pleasure fill,
And make sage critics laugh against their will:
Alas, poor Wisdom, what a cruel case,
That wanton joy should thus usurp her place,
That grins detested, and intrusive mirth,
Should make her hate herself and curse her birth.

394 Kitely, in Jonson's Every Man in his Humour, was a favourite character of Garrick's. This play still makes an occasional appearance on the English stage. It was first acted

Constant to none, Foote laughs, cries, struts, and
scrapes:
Now in the centre, now in van or rear,
The Proteus shifts, bawd, parson, auctioneer.
His strokes of humour, and his bursts of sport
Are all contained in this one word, distort.

in 1602, and after a successful run slept until 1675, when it was revived with an appropriate epilogue by the Duke of Dorset. In 1720 it was again revived, and Garrick took it under his protection in 1750, and continued it during the whole period of his management. In 1800 it was revived at Covent Garden, and the representation of Kitely, Master Stephen, Master Matthew, and Brainworm, by Cooke, Knight, Simmons, and Munden, could scarcely have been surpassed by Garrick, Shuter, Vaughan, or Yates.

896 Foote was outrageously offended at this attack, and was most violent in his anger. He wrote a prose dialogue, wherein he lampooned Churchill and Lloyd, but was too wise to publish it. With his usual fondness for alliteration, and with as little wit as truth, he called Churchill the *clumsy curate of Clapham*. Foote saw the follies and vices of mankind with a quick and discerning eye; his discrimination of characters was critical and exact, his humour pleasant, his ridicule keen, his satire pungent, and his wit brilliant and exuberant; his company was universally courted by persons of the first distinction, whom he neither feared nor flattered. His exposing living characters on the stage has been much censured; but we cannot help thinking, that authors of this kind are in some respects more useful to the age in which they live, than those who only range abroad into the various scenes of life for general character. Dr. Southey, in one of his notes in the Life of Cowper, observes on this passage thus: "The last Editor of Churchill's Poems has offered a most insufficient apology for this part of Foote's conduct, as if it were any excuse for holding up the harmless weaknesses or peculiarities of a private individual to public ridicule." The

Doth a man stutter, look a-squint, or halt?
Mimics draw humour out of Nature's fault,
With personal defects their mirth adorn,
And hang misfortunes out to public scorn.
E'en I, whom Nature cast in hideous mould, 405
Whom, having made, she trembled to behold,

issue taken by the Editor on this charge is, that the notorious Duchess of Kingston and the other subjects of Foote's inimitable satire and personation, did not fall within the category of private individuals, subject only to ordinary and harmless weaknesses and peculiarities. Foote died in October, 1777. a victim to his sensibility. An imputation too gross to be recorded was thrown out against his character by a woman of high rank but abandoned principles, in revenge for his having threatened to expose her on the stage. A legal charge was made against him for the offence alluded to, and it is but justice to his memory, to relate that the accusation evidently appeared to have originated in malice; and, after a long and very strict investigation of all the circumstances of the affair, he was acquitted by the Jury, in conformity with the sentiments and direction of the Judge who tried him. The disgraceful situation in which he had been placed occasioned a shock to his constitution, which brought him to his grave a few months after his acquittal. To put his innocence out of doubt, we need only add, that his accuser was the Duchess of Kingston.

398 In several of his farces, particularly the Minor and the Orators, Foote personated three or four of the principal characters himself. In the former farce, the author, in the characters of Mrs. Cole and Mr. Smirk, represented those of the celebrated Mother Douglas and Mr. Langford the auctioneer, and in the conclusion, or rather epilogue to the piece, spoken by Shift (which Foote performed, together with the two other characters,) he took off, to a great degree of exactness, the manner and even person of George Whitfield.

405 In his poem of Independence, our author has given no very flattering portrait of his own person.

Beneath the load of mimicry may groan,
And find that Nature's errors are my own.
Shadows behind of Foote and Woodward came;
Wilkinson this, Obrien was that name.
Strange to relate, but wonderfully true,
That even shadows have their shadows too!
With not a single comic power endued,
The first a mere mere mimic's mimic stood;
The last, by Nature form'd to please, who shews,
In Jonson's Stephen, which way genius grows,
Self quite put off, affects with too much art
To put on Woodward in each mangled part,
Adopts his shrug, his wink, his stare; nay, more,
His voice, and croaks; for Woodward croak'd
before.

410 William Obrien was originally a fencing-master, and made his first appearance as an actor at Drury Lane Theatre in 1758, in the part of Captain Brazen. After continuing on the stage six years, he married Lady Susan Strangeways, daughter to the Earl of Ilchester, and soon after went over to America, where he enjoyed a profitable post under government. He wrote an unsuccessful comedy called the Duel, a farce still on the acting list, called Cross Purposes, and another entitled, A Friend in Need is a Friend Indeed.

414 Wilkinson appears to have made a more favourable impression on the poet, if we are to give credit to the following anecdote in that Actor's diary: "On 20th August, 1763, I acted Bayes in the Rehearsal, my imitation of Holland in the following lines,—

'How strange a captive am I grown of late,
Shall I accuse my love or blame my hate;
My love I cannot, that is too divine,
And against fate what mortal dares repine'—

had such an effect, that Mr. Churchill, who sat in a balcony

When a dull copier simple grace neglects,
And rests his imitation in defects,
We readily forgive; but such vile arts
Are double guilt in men of real parts.
By Nature form'd in her perversest mood,
With no one requisite of art endued,
Next Jackson came.—Observe that settled glare,
Which better speaks a puppet than a player;
List to that voice—did ever Discord hear
Sounds so well fitted to her untuned ear?
When to enforce some very tender part,
The right hand sleeps by instinct on the heart,
His soul, of every other thought bereft,
Is anxious only where to place the left;
He sobs and pants to soothe his weeping spouse,

with Lucy Cooper, after laughing to a very violent degree, most vociferously encored the speech, which was echoed by the whole voice of the theatre, and complied with by me of course with great pleasure. Mr. Churchill said, that he was convinced I was not a mimic's mimic, for the imitations were palpably my own. He also encored my mock hornpipe, which was a resemblance of the manner of stage dancing." It was no great credit to Churchill to have been thus associated with Lucy Cooper, the celebrated courtezan, who had been the object of Bolingbroke's infatuated passion, and to whom he addressed the beautiful lines commencing,

Dear thoughtless Clara, to my verse attend,
Believe for once thy lover and thy friend.

427 Jackson afterwards had the chief management of the Theatre Royal at Edinburgh; he was a native of Westmoreland, and though possessed of a good person and some judgment, was a very indifferent performer, owing to the disadvantages of a harsh voice and provincial accent. He was the author of three tragedies.

To soothe his weeping mother, turns and bows:
Awkward, embarrass'd, stiff, without the skill
Of moving gracefully, or standing still,
One leg, as if suspicious of his brother,
Desirous seems to run away from t'other.

Some errors, handed down from age to age,
Plead custom's force, and still possess the stage.
That's vile—should we a parent's fault adore,
And err, because our fathers err'd before?
If, inattentive to the author's mind,
Some actors made the jest they could not find,
If by low tricks they marr'd fair Nature's mien,
And blurr'd the graces of the simple scene,
Shall we, if reason rightly is employ'd,
Not see their faults, or seeing, not avoid?
When Falstaff stands detected in a lie,
Why, without meaning, rolls Love's glassy eye?

441 Of these errors none can be more offensive than the very general one of substituting *the* for *thy*, adopted by actors of every grade. It is a vicious pronunciation for which there is no pretence either in sound or elegance and sometimes occasions an ambiguous sense highly distressing to a correct ear.

452 James Love, an actor and dramatic writer. He was educated at Westminster, from thence went to Cambridge, and while there wrote a Pamphlet called "Yes, they are, what then?" in answer to one called "Are these things so?" Sir Robert Walpole sent Love £100 as a gratuity for this seasonable reply. His real name was Dance, and the memory of his father, the surveyor to the city of London, will be coeval with the ponderous edifice which he erected for the residence of the chief magistrate of the metropolis. He was a performer on Drury Lane stage, and excelled in the character of Falstaff. He wrote Pamela, a comedy, and some other pieces. He died in 1774.

Why!—There's no cause—at least no cause we know—
It was the fashion twenty years ago.
Fashion—a word which knaves and fools may use,
Their knavery and folly to excuse.
To copy beauties, forfeits all pretence
To fame—to copy faults, is want of sense.
Yet (though in some particulars he fails,
Some few particulars, where mode prevails)
If in these hallow'd times, when sober, sad,
All gentlemen are melancholy mad,
When 'tis not deem'd so great a crime by half
To violate a vestal as to laugh,
Rude mirth may hope presumptuous to engage
An act of toleration for the stage,
And courtiers will, like reasonable creatures,
Suspend vain fashion, and unscrew their features,
Old Falstaff, play'd by Love, shall please once more,
And humour set the audience in a roar.
Actors I've seen, and of no vulgar name,
Who, being from one part possess'd of fame,
Whether they are to laugh, cry, whine, or bawl,
Still introduce that favourite part in all.

462 This fashionable mania seems equally to have raged in Jonson's time, who makes Master Stephen determine upon being melancholy and gentlemanlike. Congreve very appropriately puts the following speech in the mouth of Lord Froth, in his comedy of the Double Dealer, which has been echoed by Lord Chesterfield: "There is nothing more unbecoming a man of quality than to laugh:—it is such a vulgar expression of the passions!—every body can laugh."

Here, Love, be cautious—ne'er be thou betray'd
To call in that wag Falstaff's dangerous aid:
Like Goths of old, howe'er he seems a friend,
He'll seize that throne you wish him to defend.
In a peculiar mould by Humour cast,
For Falstaff framed—himself the first and last—
He stands aloof from all—maintains his state,
And scorns, like Scotsmen, to assimilate.
Vain all disguise—too plain we see the trick,
Though the knight wears the weeds of Dominic,
And Boniface disgraced, betrays the smack,
In *anno Domini*, of Falstaff's sack.
Arms cross'd, brows bent, eyes fix'd, feet marching slow,
A band of malcontents with spleen o'erflow;
Wrapt in conceit's impenetrable fog,
Which Pride, like Phœbus, draws from every bog,
They curse the managers, and curse the town
Whose partial favour keeps such merit down.
But if some man, more hardy than the rest,
Should dare attack these gnatlings in their nest,
At once they rise with impotence of rage,

484 Dryden's Spanish Friar.

485 The jovial landlord in Farquhar's Beaux Stratagem.

487 Lips busy and eyes fix'd, foot falling slow,
Arms hanging idly down, hands clasp'd below.
COWPER.

493–512 These lines were added in the second edition, in consequence of the language adopted by some of the actors, and by their advocates the Critical Reviewers, on the first appearance of the poem.

Whet their small stings, and buzz about the stage.
"'Tis breach of privilege!—shall any dare
To arm satiric truth against a player?
Prescriptive rights we plead time out of mind;
Actors, unlash'd themselves, may lash mankind."
What! shall Opinion then, of Nature free,
And liberal as the vagrant air, agree
To rust in chains like these, imposed by things
Which, less than nothing, ape the pride of kings?
No—though half-poets with half-players join
To curse the freedom of each honest line:
Though rage and malice dim their faded cheek,
What the Muse freely thinks, she'll freely speak;
With just disdain of every paltry sneer,
Stranger alike to flattery and fear,
In purpose fix'd, and to herself a rule,
Public contempt shall wait the public fool.
Austin would always glisten in French silks,
Ackman would Norris be, and Packer Wilks;

513 Austin had been manager of the Chester Theatre, and was Garrick's factotum; and after his patron's death, retired to Ireland on an easy fortune.

514 Packer was a worthy man, and useful actor, which qualities secured him an humble engagement at Drury Lane Theatre; this ironical mention of him, and of his compeer Ackman, has rescued their names from that oblivion in which they would otherwise have by this time been involved. He died Sept. 13, 1806, aged 77, at which time he was father of the stage, having been upwards of fifty years on the London boards. He was buried at St. Paul's, Covent Garden, attended, among others, by his friend Moody. Packer was originally bred a saddler.

Henry Norris, a celebrated comedian, contemporary with

For who, like Ackman, can with humour please;
Who can, like Packer, charm with sprightly ease?

Betterton and Booth, from his ludicrous representation in Farquhar's Constant Couple he obtained the nickname of Jubilee Dickey, and in the first edition of the Spectator, in the Advertisement of the Beaux Stratagem, he is called Dickey Scrub. He was also sometimes announced in the bills by the name of Heigh ho! from an odd soliloquy uttered by him in the Rehearsal, and in which he had no other part, it consisted of these two lines:—

Heigh ho! heigh ho! what a change is here! heyday!
Heyday! I know not what to do nor what to say!

In those days as much care was taken properly to fill the inferior as the more prominent characters, but in this easy age, if more than one part is well performed, the audience express their sense of the manager's munificence in thunders of applause louder than what Booth or Garrick ever heard. Norris was in size low, and small but not ill made, with an expressive comic countenance, and a shrill, clear, and audible voice. In his last illness he was attended by an eminent physician, who gave him hopes of recovery. "Doctor," said the sick man, "when the wheels of a watch are quite decayed, do you think they can be repaired?" "No, by no art in the world." "Then, sir," said Norris, "it is the same case with me, all the wheels of my machine are absolutely through time quite worn out, and nothing can restore them to their accustomed tone." Norris died in the year 1725.

Robert Wilks. This actor's predilection for the stage induced him to quit for it, in 1689, a very profitable post in Ireland, in which his successor, in a short period of time, accumulated a fortune of £50,000. His first trial was at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, but not thinking himself sufficiently noticed, he returned to Dublin, where he shone without a competitor for five years, when the tragical death of the accomplished William Mountford, basely murdered by

Higher than all the rest, see Bransby strut: [517]
A mighty Gulliver in Lilliput!

Charles Lord Mohun and Captain Hill in December, 1691, from jealousy of Mrs. Bracegirdle's (the celebrated actress) supposed preference for Mountford, occasioned an opening for him on the London stage, where he made his second appearance in 1696, in the character of Lysippus, in the Maid's Tragedy, and in 1714 became joint patentee and manager with Cibber and Doggett until his death in 1731. To describe his varied merits as an actor, the extraordinary powers of his memory, and the diligent use he made of it, would lead us beyond those bounds which we have prescribed to ourselves in these comments. He excelled in scenes of love and gallantry, in the composed dignity of a gentleman, and the imposing majesty of a monarch. His masterpieces were Prince Hal, Sir Harry Wildair, and Hamlet; in the latter, Garrick alone came near him. They were each guilty of one error in the representation of this character; the former bullied the ghost; and the latter, who could seldom act the lover, addressed Ophelia with a coarseness approaching to brutality, while Wilks, retaining a sufficient portion of madness, preserved the feelings of a lover and the delicacy of a gentleman. Colley Cibber relates that being in company with Addison at the tragedy of Hamlet, they were both surprised at the vociferous manner in which Wilks addressed the ghost; this defect had been observed one day at a rehearsal of the play, by Booth, who was to act the ghost :— "I thought," said he, "Bob, that last night you wanted to play at fisty-cuffs with me, you bullied that which you ought to have revered. When I acted the ghost with Betterton, instead of my awing him, he terrified me; but divinity hung round that man!" To this rebuke, Wilks, with his usual modesty, replied, "Mr. Betterton and Mr. Booth could always act as they pleased, I, for my part, must do as well as I can."

[517] Bransby, whose uncommon height of stature seems to have precluded all other notice, had more merit than the poet appears willing to allow him. His performance of Kent,

Ludicrous Nature! which at once could show
A man so very high, so very low.
If I forget thee, Blakes, or if I say
Aught hurtful, may I never see thee play.
Let critics, with a supercilious air,
Decry thy various merit, and declare
Frenchman is still at top;—but scorn that rage
Which, in attacking thee, attacks the age.
French follies, universally embraced,
At once provoke our mirth, and form our taste.
Long, from a nation ever hardly used,

in Lear, and of Downright, in Every Man in his Humour, evinced a justness of conception that entitled him to more honourable mention. He was spirited without being boisterous, and blunt without vulgarity. When a boy, he performed the part of Gulliver in Garrick's farce of Lilliput.

521 Blakes was originally a peruke-maker by trade. His forte lay in personating the French fop or valet, which he did with consummate chasteness and accuracy. He died in May, 1763.

537 This very respectable actor and amiable man retired from the stage about the year 1795. In Irish characters he has never been excelled: those who have seen him in Major O'Flaherty, in the West Indian, can best appreciate his merit. During Fitzpatrick's riot at the theatre, Mr. Moody and Ackman had been particularly active in securing some persons who had taken a prominent part in the disturbance. On the cessation of hostilities, they were called upon by the audience to apologize for their conduct, with which request Ackman complied in the most ample manner. Moody imagined he should extricate himself by saying in a ludicrous manner, in the Irish accent, "That he was very sorry that he had displeased them by saving their lives in putting out the fire;" this inconsiderate speech so incensed the audience, that they insisted upon his asking pardon on his knees, which positive

At random censured, wantonly abused,
Have Britons drawn their sport; with partial view
Form'd general notions from the rascal few;
Condemn'd a people, as for vices known,
Which, from their country banish'd, seek our own.
At length, howe'er, the slavish chain is broke,
And Sense, awaken'd, scorns her ancient yoke:
Taught by thee, Moody, we now learn to raise
Mirth from their foibles, from their virtues, praise.
Next came the legion which our summer Bayes
From alleys, here and there, contrived to raise,

command he had the spirit peremptorily to refuse, saying, "I will not, by God!" upon which, he was pelted off the stage, and the play was not suffered to go on until a promise was solemnly exacted from Mr. Garrick that Mr. Moody should not appear again upon the stage. Garrick was notwithstanding so much pleased with his conduct, that on coming off the stage he received him with open arms, and assured him that whilst he was master of a guinea his income should be regularly paid, but that if he had meanly submitted to the abasement, he would never have forgiven him. Placed in this awkward situation, Moody at once had recourse to Fitzpatrick for redress; he called upon this ringleader, and in the most peremptory manner required his reinstatement; terrified at his menaces, Fitzpatrick crouched to the man he had so unjustly persecuted, and now headed a party to the theatre for the purpose of recalling a man to the stage whom his brutal insolence had driven from it. He died in December, 1812, at the age of 85, having succeeded Packer as patriarch of the London stage.

539 Alluding to the summer theatre in the Haymarket, where Murphy's plays were got up and acted under the joint management of himself and Mr. Foote.

Miss Elliot, a young actress of great merit, made her first appearance at the Haymarket Theatre in the part of Maria,

Flush'd with vast hopes, and certain to succeed,
With wits who cannot write, and scarce can read.
Veterans no more support the rotten cause,
No more from Elliot's worth they reap applause;
Each on himself determines to rely;
Be Yates disbanded, and let Elliot fly.
Never did players so well an author fit,
To Nature dead, and foes declared to wit.
So loud each tongue, so empty was each head,
So much they talk'd, so very little said,

in the Citizen, a farce by Murphy, who dedicated it to her. The sprightly humour and busy situations of the character were so admirably represented by her, that the applause she acquired in this part obtained for her an engagement at one of the winter theatres, which she relinquished at the instance of the late Duke of Cumberland, the brother of George the Third. She died 30th May, 1769, in the 26th year of her age, and lies buried at the south-east end of Tunbridge Church, under a monument of freestone, on the north side of which are the following lines on white marble:—

Of matchless form adorn'd, with wit refined;
A feeling heart and an enlighten'd mind;
Of softest manners, beauty's rarest bloom,
Here Elliot lies, and moulders in her tomb.
Oh, blest with genius! early snatch'd away,
The muse that joyful mark'd thy opening ray,
Now, sad reverse! attends thy mournful bier,
And o'er thy relics sheds the gushing tear.
Here fancy oft the hallow'd mould shall tread,
Recall *thee* living, and lament *thee* dead.
Here friendship oft shall sigh till life be o'er,
And death shall bid thy image charm no more.

560 Murphy, in the Auditor, of which we in a former note mentioned him to be the editor, undertook, in concert

So wondrous dull, and yet so wondrous vain,
At once so willing, and unfit to reign,
That Reason swore, nor would the oath recall,
Their mighty master's soul inform'd them all.
As one with various disappointments sad,
Whom dullness only kept from being mad,
Apart from all the rest great Murphy came—
Common to fools and wits the rage of fame.
What though the sons of Nonsense hail him Sire,
Auditor, Author, Manager, and Squire,

with Dr. Smollett, who was the editor of the Briton, a systematic defence of Lord Bute's administration, which commenced 29th November, 1762; on the same day was published No. 1 of the Briton; No. 1 of the North Briton, principally conducted by Wilkes and Churchill, appeared June 5; and No. 1 of the Auditor, June 10. With respect to the last of these, a very ingenious instance of literary jockeyship occurred; the editor of the North Briton caused a letter, signed Viator, to be conveyed to the editor of the Auditor, reprobating the arts of falsehood which had been employed to set every acquisition made by Lord Bute's treaty of peace in a contemptible light, and more particularly the acquisition of Florida—"Than which," says Viator, "I never saw a finer country. The only at present profitable tracts of Florida are certain large bogs, which produce an excellent kind of fuel, being pretty much the same thing which in England is called peat or turf; of this there is by far a greater quantity than would serve the inhabitants for firing, were they ten times more numerous than they are. Now, sir, it is a fact notoriously true, and of which I have been an eyewitness, that all kind of fuel is extremely scarce in the West Indies; I do not mean for boiling the sugars, for with that the trash of the sugar-cane sufficiently supplies them; but for domestic uses, the scarcity is such that I can safely affirm, that not one of the lower kind of planters has a comfortable fire in his par-

His restless soul's ambition stops not there;
To make his triumphs perfect dub him Player.
In person tall, a figure form'd to please,
If symmetry could charm deprived of ease;
When motionless he stands, we all approve;
What pity 'tis the Thing was made to move.
His voice, in one dull, deep, unvaried sound,
Seems to break forth from caverns under ground;
From hollow chest the low sepulchral note
Unwilling heaves, and struggles in his throat.
Could authors butcher'd give an actor grace,
All must to him resign the foremost place.
When he attempts, in some one favourite part,
To ape the feelings of a manly heart,

lour or bedchamber; nay, even amongst the better sort I have seldom seen a good fire, though at the severest season of the year. Is it then a small advantage to add, and that at a cheap rate, to the conveniences and comforts of our fellow-subjects, fellow-creatures, and fellow-christians?"

This letter immediately appeared in the 31st number of the Auditor, introduced by a remark of the editor, that he gave it exactly as he received it, that he might "throw all the lights in his power upon the solid value of the advantages procured by the late negotiation." The North Briton, in his 30th number, reprinted this letter, with his best thanks to the Auditor for having so obligingly inserted it. Florida turf now burnt most violently, the situation of the Auditor became insufferable, he bore it as long as he could, but at last perished in the flames. The kindness of his correspondent reached beyond death, and thus inscribed his tomb:—

Siste, *Viator!*

Deep in his bog the Auditor lies still,
His labours finish'd, and worn out his quill:

His honest features the disguise defy,
And his face loudly gives his tongue the lie.
  Still in extremes, he knows no happy mean,
Or raving mad, or stupidly serene.
In cold-wrought scenes the lifeless actor flags,
In passion, tears the passion into rags.
Can none remember?—Yes—I know all must—
When in the Moor he ground his teeth to dust,
When o'er the stage he Folly's standard bore,
Whilst Common Sense stood trembling at the door.
  How few are found with real talents blest!
Fewer with Nature's gifts contented rest.
Man from his sphere eccentric starts astray;
All hunt for fame, but most mistake the way.

His fires extinguish'd, and his works unread,
In peace he sleeps with the forgotten dead;
With heath and sedge O may his tomb be drest,
And his own turf lie light upon his breast.

Et quocunque volent, animum Auditoris agunto.
Hor. Ep. ad Pisones.

571 So a wild Tartar when he spies
A man that's handsome, valiant, wise,
If he can kill him thinks t' inherit
His wit, his beauty, and his spirit,
As if just so much he enjoy'd
As in another is destroy'd. Hudibras.

582 Murphy's first attempt on the stage was in 1754 in Othello. *Grinding* was the technical word used by Macklin, Sheridan, and other theatrical tutors, for expressing the agonies of rage, jealousy, &c. If not in name, yet in substance, grinding is still the too frequent expedient of second-rate tragedians, who thus punish their teeth for the deficiency of their tongues.

Bred at St. Omer's to the shuffling trade,
The hopeful youth a Jesuit might have made,
With various readings stored his empty skull,
Learn'd without sense, and venerably dull;
Or, at some banker's desk, like many more,
Content to tell that two and two make four;
His name had stood in City annals fair,
And prudent Dullness mark'd him for a mayor.

What then could tempt thee, in a critic age,
Such blooming hopes to forfeit on a stage?
Could it be worth thy wondrous waste of pains
To publish to the world thy lack of brains?
Or might not reason e'en to thee have shown
Thy greatest praise had been to live unknown?
Yet let not vanity, like thine, despair:
Fortune makes Folly her peculiar care.

A vacant throne high-placed in Smithfield view,

606 The mighty mother and her son, who brings
The Smithfield muses to the ears of kings.
DUNCIAD.

610 The Public Ledger, a newspaper, conducted by Hugh Kelly. It was first printed in 1760 by one W. Faden, the man who afterwards, together with some more elevated associates, bribed Curry, who worked at Mr. Wilkes's private press, to steal his Essay on Woman.

611 Thomas Vaughan, a friend of Murphy, the author of two very indifferent farces, Love's Metamorphosis, and the Hotel.

616 Murphy, in the advertisement to his Ode to the Naiads of Fleet Ditch, designated Churchill and his friends Colman, Lloyd, and Thornton, the Little Faction. The Monthly Review thus justly characterised this Ode: "This gentleman's muse

To sacred Dullness and her first-born due,
Thither with haste in happy hour repair,
Thy birth-right claim, nor fear a rival there.
Shuter himself shall own thy juster claim,
And venal Ledgers puff their Murphy's name,
Whilst Vaughan or Dapper, call him which you will,
Shall blow the trumpet, and give out the bill.
There rule secure from critics and from sense,
Nor once shall Genius rise to give offence;
Eternal peace shall bless the happy shore,
And little factions break thy rest no more.
From Covent Garden crowds promiscuous go,
Whom the Muse knows not, nor desires to know:
Veterans they seem'd, but knew of arms no more
Than if, till that time, arms they never bore:
Like Westminster militia train'd to fight,

has grievously bedaubed herself in attempting to fling a great deal of filth upon Mr. Churchill."

621 The Westminster militia, with their metropolitan brethren in arms, the City of London trained bands and lumber troopers, were the standing joke of their fellow-citizens, and have acquired an enduring fame in their well-known representatives, Johnny Gilpin and Major Sturgeon; the latter, after a brilliant field day, returning to town in the Turnham Green stage with Captain Cucumber, Lieutenant Pattypan, and Ensign Tripe, were stopped near the Hammersmith turnpike, and robbed and stripped by a single footpad.

About the year 1760, when the militia was first settled upon its present establishment, the county of Middlesex was extremely backward in raising its due proportion of national defence. The city of Westminster did not even take one single step for the purpose, when a Scotch adventurer of the

They scarcely knew the left hand from the right.
Ashamed among such troops to show the head,
Their chiefs were scatter'd, and their heroes fled.

name of Macgregor, conceiving this to be a good opportunity of filling his pockets, set about raising a regiment in Westminster; and with such activity did he proceed, that government noticed his exertions, and promised to establish the regiment so soon as three-fourths of the commissions should be filled up. This was an arduous business, and people of the lowest description obtained commissions. Macgregor obtained his end in being appointed adjutant (the only lucrative situation) in this Westminster regiment of Middlesex militia; he sold all the commissions in it in the most disgraceful manner to the lowest tradesmen, and even to the most notorious swindlers; among the rest, the celebrated Denis O'Kelly, alias Count O'Kelly, the fortunate possessor of Eclipse, obtained the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in it, though his outset in life was in the situation of a hack Irish chairman. To give some respectability to the corps, Sir Thomas Frederic and Sir John Gibbon were, in a moment of conviviality, induced to take the higher commands upon themselves. The privates hardly deserve the censure of the poet; in spite of their officers, they attained a degree of discipline equal to any militia regiment under the crown, and distinguished themselves by their good conduct in the several places between the Lands' End and Lancaster, where they were at different periods quartered.

625 Luke Sparks, though no scholar, was a man of strong intelligence, and knew how to take possession of a character; but he sometimes gave too much hardness in his manner; his colouring was coarse, though his outline was generally exact. Sparks was too much the man of the world to be hurt by a poetical arrow. He acquired a competent fortune, though not entirely from acting, and retired from the stage soon after the publication of the Rosciad, and lived at Brentford. He died about the year 1769, and his last request was that the funeral service might be pronounced over him by the Rev.

Sparks at his glass sat comfortably down
To separate frown from smile, and smile from frown.
Smith, the genteel, the airy, and the smart,

John Horne, afterwards better known by his additional name of Tooke, conferred on him with a competent annuity by Mr. William Tooke, a bencher of the Temple, for literary and controversial services rendered in resisting an inclosure bill.

627 A very favourite actor in genteel comedy, commonly called gentleman Smith, and particularly distinguished in Charles Surface, in the School for Scandal. He was the son of a wholesale grocer in the City, educated at Eton, and from thence removed to Cambridge, which he abruptly left for the stage, and made his first appearance in the character of Theodosius in 1753. His chief defect was an unpleasing monotony of voice and an unwieldy person. He married a sister of the Earl of Sandwich, whom he survived; and retired from the stage on 9th June, 1788, to Bury St. Edmunds. In the year 1797, he was prevailed upon to act Charles, for the benefit of his friend King, which he did, notwithstanding the disadvantages of age and corpulence, with an ease and elegance that obtained the unanimous plaudits of a crowded house. The following are the concluding lines of his farewell address:

Full thirty-five campaigns I've urged my way
Under the ablest generals of the day;
Full oft have stood by Barry's, Garrick's side,
With them have conquer'd, and with them have died;
I now no more o'er Macbeth's crimes shall lower,
Nor murder my two nephews in the tower;
Here I no more shall rant "A horse! a horse!"
But mount White Surrey for the Beacon course;
No more my hands with tyrants' gore shall stain,
But drag the felon Fox from forth his den,
Then take the circuit of my little fields,
And taste the comfort that contentment yields;
And as those sweetest comforts I review,
Reflect with gratitude they came from you.

Smith was just gone to school to say his part.
Ross, (a misfortune which we often meet)
Was fast asleep at dear Statira's feet;
Statira, with her hero to agree,
Stood on her feet as fast asleep as he.
Macklin, who largely deals in half-form'd sounds,
Who wantonly transgresses Nature's bounds,

629 David Ross was the son of a gentleman of consideration at Edinburgh, and educated at Westminster School, and afterwards abandoned by his father, and persecuted by him in as cruel a manner as Savage was by his unnatural mother, Lady Rivers. At his death he left him by his will the sum of one shilling, to be paid to him on the first day of every month of May, that being his birthday, the more bitterly to remind him of his misfortune in being born. He resorted to the stage, and afterwards submitted to marry the cast-off mistress of a nobleman for the sake of her annuity. Late in life he succeeded in invalidating his father's will, and obtained about £6000. He pleaded guilty to the charge brought against him by Churchill, and laughed at his punishment over a glass with his friend Bonnel Thornton. His defects were evidently owing to his love of ease and fondness for social pleasure; but he sometimes gave proofs that he was master of abilities, to rouse and animate an audience in the most passionate scenes of our best tragedies.

630 Ross's Statira was Mrs. Palmer, the daughter of Mrs. Pritchard. She was an actress of very inferior merit, and was only endured in consequence of her mother's popularity.

633 Charles Macklin, *alias* M'Laughlin, "the Jew that Shakspeare drew." The censure bestowed on him by Churchill is just, but his very defects were in his favour in the representation of Shylock, Iago, and characters of that stamp, and in his own plays of the Man of the World and Love a la Mode. The latter appeared in 1760, the principal characters were a Scotchman and an Irishman; the first harsh and odious, the latter mild and amiable. The ridicule on the Scotch was

Whose acting's hard, affected, and constrain'd,
Whose features, as each other they disdain'd,
At variance set, inflexible, and coarse,
Ne'er know the workings of united force,
Ne'er kindly soften to each other's aid,
Nor show the mingled powers of light and shade,
No longer for a thankless stage concern'd, 641

rendered more apparent and acceptable by Lord Bute's injudicious endeavour to have the farce prohibited, while all he was able to gain, by way of compromise, was that it should not be printed. George the Second, whose age then kept him from public places, sent for a copy and ordered it to be read to him. Macklin completely failed in tragedy, and on one occasion quarrelled with the audience, and brought an action against some persons who were most vociferous in their expressions of displeasure; and as it was proved to be a conspiracy, he obtained a verdict against them. He so far got rid of his national dialect as publicly to give lectures on elocution, and was English tutor to Lord Loughborough, afterwards Earl of Rosslyn. A satisfactory account of his long career in the theatrical world would include a history of the stage during the greater part of the last century, he having made his first appearance in 1726, and his last performance was Shylock, in the year 1790, though his life was protracted till February, 1797, when he had attained the unusual age of one hundred and seven years. He had an extraordinary harsh set of features, and an unprepossessing countenance, which occasioned Quin to say of him, "If God writes a legible hand, that fellow is a villain;" and at another time, addressing himself to him, he used these words, "Sir, by the lines, or I should rather say cordage of your face." He was considered as an excellent tutor in the theatrical art, and Barry was in no small degree indebted to his instructions for his celebrity in Othello. He was himself fond of acting in tragedy, and several very severe rebuffs did not deter him from it. He once attempted

To worthier thoughts his mighty genius turn'd,
Harangued, gave lectures, made each simple elf
Almost as good a speaker as himself,
Whilst the whole town, mad with mistaken zeal,
An awkward rage for elocution feel,
Dull cits and grave divines his praise proclaim,
And join with Sheridan's their Macklin's name.
Shuter, who never cared a single pin
Whether he left out nonsense, or put in,

Pandulf, in King John, and his coarse delineation of that character occasioned Quin to say that Macklin was like a cardinal who had originally been a parish clerk.

648 This gentleman, whom in a subsequent page we shall have to notice in his capacity of an actor, was a competitor of Macklin in teaching the noble science of elocution. The following is an extract from the advertisement he published, explanatory of his scheme:

"Mr. Sheridan proposes to revive an entertainment which was held in the highest estimation amongst the ancients, but has been altogether neglected by the moderns; he means that of reciting select passages from some of our most celebrated writers. And that this species of entertainment may answer some purposes of use as well as amusement, he proposes also to read part of the Liturgy, and to deliver a sermon; with strictures upon the manner in which those acts of public worship are usually performed. He hopes likewise to intersperse such observations upon the English tongue, and the art of reading and reciting compositions, both in poetry and prose, as will induce persons of both sexes to turn their thoughts to those too much neglected subjects. In the close he will point out the means by which alone an accurate knowledge of the whole of our excellent language may be obtained, as well as the art of a just and graceful delivery. As it may be thought necessary to affix some name to this new species of amusement, he will venture to call it, An Attic Morning's Enter-

Who aim'd at wit, though levell'd in the dark,
The random arrow seldom hit the mark,
At Islington, all by the placid stream
Where City swains in lap of Dullness dream,
Where, quiet as her strains their strains do flow,
That all the patron by the bards may know,
Secret as night, with Rolt's experienced aid,
The plan of future operations laid,
Projected schemes the summer months to cheer,

tainment, from the place in which this rational and elegant amusement took its rise."

653 The new river, as it was named, before similar works were denominated canals, to be since superseded by railways.

657 Richard Rolt, a poor, low creature, by profession a hackney writer to an attorney, and afterwards a drudge to booksellers, as often as they would trust him with employment. He was supposed to be the author of the Anti Rosciad, and was at this time the chief director of the amusements at Sadler's Wells under Mr. Rosamon, the proprietor of that house. As a specimen of his integrity, he once went over to Ireland, where he published Dr. Akenside's Pleasures of Imagination as his own work, and under his own name. As an instance of his prudence, he engaged, in concert with Christopher Smart, in 1756, to write monthly a periodical pamphlet, called the "Universal Visitor," for one Gardner, a publisher, on the following very extraordinary conditions: Rolt and his coadjutor were to divide a third of the profits arising from its sale, they on their part entering into a bond to the following effect: "That they would engage in no intermediate undertaking whatever, and that their contract should remain in force for the term of ninety-nine years." Mr. Rolt was likewise employed with Smart, in some theatrical enterprise, at the little theatre in the Haymarket, and afterwards joined with Shuter in a scheme of the like nature,

And spin out happy folly through the year.
But think not, though these dastard chiefs are fled,
That Covent Garden troops shall want a head;
Harlequin comes their chief!—See from afar
The hero seated in fantastic car!
Wedded to Novelty, his only arms
Are wooden swords, wands, talismans, and charms;
On one side Folly sits, by some call'd Fun,
And on the other his arch-patron, Lun;

which attracted Churchill's notice. Rolt was a short time acting manager of Sadler's Wells under Bowman, the proprietor, and died as he had lived, in extreme misery, in 1773. He was author of a History of the War of 1741, upon the publication of which Voltaire wrote to him the most fawning letters, styling him the first historian of the age.

668 Mr. John Rich had been the manager of Covent Garden and Lincoln's Inn Fields theatre, almost fifty years, under the patent granted by Charles the Second, in which he succeeded his father Christopher, and in 1761 he resigned the active part of the duty to his son-in-law Beard. Rich acquired the name of Lun, by his excellent performance of Harlequin; and we still are unable to boast of any man who approached to his excellence in that part. Mr. Garrick's action was not more perfectly adapted to his characters, than Mr. Rich's attitudes and movements to the varied employments of the wooden sword magician. The splendour of his pantomimes, and the agility of his performers drew as great crowds to his theatre as could be collected by all the efforts of the first actors of the time at Drury Lane, and enabled him, with an indifferent company of actors, to make a stand against the greatest performers of his time. Mr. Rich, in the year 1747, first introduced the pantomime. He was not only the inventor of that entertainment in England, but likewise the most perfect harlequin that ever appeared on the English stage.

Behind, for liberty a-thirst in vain,
Sense, helpless, captive, drags the galling chain;
Six rude mis-shapen beasts the chariot draw,
Whom Reason loaths, and Nature never saw,
Monsters, with tails of ice, and heads of fire;
"Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimeras dire."
Each was bestrode by full as monstrous wight,
Giant, dwarf, genius, elf, hermaphrodite.
The Town, as usual, met him in full cry;

Mr. Garrick, soon after the death of Rich, bore testimony to his dexterity in some pleasing lines in his prologue to Harlequin's Invasion, and at the same time conveyed a complimentary apology for the innovation of giving harlequin a tongue. The education of Mr. Rich had been grossly neglected, for though his understanding was good, his language was vulgar and ungrammatical. From an habitual inattention, he had contracted a perverse custom of calling every body Mister. This appellation being on some occasion repeatedly addressed to Foote, the latter grew warm, and asked him the reason of his not calling him by his name—"Don't be angry," said Rich, "for I sometimes forget my own name." "That's extraordinary indeed," replied Foote, "I knew you could not write your own name, but I did not suppose you could forget it." In private life Mr. Rich was respectable, and among many foibles possessed some qualities which commanded the esteem of his friends; he had a long list of theatrical pensioners, and his benevolence was usefully exerted in his own neighbourhood at Uxbridge. He died in December, 1761, aged seventy-one, soon after he had completely triumphed over Drury Lane, by producing a coronation pageant and procession on the stage, which for splendour and taste far exceeded any that had ever before been witnessed, and particularly excelled that of his rival manager Garrick: it was exhibited to crowded houses for two successive months.

674 Milton's Paradise Lost, book ii. v. 628.

The Town, as usual, knew no reason why:
But Fashion so directs, and Moderns raise
On Fashion's mould'ring base their transient praise.
Next, to the field a band of females draw [681]
Their force, for Britain owns no Salique law:
Just to their worth, we female rights admit,
Nor bar their claim to empire or to wit.
First giggling, plotting, chambermaids arrive,

[682] Certain French,
Who, holding in disdain the German women,
Established there this law,—to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in Salique land.
SHAK. HEN. V.

[686] Catharine Clive, a celebrated comic actress, was the daughter of an Irish gentleman of the name of Raftor, and in 1732 married G. Clive, Esq., brother of the late Mr. Baron Clive. From a collision of tempers they soon separated, but calumny never attempted to aim the slightest arrow at her fame. A more extensive walk in comedy than that of Mrs. Clive cannot be imagined: the chambermaid, in every varied shape which art or nature could lend her; characters of caprice and affectation, from the high-bred lady Fanciful to the vulgar Mrs. Heidelberg; country girls, romps, hoydens, and dowdies, superannuated beauties, viragoes, and humourists. To a strong and melodious voice, with an ear for music, she added all the sprightly action requisite to a number of parts in ballad farces. Her mirth was so genuine, that whether it was restrained to the arch sneer, and the suppressed half laugh, widened to the broad grin, or extended to the downright honest burst of loud laughter, the audience was sure to accompany her; he must have been more or less than man who could be grave when Clive was disposed to be gay. No two women of high rank hated one another more unreservedly than those two mighty dames Mrs. Clive and Mrs. Woffington; the passions of each were as high and lofty as those of a

Hoydens and romps, led on by General Clive,
In spite of outward blemishes, she shone,
For humour famed, and humour all her own:
Easy, as if at home, the stage she trod,
Nor sought the critic's praise, nor fear'd his rod:
Original in spirit and in ease,
She pleased by hiding all attempts to please:
No comic actress ever yet could raise,

duchess; all they wanted was the courtly art of concealing them. Mrs. Woffington was better bred, and more mistress of herself, and therefore often blunted the sharp speeches of Clive by apparently civil but deep sarcastic replies and arch severity. Mrs. Clive was frank, open, and impetuous; what came uppermost in her mind she spoke without reserve. Her comic abilities have never been excelled; so said Horace Walpole; and disposed as we may be to concur in the panegyric, we may, on the authority of those who were enabled and qualified to compare their merits, assert that she was at least equalled by the ill-fated Mrs. Jordan. In 1769 Mrs. Clive quitted the stage, and lived a retired life upon a competency at Twickenham in a charming residence on the banks of the Thames belonging to Horace Walpole, and adjoining his grounds of Strawberry Hill, and who delighted much in her society; and perhaps the more for the raciness of her vulgar humour, which contrasted well with his fastidious turn of mind. She died in 1785, at the age of 74.

Mrs. Clive was no great adept in composition or orthography, as appears by the following letter, addressed by her to George Colman the younger, on his mother's death, but which strikingly exhibits her characteristic good sense and good feeling. The spelling and capital letters are all her own, while in substance it comprises the whole of the elaborate arguments of Boethius de consolatione Philosophiæ, and of all the budge doctors of the condolence school; miserable comforters are they all:—

On humour's base, more merit or more praise.
With all the native vigour of sixteen, 695
Among the merry troop conspicuous seen,
See lively Pope advance in jig, and trip
Corinna, Cherry, Honeycomb, and Snip:
Not without art, but yet to Nature true,
She charms the town with humour just, yet new:

Sir Twickenham 12 April 1771.

I Hope you heard, that I Sent my Servant to town to Inquire hou you did; indeed I have been greatly Surprisd and Sincerly Concernd for your unexpected Distress; there Is Nothing can be said upon these Melancholly occations To a person of understanding, fools Can not feel people of Sence must and will and wher they have Sank their Spirits till they are ill will find that Nothing but Submission Can give any Consolation to Ineveitable Misfortunes.

I shall be extreamly glad to See you and think it woud be very right if you woud Come and Dine hear two or three Days in a week it will Change the Sceen and by the Sincerity of your Wellcome you May fancy your Self at home.

I am Dear Sir

To your obliged hum Servant

Geo. Colman Esqr. C. Clive.

698 This pleasing actress fully confirmed our author's prediction, and long survived to contribute to the entertainment of the public. To Mrs. Clive she was indebted for all that care, instruction, and example could afford, and to her own docility, talents, and good sense, for availing herself of the precepts of so experienced and accomplished a performer. Introduced early on the stage, Miss Pope had the peculiar merit and advantage of conciliating the friendship of the most valuable performers of the time. Her obligations to Mrs. Clive we have already noticed; with Mrs. Pritchard and Garrick she was on the most friendly terms, and through life preserved that strict propriety of conduct which justified their

Cheer'd by her promise, we the less deplore
The fatal time when Clive shall be no more.
Lo! Vincent comes—with simple grace array'd,
She laughs at paltry arts, and scorns parade:
Nature through her is by reflection shown,
Whilst Gay once more knows Polly for his own.
Talk not to me of diffidence and fear—

partiality towards her. In an extensive circle of private acquainance Miss Pope was distinguished by an unassuming cheerfulness, and an ease in social conversation, which a fund of entertaining anecdote rendered doubly valuable. Her first appearance was on 27th Oct. 1759, in the character of Corinna in the Confederacy; and the next in 1760, in Polly Honeycomb. She retired from the Stage some years before her death, which occurred in 1812.

703 Mrs. Vincent, afterwards Mrs. Mills, was more admired as a melodious singer than for her talents as an actress; she seems by her amiable diffidence to have obtained from our author at least her full share of commendation. She had in early life been, during several seasons, a favourite singer at Marybone Gardens, and died Sept. 1811.

706 The profits of the Beggar's Opera were so very great both to the author and to Mr. Rich the manager, that it gave rise to the following quibble, that it had made Rich gay and Gay rich.

706 The original performer of Polly Peachum was Miss Fenton, with whose representation of it, the Duke of Bolton was so delighted as to take her from the stage and make her his wife; she died in 1758. It was first acted in 1727, and had a run of sixty-three nights. Mrs. Vincent was very inferior in this character to Miss Brent.

713 Thomas Augustine Arne, an English musician, and brother to Mrs. Cibber, was born in 1710. He had his education at Eton, and was afterwards articled to an attorney; but music had more charms for him than law, and he soon

I see it all, but must forgive it here;
Defects like these, which modest terrors cause,
From Impudence itself extort applause.
Candour and Reason still take Virtue's part;
We love e'en foibles in so good a heart.
  Let Tommy Arne, with usual pomp of style,
Whose chief, whose only merit's to compile,

abandoned the desk for the fiddle. He became eminent in his profession, and in 1759 he had the degree of doctor of music conferred on him by the University of Oxford. His opera of Artaxerxes still ranks among the first of English compositions; he was also particularly skilful in instructing vocal performers. His unbounded attachment to the fair sex contributed to keep him always poor. He was ridiculed by Foote in the Farce of the Commissary. He died in 1778 of a spasm in the lungs. His talent lay more in adaptation than original composition. In addition to Artaxerxes he wrote two pieces called the Rose, and the Guardian Outwitted, the ill success attending these operas occasioned the following lines being addressed to him:

'Dr. Arne, Doctor Arne,
  It gives me consarne
To hear that in nature's despite
  You have taen up the pen
  Which your neighbours condemn,
Because that as how you cant write.
    Dr. Arne, Dr. Arne,
Because that as how you cant write.

  Four pieces you wrote,
  No doubt, worthy note,
Which you cruelly ventured to smother;
  And such is the age
  We already presage,
A very short life to the other.

Who, meanly pilfering here and there a bit,
Deals music out as Murphy deals out wit,
Publish proposals, laws for taste prescribe,
And chaunt the praise of an Italian tribe;
Let him reverse kind Nature's first decrees,
And teach e'en Brent a method not to please;
But never shall a truly British age

Now try, Dr. Arne,
This lesson to larne,
Such efforts may chance to make you sick;
You can hit off a song,
But to write you are wrong,
So stick, if you please, to your music.

720 Miss Brent, a scholar of Dr. Arne, at her outset made a tender of her abilities to Garrick at a very moderate salary, but met with a peremptory refusal. Garrick had full leisure to repent his rashness, for Beard immediately engaged her, and she most powerfully contributed to his very successful competition with Drury Lane. Miss Brent was deficient in beauty as well as form to represent the amiable simplicity of Polly Peachum; but such were the fascinating powers of her voice, though in her style absolutely wide of the author's original design, (who intended no more than the giving a common ballad tune in the simplest manner), that London seemed to be better pleased with the Beggar's Opera than when the parts were originally acted by Tom Walker and the celebrated Miss Fenton. In vain did Garrick oppose his prime characters in tragedy and comedy to Polly Peachum; this bewitching syren irresistibly attracted all ranks to her performance, and united all suffrages in her favour. Beard followed his blow with the popular opera of Artaxerxes; the public were allured by nothing but the power of sound and sing-song, and Shakspeare and Garrick were obliged to quit the field to Beard and Brent. It is thought that this success of Covent Garden in 1763 contributed not a little to Garrick's

Bear a vile race of eunuchs on the stage;
The boasted works call'd National in vain,
If one Italian voice pollutes the strain.
Where tyrants rule, and slaves with joy obey,
Let slavish minstrels pour the enervate lay;
To Britons far more noble pleasures spring,
In native notes whilst Beard and Vincent sing.

Might figure give a title unto fame,
What rival should with Yates dispute her claim?
But justice may not partial trophies raise,
Nor sink the actress in the woman's praise.
Still hand in hand her words and actions go,
And the heart feels more than the features show;

determination of visiting the Continent that year. Miss Brent afterwards married Mr. Pinto, a celebrated performer on the violin. He died in 1782. She survived both her husband and her voice, and incurred much pecuniary distress by the double misfortune.

[728] The opera of Artaxerxes was first acted in 1762 under the popular title of an English Opera, the music of it was particularly excellent, although the words were most wretchedly done into English from the Italian of Metastasio. In the representation of this opera, however, the manager was under the necessity of introducing two Italian singers, Peretti and Penducci, whose uncouth pronunciation of our language gave great displeasure to a true born English audience; notwithstanding this circumstance Artaxerxes met with extraordinary success, having a run nearly equal to the Beggar's Opera, and still continues a favourite musical entertainment.

[728] John Beard married a daughter of Rich, and in 1761 succeeded him in the management of Covent Garden Theatre. His first wife was the lady Henrietta Herbert, daughter of James Earl Waldegrave, and widow of Lord Edward Herbert, second son of the Marquis of Powis. His first appearance at

For, through the regions of that beauteous face
We no variety of passions trace;
Dead to the soft emotions of the heart,
No kindred softness can those eyes impart:
The brow, still fix'd in sorrow's sullen frame,
Void of distinction, marks all parts the same.
What's a fine person, or a beauteous face,
Unless deportment gives them decent grace?
Bless'd with all other requisites to please,
Some want the striking elegance of ease;
The curious eye their awkward movement tires:
They seem like puppets led about by wires:
Others, like statues, in one posture still,

Covent Garden was in 1759, in the character of Macheath, which, aided by Miss Brent in Polly, ran fifty-two nights. He retired from the stage in 1767, after having been some years afflicted with deafness, and died in 1791, at the age of seventy-four years. His abilities as a singer and actor could only be equalled by his amiable qualities as a man, in every relation of life. He sold his interest in the patent to Messrs. Harris, Rutherford, Colman, and Powell.

730 Anna Maria Yates, the wife of Richard Yates, who has been mentioned in a preceding note. Her husband was so highly incensed with Churchill for presuming to censure his wife, that he invited him to a tavern, with an intention, as was supposed, either of expostulating with him on his conduct, or of bringing the matter to a more decisive discussion. But Mr. George Garrick hearing for what purpose they had withdrawn, ran to the place of meeting, and, though the contending parties were much enraged, was so happy as to reconcile them over a hearty bottle. Mrs. Yates died in 1787: and an elegant and affectionate tribute to her worth and merits, from the pen of her friend Mrs. Frances Brooke, appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine for July in that year.

Give great ideas of the workman's skill;
Wond'ring, his art we praise the more we view,
And only grieve he gave not motion too.
Weak of themselves are what we beauties call;
It is the manner which gives strength to all;
This teaches every beauty to unite,
And brings them forward in the noblest light:
Happy in this, behold, amidst the throng,
With transient gleam of grace, Hart sweeps along.

756 Mrs. Hart was the daughter of a respectable tradesman in St. James's, from whose house she eloped with a favoured lover, and afterwards, by the elegance of her figure, obtained an engagement at Covent Garden theatre; but being possessed of no other claim to public favour, she grew tired of the insignificance of her theatrical character, and quitting the stage, took no farther pains to support any character at all. She then married one Reddish, an inferior actor, who was induced to take her for the sake of an annuity of £200, settled on her by a former admirer. Reddish afterwards married the widow of George Canning, and mother of the late Right Honourable George Canning, whom she lived to see in the plenitude of his power, and who always treated her with affectionate respect, occasionally visiting her at Bath, and addressing a letter invariably to her on every Sunday throughout the year. She after Reddish's death married a Mr. Hunn, whom she also survived. She was an Irishwoman of obscure birth and vulgar manners, combined with a good person and great buoyancy of spirits, which had tempted George Canning the elder into the manifest misalliance, which he survived but a year or two, dying in 1772, when his son was little more than a year old. She at intervals afterwards appeared upon the stage, and on one occasion acted Jane Shore to Garrick's Hastings. The elder Canning deserved a better fate, and has left a pleasing specimen of his poetical powers in the beautiful epistle purporting to have been addressed to Lord William Cavendish by Lord William Rus-

If all the wonders of external grace,
A person finely turn'd, a mould of face,
Where, union rare, expression's lively force,
With beauty's softest magic holds discourse,
Attract the eye; if feelings, void of art,
Rouse the quick passions, and inflame the heart;
If music, sweetly breathing from the tongue,
Captives the ear, Bride must not pass unsung.
When fear, which rank ill-nature terms conceit,

sell from Newgate, the night before his execution, and which is preserved in Pearet's collection of Poems, vol. iv. George Canning, senior, was interred in Marylebone new burying ground, where now, or lately, might be seen his tombstone, with the following lines inscribed on it by the disconsolate widow of three husbands:—

"Thy virtues and my woe no words can tell,
Therefore a little while, my George, farewell;
For faith and love like ours heaven has in store
Its last best gift, to meet and part no more."

So wept the dame of Ephesus her spouse.

764 Our author considerably overrated the abilities but not the personal attractions of this actress, which procured for her the protection of the wealthy army agent, John Calcraft, who occupies a prominent position in the Memoirs of the celebrated Mrs. Bellamy. He bequeathed to Miss Bride a large pecuniary legacy and two annuities of £1000 and £500, the latter to cease should she marry. He also left to each of his children by her and by Mrs. Bellamy £10,000, and eventually his son by the latter succeeded to large landed estates in Lincolnshire and Dorsetshire, and many years represented his own rotten borough of Wareham in Parliament. In 1770, she forfeited her second annuity by marrying a gentleman of some consideration, and also a member of the then House of Commons for some other rotten borough.

By time and custom conquer'd, shall retreat;
When judgment, tutor'd by experience sage,
Shall shoot abroad, and gather strength from age;
When Heaven, in mercy, shall the stage release
From the dull slumbers of a still-life piece;
When some stale flower, disgraceful to the walk,
Which long hath hung though wither'd, on the stalk,
Shall kindly drop, then Bride shall make her way,
And merit find a passage to the day;
Brought into action, she at once shall raise
Her own renown, and justify our praise.
Form'd for the tragic scene, to grace the stage
With rival excellence of love and rage,
Mistress of each soft art, with matchless skill
To turn and wind the passions as she will;

771 An unkind allusion to Mrs. Palmer, the daughter of Mrs. Pritchard, whose listlessness and want of animation our author has previously animadverted on, under the name of Statira. Her mother's influence obtained for her a position at the theatre far beyond her ability adequately to sustain.

786 Mrs. Susannah Maria Cibber was the daughter of Mr. Arne, an upholsterer in King street, Covent Garden, and sister to the celebrated composer of that name. In 1734 she married Theophilus Cibber, and became a pupil of his father Colley, to whose instructions she was considerably indebted for her future eminence. Her wretched husband literally sold her honour and his own to a gentleman, against whom he afterwards commenced a suit in the King's Bench, and recovered ten pounds damages. She continued to live with that gentleman till her death, on 30 Jan. 1766. Her person was perfectly elegant; for although she somewhat declined beyond the bloom of youth, and even wanted that *embonpoint* which sometimes assists in concealing the impres-

To melt the heart with sympathetic woe,
Awake the sigh, and teach the tear to flow:
To put on frenzy's wild distracted glare,
And freeze the soul with horror and despair;
With just desert enroll'd in endless fame,
Conscious of worth superior, Cibber came.

When poor Alicia's madd'ning brains are rack'd,
And strongly imaged griefs her mind distract,
Struck with her grief, I catch the madness too,
My brain turns round, the headless trunk I view!
The roof cracks, shakes, and falls!—new horrors rise,
And Reason buried in the ruin lies.

Nobly disdainful of each slavish art,
She makes her first attack upon the heart;

sion made by the hand of time, yet there was so complete a symmetry and proportion in the different parts which constituted her form, that it was impossible to view her figure and not think her young, or look in her face and not consider her handsome. Her voice was beyond conception plaintive and musical, yet far from deficient in powers for the expression of resentment or disdain; and so much equal command of feature did she possess for the representation of pity or rage, of pride or complacence, that it would be difficult to say whether she affected the hearts of an audience most, when playing the gentle, the delicate Celia, or the haughty, the resenting Hermione; in the innocent love-sick Juliet, or the forsaken, the enraged Alicia. In a word, through every cast of tragedy she was excellent, and but for Mrs. Pritchard, supreme. She made some attempts in comedy, but they were in no degree equal to her efforts in the tragic walk. Lady Constance, in Shakspeare's King John, was her favourite part, and in it even Mrs. Pritchard fell below her. With a hap-

Pleased with the summons, it receives her laws,
And all is silence, sympathy, applause.
But when, by fond ambition drawn aside,
Giddy with praise, and puff'd with female pride,
She quits the tragic scene, and, in pretence
To comic merit breaks down nature's fence,

piness and propriety known only to herself, she uttered with the utmost melody all the succeeding changes of grief, anger, resentment, rage, despondency, reviving courage, and animated defiance incidental to that character. When she threw herself on the ground pronouncing,

——— here I and sorrow sit:
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it!

her voice, look, person, every limb seemed animated with the true spirit of the author. She was a perfect judge of music, both vocal and instrumental, and though not a capital singer, her taste gained her the applause of the best judges, and it has been said that when she sang in the oratorio of the Messiah at Dublin, a bishop present was so affected with the extreme sensibility of her manner, that he could not refrain from exclaiming aloud, "Woman, thy sins be forgiven thee."

803 Mrs. Hannah Pritchard's maiden name was Vaughan. She was, when very young, recommended to the notice of Mr. Booth, who was exceedingly pleased with her manner of reciting several tragic parts; but not being then in the management of the theatre, he advised her to apply elsewhere. Her first appearance was in one of Fielding's pieces, in the little Haymarket Theatre. Her second attempt was in Lady Diana Talbot, in Anna Boleyn, at the playhouse in Goodman's Fields; and soon after she acted at Bartholomew Fair, where she gained the notice and applause of the public by her easy unaffected manner of speaking, and was greatly caressed and admired for singing in some farce a droll favourite air which began with "Sweet, if you love me, smiling turn.—" She now obtained an engagement at Drury Lane;

I scarcely can believe my ears or eyes,
Or find out Cibber through the dark disguise.
Pritchard, by Nature for the stage design'd,
In person graceful, and in sense refined;
Her art as much as Nature's friend became,
Her voice as free from blemish as her fame,

her genteel person, for she was then young and slender, her attractive countenance, which "beat an alarm to love," her expressive yet simple manner, her unembarrassed deportment and proper action, charmed all the spectators, who looked at one another with surprise and pleasure, as if congratulating themselves on seeing a rising genius, capable perhaps one day of consoling them for the loss of their favourite Oldfield. Rosalind, in As you Like It, at once established her theatrical character: her delivery of dialogue, whether of humour, wit, or mere sprightliness, was perhaps never equalled. Not confined in any one walk of acting, she ranged through them all; and discovered a fund of merit in every distinct class; her tragic power was eminent, but particularly in characters which required force of expression and dignity of action. Churchill has with great discrimination seized her peculiar excellences, and given a finished portrait of her, in her prime characters of Lady Macbeth, Zara, and Mrs. Oakly. Her unblemished conduct in private life justly increased her favour with all ranks of people, and few actresses were ever so sincerely beloved and powerfully patronized as Mrs. Pritchard. One actor and one actress universally pre-eminent are as much as can be expected to be the produce of a single century. After having trod the stage six-and-thirty years, Mrs. Pritchard in 1768 resolved to withdraw into retirement, and spend the remainder of her life at Bath. To this she was tempted by the prospect of great advantages, which were to accrue to her from a legacy of one Mr. Thomas Leonard, an attorney, of Lyon's-Inn, a distant relation, who died in 1766, and of whose will her brother, Mr. Henry Vaughan, was the executor. But whatever might have been the inten-

Who knows so well in majesty to please,
Attemper'd with the graceful charms of ease?
When Congreve's favour'd pantomime to grace,
She comes a captive queen of Moorish race;
When love, hate, jealousy, despair and rage,
With wildest tumults in her breast engage,
Still equal to herself is Zara seen;
Her passions are the passions of a queen.
When she to murder whets the tim'rous thane,
I feel ambition rush through every vein;
Persuasion hangs upon her daring tongue,
My heart grows flint, and every nerve's new strung,
In comedy—"Nay, there," cries Critic, "hold;

tion of the testator by his will, the bulk of his estate fell to the heirs at law, who were nearer relations. Mrs. Pritchard took leave of the public in an epilogue written by Mr. Garrick, after the performance of Macbeth for her benefit; she spoke it with many sobs and tears, which were increased by the generous feelings of a numerous and splendid audience. She died at Bath about four months after, in the fifty-seventh year of her age, of a mortification in her foot. A monument was erected to her memory in Westminster Abbey, next to that of Shakspeare, with the following inscription on it by Whitehead, the Laureate:

"Her comic vein had every charm to please,
'Twas nature's dictates breathed with nature's ease.
E'en when her powers sustain the tragic load,
Full, clear, and just, the harmonious accents flow'd;
And the big passions of her feeling heart
Burst freely forth, and shamed the mimic art.
Oft, on the scene, with colours not her own
She painted vice, and taught us what to shun.
One virtuous track her real life pursued;
That nobler part was uniformly good.

Pritchard's for comedy too fat and old:
Who can, with patience, bear the gray coquette,
Or force a laugh with over-grown Julett?
Her speech, look, action, humour, all are just,
But then her age and figure give disgust."
Are foibles then, and graces of the mind,
In real life, to size or age confined?
Do spirits flow, and is good-breeding placed
In any set circumference of waist?
As we grow old, doth affectation cease,
Or gives not age new vigour to caprice?
If in originals these things appear,
Why should we bar them in the copy here?

Each duty there to such perfection wrought,
That if the precept fail'd, the example taught."

809 Dr. Johnson has given celebrity to the Mourning Bride, by selecting from it what he considered the most poetical paragraph in the whole mass of English Poetry. It is the speech of Almeria in the Cathedral of Valencia:

"No, all is hush'd, and still as death. 'Tis dreadful!
How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,
Looking tranquillity! It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight; the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice,
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
Thy voice—my own affrights me with its echoes."

822 A part in the then revived comedy of the Pilgrim, by Beaumont and Fletcher, in the dramatis personæ of which Juletta is designated as Alinda's maid, a witty lass.

The nice punctilio-mongers of this age,
The grand minute reformers of the stage,
Slaves to propriety of every kind,
Some standard measure for each part should find,
Which when the best of actors shall exceed,
Let it devolve to one of smaller breed.
All Actors, too, upon the back should bear
Certificate of birth;—time, when;—place, where;
For how can critics rightly fix their worth,
Unless they know the minute of their birth?
An audience, too, deceived, may find, too late,
That they have clapp'd an actor out of date.
Figure, I own, at first may give offence,
And harshly strike the eye's too curious sense;
But when perfections of the mind break forth,
Humour's chaste sallies, judgment's solid worth;
When the pure genuine flame by Nature taught,
Springs into sense and every action's thought;
Before such merit all objections fly;
Pritchard's genteel, and Garrick's six feet high.
Oft have I, Pritchard, seen thy wond'rous skill,

857 The Jealous Wife, by Colman, was first acted in 1761 with extraordinary success, and still maintains an honourable rank in the list of acting plays. The Reviews animadverted with much severity on the lax morality of some of the scenes, and with some justice reprehended that part of it which is taken from the story of Lady Bellaston, in Tom Jones.

863 The following lines on the comparative merits of Barry and Mossop were written by the late Dr. Lawson, Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin:

> Can malice, when frantic, when mad with despair,
> Thy talents, O Barry, with Mossop compare?

Confess'd thee great, but find thee greater still;
That worth, which shone in scatter'd rays before,
Collected now, breaks forth with double power.
The Jealous Wife! on that thy trophies raise,
Inferior only to the author's praise.

From Dublin, famed in legends of romance,
For mighty magic of enchanted lance,
With which her heroes arm'd victorious prove,
And, like a flood, rush o'er the land of Love,
Mossop and Barry came.—Names ne'er design'd
By Fate in the same sentence to be join'd.
Raised by the breath of popular acclaim,
They mounted to the pinnacle of fame;
There the weak brain, made giddy with the height,
Spurr'd on the rival chiefs to mortal fight.
Thus sportive boys around some basin's brim
Behold the pipe-drawn bladders circling swim,
But if, from lungs more potent, there arise
Two bubbles of a more than common size,
Eager for honour, they for fight prepare,
Bubble meets bubble, and both sink to air.

Mossop, attach'd to military plan,

That awkward, ungainly, cart-horse of the scene,
Who tugs, and who twists, the traces between;
These pauses, these pulls, each molehill a pinch,
Now backwards five yards, now forwards one inch;
Now bevil, now square, now shoulder, now side,
Now straining at nothing, now sweating with pride,
Affecting the manage, distorted by art,
He paws for a chariot, though yoked to a cart.

875 Henry Mossop; this unfortunate man was the son of a clergyman, and liberally educated; though ungraceful in

Still kept his eye fix'd on his right-hand man;
Whilst the mouth measures words with seeming skill,
The right hand labours, and the left lies still;
For he resolved on scripture-grounds to go,
What the right doth, the left-hand shall not know.

deportment and undignified in action, awkward in his whole behaviour, and hard in his expression, was yet in degree of stage excellence the third actor; a Garrick and a Barry only were his superiors; in parts of vehemence and rage he was almost unequalled; and in sentimental gravity, from the power of his voice and the justness of his elocution, he was a very commanding speaker. It is not to be wondered that Mossop wished to act the lover and the hero, but repeated unsuccessful trials could not convince him that he was utterly unfit for tenderness or joy, for gaiety and vivacity. Caled, in the Siege of Damascus, the wild, savage, and enthusiastic Arabian, he acted with that force, fury, and fire, which the character demanded; and yet so little did he know his own strength, or, rather, so apt was he to flatter his own vanity, that when complimented on his performance of this part, he frequently exclaimed, "I wish you could have seen my Phocyas." His Richard the Third would have likewise stood in the first line of excellence, was it not for Garrick's superiority in the love scene with Lady Anne, as well as in all the quick, animated passages of the play; but to be second to such an actor as Garrick, was to stand in no inconsiderable line of praise; and that Mossop did so, was evident from his performing the part alternately with this great original for some seasons. To the fine sentiments of the Duke, in Measure for Measure, he gave their full force and dignity, and would have been faultless if he had not dragged out his words to an immeasurable length: and in the Ambitious Stepmother of Rowe, his Memnon was venerable and intrepid; particularly his scene with the Priest of the Sun in the first act, which he spoke with such an honest glow of animation, as totally to overpower the subtleties and frauds of superstition and priestcraft. These were his principal parts—he had

With studied impropriety of speech
He roars beyond the hackney critic's reach;
To epithets allots emphatic state,
Whilst principals, ungraced, like lackeys, wait;
In ways first trodden by himself excels,

many more both in tragedy and the graver species of comedy, in which he acquired great reputation. He was censured by the critics for too much of mechanism in his action and delivery; and he was in some degree open to this censure—the frequent resting of his left hand on his hip, with his right extended, was ludicrously compared to the handle and spout of a tea-pot, whilst others called him, "The distiller of syllables."—After having been severel years in the service of Mr. Garrick, Mossop, in 1760, left it to go to Dublin, where Barry and Woodward, engaged him at a considerable salary. He had scarcely finished one successful campaign with these new masters, when he unhappily yielded to a strong inclination to become a manager; he accordingly refused the large offer of £1000 a year to relinquish his scheme, and under the patronage of some titled ladies, "the damaged Quality," as Mrs. Clive with equal wit and truth styled them, formed a company at the theatre in Smock Alley. After struggling in vain for seven or eight years, with a variety of difficulties, and being reduced at last to absolute bankruptcy, he left Ireland, and arrived in London not a little impaired in health. He here endeavoured to be again engaged at Drury Lane, but Mr. Garrick had been so offended by the injudicious conduct of Mossop and his friends, among whom Fitzpatrick rendered himself most conspicuous, in endeavouring to persuade the public of their equality as actors, that he met with a decided negative: he then applied to the managers of Covent Garden, who returned for answer, that their arrangements were so made as to put it out of their power to employ him. This answer was supposed to be made in consequence of a very celebrated actress having refused to act in any play with this unhappy man. He died in a few days after of a broken heart, and in great poverty, November, 1773, in the forty-third year of his

And stands alone in indeclinables;
Conjunction, preposition, adverb, join
To stamp new vigour on the nervous line;
In monosyllables his thunders roll,
He, she, it, and, we, ye, they, fright the soul.
In person taller than the common size,
Behold where Barry draws admiring eyes!
When labouring passions, in his bosom pent,
Convulsive rage, and struggling heave for vent,
Spectators, with imagined terrors warm,

age. Mr. Garrick proposed to bury him at his own expense, but Mr. Mossop's uncle, a Bencher of one of the Temples, prevented that offer from being carried into effect.

892 Spranger Barry was born in Dublin in 1719, and bred a silversmith, which trade he abandoned for the theatre, and made his first attempt in the character of Othello in 1744. In 1747 he came to England, and was engaged at Drury Lane, which he soon quitted for Covent Garden and proved a formidable rival to Garrick, who was the leader of the other house. In 1758 he went to Ireland, and jointly with Woodward was concerned in two new playhouses, one at Dublin and the other at Cork; these failing, he returned to England, where he was engaged by Mr. Foote, at the Haymarket; and in 1766 he accepted the proposals of Mr. Garrick, for himself and his wife, at the liberal salary of £1500 per annum. Mrs. Barry was then gradually rising to that excellence in her profession which soon ranked her among the most celebrated actresses. An increase of £200 a year in their salary tempted Mr. and Mrs. Barry in the year 1774 to leave Drury Lane for Covent Garden. An hereditary gout increased upon him at this time, and such were the encroachments it made upon his powers of acting, that his defects became too visible to the audience. He died January 10, 1777. Of all the tragic actors who have trod the stage during the last hundred years, excepting only Garrick, and not

Anxious expect the bursting of the storm;
But, all unfit in such a pile to dwell,
His voice comes forth, like Echo from her cell,
To swell the tempest needful aid denies,
And all adown the stage in feeble murmurs dies.

What man, like Barry, with such pains, can err
In elocution, action, character?
What man could give, if Barry was not here,
Such well applauded tenderness to Lear?
Who else can speak so very, very fine,

excepting the principal tragedians of our later period, Kemble, Cooke, Young, Kean, and Macready, Mr. Barry appears unquestionably to have been the most pleasing; and notwithstanding the defects which the poet has justly, though perhaps too severely reprehended, he established in many of his performances an equality with Garrick, and in Othello and a few other parts contended for the superiority. His other favourite characters were, Jaffier, Orestes, Castalio, Phocyas, Varanes, Essex, Alexander, Romeo, &c. In all characters of this stamp, where the lover or hero was to be exhibited, Barry was *unique;* so much so, that when Mrs. Cibber, whose reputation for love and plaintive tenderness was well known, played with Garrick, she generally represented his daughter or sister—with Barry she was always his wife or mistress. He likewise excelled in many parts of genteel comedy; such as Lord Townly, Young Bevill, &c. The Bastard, in King John, was another exclusive character of his, which Garrick attempted in vain—not having either sufficiency of figure or of heroic jocularity. To this list may be added Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan, in Macklin's farce of Love A-La-Mode, a part in which he gave such specimens of the gallant simplicity and integrity of the Irish Gentleman, as were sufficient to establish an independent reputation. Though his Hamlet, Richard, Lear, Macbeth, &c., were star height above what has been seen since, he lost by a comparison with Garrick; here the

That sense may kindly end with every line?
Some dozen lines before the ghost is there,
Behold him for the solemn scene prepare:
See how he frames his eyes, poises each limb,
Puts the whole body into proper trim:—
From whence we learn, with no great stretch of art,
Five lines hence comes a ghost, and, ha! a start.
When he appears most perfect, still we find
Something which jars upon and hurts the mind:

latter shewed the master in an uncommon degree; as he did in all the quick, animated parts of tragedy, while in the sprightly fashionable gentleman, Garrick had the advantage.

Barry had a gift of pleasing in conversation beyond most men, owing more to the manner than the matter. One of his greatest pleasures consisted in giving splendid entertainments, and though possessed of as little learning as knowledge, no man did the honours of the table with more ease and politeness than Barry. Mr. Pelham, who was much delighted with his style of acting, was pleased sometimes to send for him, and now and then to call at his apartments. He once invited himself to sup with Barry, who was greatly elated with the high honour of entertaining a first minister, and for that purpose he made the most magnificent preparation: but a profusion of elegant dishes, with the choicest and dearest wines, displeased the statesman; he reproved his host for his folly, in feasting him as he himself would have treated a foreign ambassador, and never gave him another opportunity of exposing his want of judgment.

921 Correctly as Churchill seems to have appreciated the merit of the actor, he has not done justice to the man; for under a rough exterior James Quin possessed a heart full fraught with the milk of human kindness, and open to all the dictates of benevolence. He was born in London in 1693; his father married a reputed widow, who, after bearing him this son, was claimed by her first husband, who returned from abroad, though supposed to have been dead some years. By

Whatever lights upon a part are thrown,
We see too plainly they are not his own:
No flame from Nature ever yet he caught,
Nor knew a feeling which he was not taught:
He raised his trophies on the base of art,
And conn'd his passions, as he conn'd his part.
Quin, from afar, lured by the scent of fame,
A stage leviathan, put in his claim,
Pupil of Betterton and Booth. Alone,

this incident James lost his father's estate, being deemed illegitimate. He was intended for the law, but studied Shakspeare more than the statutes, and soon after displayed his theatric powers at Mr. Rich's theatre, in the character of Falstaff, which was played nineteen times in the same season; he continued to be for many years the unrivalled representative of the humorous knight, no one having approached his excellence in that part except Mr. Henderson. At the conclusion of the second season Mr. Quin was engaged at very high terms to perform at Drury Lane, and there he maintained the highest rank till the appearance of Garrick, in 1741. Quin, who had hitherto been esteemed the first actor in tragedy, could not conceal his uneasiness and disgust at the great success of Mr. Garrick. After he had seen his Richard, he declared peremptorily, "that if the young fellow was right, he and the rest of the players had been all wrong;" and upon being told that Goodman's Fields theatre was crowded every night to see the new actor, he said "that Garrick was a new religion; Whitfield was followed for a time; but they would all come to church again." Garrick, who had a quick and happy talent in turning an epigram, gave this smart reply to Quin's bon mot:—

Pope Quin, who damns all churches but his own,
Complains that heresy infects the town,
That Whitfield-Garrick has misled the age,
And taints the sound religion of the stage:

Sullen he walk'd, and deem'd the chair his own:
For how should moderns, mushrooms of the day,
Who ne'er those masters knew, know how to play?

Schism, he cries, has turn'd the nation's brain;
But eyes will open, and to church again!
Thou great infallible, forbear to roar,
Thy bulls and errors are revered no more;
When doctrines meet with general approbation,
It is not heresy, but reformation.

Quin enjoyed the intimacy and esteem of Pope and Thomson. "The commencement of his friendship with the latter," says Dr. Johnson, "is very honourable to Quin, who is reported to have delivered Thomson (then known to him only by his genius) from an arrest, by a very considerable present: and its continuance was honourable to both; for friendship is not always the sequel of obligation." The season of 1741 concluded Quin's engagement at Drury Lane, and he went over to Dublin with Mrs. Clive, Ryan, and others. He there played Cato and Othello with increasing reputation. In 1742, Quin returned to Covent Garden, to oppose Garrick, but with no great success: he afterwards, however, formed a very lucrative engagement with Garrick, and it was agreed by these eminent actors that certain parts should be acted by them alternately, particularly Richard III. and Othello, but Quin soon found his reputation decreasing, while that of Garrick augmented. The town often wished to see them fairly matched in two characters of equal importance. The Fair Penitent presented an opportunity to display their several merits, though it must be owned the balance was as much in favour of Quin, as the advocate of virtue is superior in argument to the defender of profligacy. The shouts of applause when Horatio and Lothario met on the stage (24 November, 1746) in the second act, were so loud and so often repeated, before the audience permitted them to speak, that the combatants seemed to be disconcerted. It was observed that Quin changed colour, and Garrick appeared embarrassed; and these great actors were never less masters of themselves

Gray-bearded veterans, who, with partial tongue
Extol the times when they themselves were young,
Who, having lost all relish for the stage,

than on the first night of the contest. Quin was too proud to own his feelings on the occasion, but Garrick was heard to say, "Faith, I believe Quin was as much frightened as myself." The play was repeatedly acted with constant applause to very brilliant audiences. Quin had been strongly patronized by Frederick, Prince of Wales, and was employed to instruct the royal children in a correct pronunciation. The dignified propriety and grace of diction which marked George the Third's first speech to parliament being mentioned to Quin, he exultingly exclaimed, "I taught the boy." His last performance was in the character of Falstaff, March 19, 1753, after which he retired on a large annuity to Bath, where he died in 1766, in which year Mrs. Cibber also died. In the Prologue to the Clandestine Marriage, Garrick thus noticed the loss the stage had sustained:—

O let me drop one tributary tear
On poor Jack Falstaff's grave, and Juliet's bier;
You to their worth must testimony give;
'Tis in your hearts alone their fame can live.
Still as the scenes of life will shift away,
The strong impressions of their art decay.
Your children cannot feel what you have known,
They'll boast of Quins and Cibbers of their own.
The greatest glory of our happy few
Is to be felt, and be approved by you.

He was possessed of powerful sense and a ready wit. The bon-mots and repartees attributed to him would swell a volume. He was buried in the Abbey Church of Bath, and the following Epitaph was written on the occasion by Garrick:—

That tongue which set the table in a roar,
And charm'd the public ear, is heard no more;
Closed are those eyes, the harbingers of wit,

See not their own defects, but lash the age, 930
Received, with joyful murmurs of applause,
Their darling chief, and lined his favourite cause.

Which spoke before the tongue what Shakspeare writ;
Cold are those hands, which living, were stretch'd forth
At friendship's call to succour modest worth.
Here lies James Quin; deign, reader, to be taught,
Whate'er thy strength of body, force of thought,
In nature's happiest mould however cast,
To his complexion thou must come at last.

923 Thomas Betterton, the Garrick of the seventeenth century, was born in 1635; he soon attained the greatest degree of excellence on the stage, but which never acquired for him a greater salary than £4 per week. He died April 28, 1710, and was buried in Westminster Abbey with much pomp, and great honour was paid his memory by his friend Sir Richard Steele, who has related in the Tatler, in the most dignified and pathetic manner, the process of the ceremonial. Pope, when a mere boy, was introduced to Betterton, who sat to him for his picture, which Pope drew in oil. In the postscript to one of his letters, Pope writes thus; "This letter of deaths puts me in mind of poor Betterton's, over whom I would have this sentence of Tully for an epitaph, which will serve for his moral as well as his theatrical capacity:

'Vitæ bene actæ jucundissima est recordatio.'"

Betterton was also commemorated by Dryden in the following couplet:

He, like the setting sun, still shoots a glimmering ray,
Like ancient Rome majestic in decay.

It is no easy task to do justice to the transcendent merits of judgment, voice, and person, which were conspicuous in this actor, who shone alike in Hotspur, and in Macbeth, in Falstaff, and in Hamlet. The latter, however, was his masterpiece. In the traditional history of the stage, it is said that Betterton took every particle of Hamlet from Sir William Davenant,

Far be it from the candid Muse to tread
Insulting o'er the ashes of the dead,
But, just to living merit, she maintains,
And dares the test, whilst Garrick's genius reigns,

who had seen Taylor, who was taught by Shakspeare. Cibber thus records his manner of addressing the Ghost: "He opened the scene with a pause of mute amazement, then rising slowly to a solemn trembling voice, he made the Ghost equally terrible to the spectator and himself, and in the descriptive part of the natural emotions which the ghostly vision gave him, the boldness of his expostulation was still governed by decency, manly, but not braving, his voice never rising to any seeming outrage or wild defiance of what he naturally revered." The full melody of Betterton's voice possessed so powerful a charm, as to give grace and dignity to the wildest rhapsodies of Lee's Alexander; and what would in any other actor have appeared, as it truly was, the most ludicrous expressions of tumidity and rant, received a flowing elegance from Betterton which riveted the ears of his auditors to a degree that they as much dispensed with the sense of what he uttered as the admirers of an Italian Opera must consent to do at their favourite amusement. As an example we could adduce the following speech of Alexander to his courtiers:—

Can none remember? Yes, I know all must
When Glory, like the dazzling eagle, stood,
Perch'd on my beaver, in the Granic flood,
When fortune's self my standard trembling bore,
And the pale fates stood frighten'd on the shore,
When the immortals on the billows rode,
And I myself appear'd the leading God.

The play abounds with similar passages, in spite of which Betterton, by his magic skill, made it for several seasons the most successful tragedy that had been brought before the public.

Barton Booth, an eminent actor of the old school, was of an honourable family, nearly related to the Earls of Warrington; he was educated at Westminster under Dr. Busby, and

Ancients, in vain, endeavour to excel,
Happily praised, if they could act as well.
But, though prescription's force we disallow,
Nor to antiquity submissive bow ;
Though we deny imaginary grace,
Founded on accidents of time and place,
Yet real worth of every growth shall bear
Due praise, nor must we, Quin forget thee there.
His words bore sterling weight; nervous and strong,
In mainly tides of sense they roll'd along:
Happy in art, he chiefly had pretence
To keep up numbers yet not forfeit sense;
No actor ever greater heights could reach

acquired great celebrity at the annual Latin play in the part of Pamphilus, in the Andria. He was intended for the church, but disappointed his parents by engaging himself, at the early age of seventeen, with the manager of the Dublin theatre; from thence, after some ineffectual attempts to draw him from the stage, he was introduced to Mr. Betterton, who took him under his protection and tuition. His first performance in London was in 1701, in the part of Maximus, in Lord Rochester's Valentinian, and in 1712 he reach the summit of his art in Cato, for his admirable performance of which, the managers presented him with a compliment of fifty guineas, and the Whigs and Tories, who professed to feel an equal interest in the plot, made collections on one night in the boxes, each of them to that amount, which they presented to him in purses, the one party as a slight acknowledgment for his "honest opposition to a perpetual dictator," and the other for his "dying so bravely in the cause of liberty." His first wife, whom he married in 1704, was a daughter of Sir William Barkham, of Norfolk, Bart. ; she dying without issue, he in 1719, married Miss Hester Santlow, the celebrated actress, who survived him. He died in 1733, at about fifty years of age,

In all the labour'd artifice of speech.
Speech! is that all?—And shall an actor found
An universal fame on partial ground?
Parrots themselves speak properly by rote,
And, in six months, my dog shall howl by note.
I laugh at those who, when the stage they tread,
Neglect the heart, to compliment the head;
With strict propriety their cares confined
To weigh out words, while passion halts behind:
To syllable-dissectors they appeal,
Allow them accent, cadence,—Fools may feel:
But, spite of all the criticising elves,
Those who would make us feel, must feel themselves.
His eyes, in gloomy socket taught to roll,

leaving no issue. Booth formed himself upon Betterton, as Quin did upon Booth. Othello was his masterpiece, though in it he was still inferior to his great master. He was exclusively a tragedian, for which nature had amply qualified him by the harmony of his voice, the vigour of his action, and the gracefulness of his deportment. His elegant manners, classical learning, and amiable disposition, made his company acceptable in the highest circles; and it was said of him, that though he kept no equipage of his own, yet no nobleman in the kingdom had so many sets of horses at command as he had. He possessed a perfect goodness and singleness of heart; was a gay, lively, cheerful companion, yet humble and diffident of his own abilities, by which means he acquired the love and esteem of his acquaintance, and of the public in general. Quin paid him more than filial reverence; and his affection and veneration for him were so great, that he could not mention or hear his name without dropping tears of regret for the loss he had sustained by his premature death.

962 —— Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi.—Hor. de Arte Poetica, l. 102.

Proclaim'd the sullen "habit of his soul:"
Heavy and phlegmatic he trod the stage,
Too proud for tenderness, too dull for rage.
When Hector's lovely widow shines in tears,
Or Rowe's gay rake dependent virtue jeers,
With the same cast of features he is seen
To chide the libertine, and court the queen.
From the tame scene, which without passion flows,
With just desert his reputation rose;

964 Rage on, ye winds, burst, clouds, and waters, roar,
You bear a just resemblance to my fortune,
And suit the gloomy habit of my soul.

The part of Zanga in Dr. Young's Revenge, in which these lines occur, was a favourite character with Quin, as it had been with Mossop.

967-8 Andromache, in the tragedy of the Distressed Mother, adapted by Ambrose Philips from the French of Racine, and Lothario, in the Fair Penitent.

970 The following Epigram on Quin was written by Sir Charles Hanbury Williams:

"When Quin, of all grace and all dignity void,
Murder'd Cato the Censor, and Brutus destroy'd,
He strutted, he mouth'd, you no passion could trace
In his action, delivery, or plum-pudding face;
When he massacred Comus, the gay god of mirth,
He was suffer'd, because we of actors had dearth;
But when Foote, with strong judgment and genuine wit
Upon all his peculiar absurdities hit;
When Garrick arose with those talents and fire,
Which nature and all the nine muses inspire,
Poor Guts was neglected, or laugh'd off the stage:
So bursting with envy, and tortured with rage,
He damn'd the whole town in a fury and fled,
Little boys an extinguisher clapp'd on his head.
Yet we never shall Falstaff behold so well done,
With such character, humour, such spirit, such fun;

Nor less he pleased, when on some surly plan
He was at once the actor and the man.
In Brute he shone unequall'd: all agree
Garrick's not half so great a brute as he.
When Cato's labour'd scenes are brought to view,
With equal praise the actor labour'd too;
For still you'll find, trace passions to their root,
Small difference 'twixt the Stoic and the Brute.
In fancied scenes, as in life's real plan,

So great that we knew not which most to admire,
Glutton, parasite, pander, pimp, letcher, or liar,
He felt as he spoke, nature's dictates are true,
When he acted the part, his own picture he drew."

EPIGRAM BY HOGARTH.

"Your servant, sir," says sulky Quin,
"Sir, I am yours," replies Macklin;
"Why you're the very Jew you play,
Your face performs the task well."
"And you are Sir John Brute, they say,
And an accomplish'd Maskwell."

Says Rich, who heard the sneering elves,
And knew their horrid hearts:
"Acting too much your very selves,
You overdo your parts."

Quin having quarrelled with Rich, and retired in the sulks to Bath, intimated his wish to return by the following laconic epistle:—

"I am at Bath,
Yours, JAMES QUIN.
Nov. 1747."

This was answered by return in the same spirit:—

"Stay there and be d——d.
Yours, J. RICH."

975 Sir John Brute in Vanbrugh's Provoked Wife.

He could not, for a moment, sink the man.
In whate'er cast his character was laid,
Self still, like oil, upon the surface play'd.
Nature, in spite of all his skill, crept in:
Horatio, Dorax, Falstaff,—still 'twas Quin.

Next follows Sheridan. A doubtful name,
As yet unsettled in the rank of fame:
This, fondly lavish in his praises grown,
Gives him all merit; that allows him none;
Between them both, we'll steer the middle course,
Nor, loving praise, rob judgment of her force.

Just his conceptions, natural and great,
His feelings strong, his words enforced with weight.
Was speech-famed Quin himself to hear him speak,
Envy would drive the colour from his cheek;
But step-dame Nature, niggard of her grace,
Denied the social powers of voice and face.

986 Dorax, the rough soldier in Dryden's Don Sebastian.

987 Thomas Sheridan, the Godson of Dean Swift, was born at Quilca, in Ireland, in 1721. After a classical education, he in 1743 appeared on the stage in Dublin, and acquired considerable eminence as a tragedian, particularly in the character of Cato. In the situation of manager he became very unpopular in that city, owing to his attempts to prevent any spectators intruding behind the scenes; and, being compelled to embark for England, was engaged during one season at Covent Garden. In 1756 he revisited Dublin, where the animosity against him had subsided, and was received with great applause. However he soon quitted the Irish stage and commenced lecturer on elocution, in which he met with signal success, and was honoured by the university of Dublin with the degree of M. A. At the accession of

Fix'd in one frame of features, glare of eye,
Passions, like chaos, in confusion lie:
In vain the wonders of his skill are tried
To form distinctions Nature hath denied.
His voice no touch of harmony admits,
Irregularly deep, and shrill by fits.
The two extremes appear like man and wife,
Coupled together for the sake of strife.
His actions always strong, but sometimes such,
That candour must declare he acts too much.
Why must impatience fall three paces back?
Why paces three return to the attack?
Why is the right leg, too, forbid to stir,
Unless in motion semicircular?
Why must the hero with the Nailor vie,
And hurl the close-clench'd fist at nose or eye?
In royal John, with Philip angry grown,

George the Third a pension was granted to him, and in 1763 he read a course of elegant lectures on elocution to numerous audiences in the universities of Oxford and Cambridge. In 1778 he compiled a Dictionary of the English language with respect chiefly to its orthoepy. He also published a life of Swift in 1784, and died in 1788. Mr. Sheridan was a man of considerable abilities, and his oratorical essays evince his talents as an author. He was husband to the author of Nourjahad and of Sidney Biddulph, and father of the Right Honourable R. B. Sheridan, M. P. for Stafford. As an actor it may be considered as a sufficient tribute to his merit to relate that he excited the jealousy of Garrick more than any other player. As a man, it may suffice to quote Dr. Johnson's character of him, "that were mankind divided into two classes of good and bad, he would stand considerably within the ranks of the former."

I thought he would have knock'd poor Davies down.
Inhuman tyrant was it not a shame
To fright a king so harmless and so tame?
But, spite of all defects, his glories rise,
And art, by judgment form'd, with nature vies.
Behold him sound the depth of Hubert's soul,
Whilst in his own contending passions roll;
View the whole scene, with critic judgment scan,
And then deny him merit if you can.
Where he falls short, 'tis Nature's fault alone;
Where he succeeds, the merit's all his own.
Last Garrick came.—Behind him throng a train

1027 David Garrick was the son of Peter Garrick, of Lichfield, a captain in the army. He was born in 1716. In 1737, he with his townsman and instructor, Dr. Samuel Johnson, came to London to seek his fortune, where he first entered himself of Lincoln's Inn, with a view to the Bar, and afterwards entered into partnership with his brother Peter in the wine trade. In 1741, after experiencing some slights from the managers of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, he determined to make trial of his theatrical qualifications at the playhouse in Goodman's Fields, under the direction of Mr. Giffard. The part he chose for his first appearance was that of Richard the Third, in which he displayed so clear a conception of the character, such power of execution, and a union of talent so varied, extensive, and unexpected, as soon established his reputation as the first actor of his own or of any former age. In the whole range of low comedy he blended such a knowledge of art with the simplicity of nature, as made all the minutiæ of the picture complete. Thus his Abel Drugger was as perfect in design and colouring as the dark and deep sorrows of the royal Lear. His fame spread through every part of the town with the greatest rapidity; and Goodman's Fields theatre, which had been confined to the inhabitants of the city, became the resort of fashion, and was honoured with the notice of all ranks and

Of snarling critics, ignorant as vain.
One finds out,—"He's of stature somewhat low—
Your hero always should be tall you know,—
True natural greatness all consists in height,"
Produce your voucher, Critic.—"Serjeant Kite."
Another can't forgive the paltry arts
By which he makes his way to shallow hearts;
Mere pieces of finesse, traps for applause.—
"Avaunt! unnatural start, affected pause."
For me, by Nature form'd to judge with phlegm,
I can't acquit by wholesale, nor condemn.

orders of people. At Goodman's Fields Mr. Garrick remained but one season, after which he removed to Drury Lane, where he continued till Fleetwood's mismanagement and want of prudence brought that theatre to the brink of ruin. Rich, of Covent Garden, availed himself of the folly of his brother manager, and engaged Garrick in his service; here he continued only one year, when Rich refusing him an adequate share in the profits, Garrick closed with Lacy, who was then the sole proprietor of the theatre in Drury Lane, for a moiety of the patent at £8000, which sum, by a strict attention to economy, he had accumulated. This transaction took place in 1747, and his joint management with Lacy continued with uninterrupted cordiality and consequent success, until the death of the latter in 1773, when the whole management devolved to the survivor. In June, 1749, Garrick married Mademoiselle Violetta, a native of Vienna and a famous dancer, first to the Queen of George the Second, then at the play-house; she was of unexceptionable moral character, and a protégé of Dorothy, Countess of Burlington; she was a beautiful woman, and was in such favour at Burlington House, that the tickets for her benefits were designed by Kent and engraved by Vertue. She secured and merited the attachment of Garrick, and the respect of his friends and of a large circle of society, and survived him forty-three years, dying in October, 1822, at the advanced age of ninety; dur-

The best things carried to excess are wrong;
The start may be too frequent, pause too long;
But, only used in proper time and place, 1041
Severest judgment must allow them grace.

ing a union with Garrick of thirty years, they never slept asunder a single night. At length an event took place, which the admirers of theatrical entertainments had long expected with concern, and now viewed with regret. Mr. Garrick, at a period when his powers had suffered little injury from time, and in the height of his fame and popularity, determined to relinquish his connexion with the stage, and retire to the honourable enjoyment of a large fortune, of not less than £140,000, acquired in the course of nearly forty years spent in the service of the public. His last appearance was in the character of Don Felix, in the play of The Wonder, acted 10th June, 1776, for a charitable benefit. He was received by a crowded and brilliant audience, and dismissed with the loudest plaudits ever heard in any theatre. The obligations which the public are under to him for the decency and propriety of our present dramatic performances will ever entitle him to the grateful respect of his country, independent of his transcendent merit as an actor, or of his abilities as an author. Notwithstanding Mr. Garrick no longer retained his situation in the theatre as manager and performer, he did not entirely relinquish his attention to the stage; but continued to assist several authors and actors with his experience and advice, and to promote the advantage of the house as occasion offered. The death of a man who had taken so considerable a part in the dramatic line, for such a number of years, might justly be considered a national loss. He died on the 20th of January, 1779, and went to the grave with the universal admiration of the public at large, and with the particular concern of his numerous friends and acquaintance.

Dr. Johnson, though from an early period of life in habits of intimacy with Garrick, never entertained a cordial affection for him, and excluded him from the club in Ivy Lane, lest Davy should disturb it with his buffoonery. The truth is, the Doctor had a thorough contempt for the *profession*, as

If bunglers, form'd on Imitation's plan,
Just in the way that monkeys mimic man,
Their copied scene with mangled arts disgrace,

he emphatically styled it, of an actor, and frequently treated Garrick with the austerity of a schoolmaster, by assuming a right of correcting his enunciation. "You often," said Johnson, "mistake the emphatical word of a sentence." "Give me an example," said Garrick. "I cannot," answered Johnson, "recollect one; but repeat the seventh commandment." Garrick pronounced it, "Thou *shalt* not commit adultery." "You are wrong," said Johnson. "It is a negative precept, and ought to be pronounced thus: Thou shalt *not* commit adultery."

Johnson's objection to the admission of Garrick, notwithstanding their long continued acquaintance, may be justified by Garrick's deficiency in useful and sound learning; he was no disquisitor, his reading had been confined, and he could contribute little else to the pleasures of sober and instructive conversation than the fleeting occurrences of the day, or the petty detail of theatrical intrigue. Even his knowledge of the world was derived through the medium of dramatic writers, who are far from being the safest guides.

Garrick's characteristic foible was vanity, and a consequent painful apprehension of ridicule; his general character is so well portrayed by Dr. Goldsmith, in his well-known poem of Retaliation, which, in addition to our author's just panegyric on him as an actor, gives an accurate and masterly delineation of him as a man:

"Here lies David Garrick, describe me, who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man.
As an actor, confess'd without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line:
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
And be-plaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.

And pause and start with the same vacant face,
We join the critic laugh; those tricks we scorn
Which spoil the scenes they mean them to adorn;
But when, from Nature's pure and genuine source,
These strokes of acting flow with generous force,
When in the features all the soul's portray'd,
And passions, such as Garrick's, are display'd,
To me they seem from quickest feelings caught,
Each start is nature, and each pause is thought.
When reason yields to passion's wild alarms,
And the whole state of man is up in arms,
What but a critic could condemn the player
For pausing here, when cool sense pauses there?

With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day;
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
If they were not his own by finessing and trick:
He cast off his friends, like a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back.
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame;
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest, was surest to please.
But let us be candid and speak out our mind;
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls so grave,
What a commerce was yours while you got and you gave!
How did Grub Street re-echo the shouts that you raised,
Whilst he was be-Roscius'd and you were be-praised!
But peace to his spirit wherever it flies,
To act as an angel, and mix with the skies;
Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will;
Old Shakspeare receive him with praise and with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above."

Whilst, working from the heart, the fire I trace,
And mark it strongly flaming to the face;
Whilst in each sound I hear the very man,
I can't catch words, and pity those who can.

Let wits, like spiders, from the tortured brain
Fine-draw the critic-web with curious pain;
The gods,—a kindness I with thanks must pay,—
Have form'd me of a coarser kind of clay;
Nor stung with envy, nor with spleen diseased,
A poor dull creature, still with Nature pleased:
Hence to thy praises, Garrick, I agree,
And, pleased with Nature, must be pleased with thee.

Mr. Garrick, who was much displeased with this accurate exposure of his ruling passion, wrote the following epigram on Goldsmith's poem:

"Are these the choice dishes the doctor has sent us?
Is this the great poet whose works so content us?
This Goldsmith's fine feast, who has written fine books?
Heaven sends us good meat, but the devil sends cooks."

1032 The recruiting sergeant in Farquhar's lively comedy of the Recruiting Officer.

1062 Horace Walpole, whose affected and fastidious character and perverted artificial taste for Mrs. Chenevix's toy-shop, which ultimately formed the staple of his own Strawbery Hill, rendered him incapable of appreciating aught noble, great, or natural, in a letter to Sir Horace Mann, dated 26 May, 1742, thus reported his opinion of Garrick at that early but brilliant period of his career. "But all the run is now after Garrick, a wine merchant, who is turned player at Goodman's Fields. He plays all parts, and is a very good mimic. His acting I have seen, and may say to you who will not tell it again here, I see nothing wonderful in it, but it is heresy to say so; the Duke of Argyle says he is superior to Betterton."

Now might I tell, how silence reign'd throughout,
And deep attention hush'd the rabble rout;
How every claimant, tortured with desire,
Was pale as ashes, or as red as fire;
But loose to fame, the Muse more simply acts,
Rejects all flourish, and relates mere facts.
The judges, as the several parties came,
With temper heard, with judgment weigh'd each claim,
And, in their sentence happily agreed,
In name of both, great Shakspeare thus decreed:
"If manly sense, if Nature link'd with art;
If thorough knowledge of the human heart;
If powers of acting vast and unconfined;
If fewest faults with greatest beauties join'd;
If strong expression, and strange powers which lie
Within the magic circle of the eye;
If feelings which few hearts, like his, can know,
And which no face so well as his can show,
Deserve the preference;—Garrick! take the chair,
Nor quit it—till thou place an equal there."

1090 Dr. Johnson, with his usual force of expression, paid a just tribute to the memory of his deceased friend. "At this man's (Mr. Walmsley) table I enjoyed many cheerful and instructive hours, with companions such as are not often to be found; with one who has lengthened, and one who has gladdened life; with Dr. James, whose skill in physic will be long remembered; and with David Garrick, whom I hoped to have gratified with this character of our common friend; but, what are the hopes of man! I am disappointed by that stroke of death which has eclipsed the gaiety of nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure." —*Life of* EDMUND SMITH.

SUPPLEMENTAL NOTES TO THE ROSCIAD.

The sensation occasioned by the publication of the Rosciad may in some degree be estimated by the swarm of poems and pamphlets to which it gave rise: subjoined are the titles of a few only of the best, where almost all were bad.

The Churchiliad, or a few modest questions addressed to the Reverend Author of the Rosciad.

An Epistle to the Author of the Rosciad and the Apology. Thus noticed in the Monthly Review:—

An exhortation to renounce satire and

to the admiring throng
In sweetest notes pour forth the moral song,
ding dong.

The Smithfield Rosciad. By the Author.

An Epistle to C. Churchill, Author of the Rosciad, by D. Hayes, Esq.

An Epistle to C. Churchill, Author of the Rosciad, by R. Lloyd.

The Triumvirate, a poetical portrait taken from the life, and finished after the manner of Swift. By Veritas.

[Monthly Review.]

Justice to the author obliges us, though we may disapprove the design, to speak favourably of the execution. A peculiar ease of expression runs through the whole, frequently supported with an uncommon strength of thought, from whence we might be induced to guess at the author, did not the dear-bought experience of others teach us the danger of such an attempt; the following is the motto or apology for it:

For want of motto take the names
Of those whom infamy proclaims;
Who have the world's contempt employ'd,

By titles Churchill, Colman, Lloyd;
The subjects of the piece I draw,
Who fear no sin, exempt from law,
In scandal busy, censure bold,
By sense of honour uncontroll'd;
To all men foes who merit praise,
Themselves and Company to raise.

The following lines apply to the various opinions given of the Rosciad by the same persons, almost in the same breath:

The Rosciad full of bitter spleen,
Where everything and nothing's seen;
Shew'd that his wit was clean and terse,
But that his mind was sour'd or worse;
Or that, perhaps, his soul had grace,
But that his wit was common-place,
Shew'd that his head was sound and clear,
But that he writ without an ear;
Or that the things were smoothly said,
But that he writ without a head;
That he was given much to rail,
That he was in and out of jail.
That both "unknowing and unknown,"
'Twas most undoubtedly his own;
And one with half an eye might see,
It never was or could be he;
All wrong, all right, all truth, all fiction,
All good, all bad, all contradiction.

With chaos heads and hearts of steel,
They not one virtue know or feel,
But ever studious to defame
An author or an actor's name;
O'erleap the sacred bounds of truth,
Nor spare they age, or sex, or youth;
But now in turns shall they be shown,
In colours glaring as the sun:
And each so just, at sight you'll know,
The parson, lawyer, new-made beau,
Acknowledging the very man,
Such matter have I for my plan.

A Parody on the Rosciad of Churchill.

The Anti-Rosciad by the Author. (This was written by Dr. Thomas Morell, as he informed Mr. Steevens.)

Fœnum habet in cornû, longe fuge.

Against both houses Churchill draws his quill,
Bent like Drawcansir all he meets to kill;
In opposition dire he meets the town,
And all they praise he labours to pull down;
Go on, Drawcansir-like, no mortal spare,
And say, "All this I do, because I dare."

The Rosciad of Covent Garden, by the Author (H. J. Pye).

Though freedom reigns in Churchill's mighty rhymes,
Beyond the genius of these leaden times,
Though every line with music flows along,
As Pope harmonious, and as Dryden strong;
Yet cause with sacred truth he dared invade,
The actors in their own theatric shade;
With well-wrought satire moved to idle rage,
The mighty monarchs of the British stage,
The manly roughness of his verse they blame,
And blacken with reproach his glorious name.

The Apology addressed to the Reviewers by ——, Esq. Author of the Rosciad of Covent Garden.

The Battle of the Players, in imitation of Swift's Battle of the Books, in which are introduced the characters of all the Actors and Actresses on the English Stage, with an impartial estimate of their respective merits. By the Author.

The Four Farthing Candles, a Satire.

An Epistle to the Author of the Four Farthing Candles. By the Author of the Rosciad of Covent Garden.

This man and his opponent should, leaving all poetic strains
To those whom heaven has bless'd with brains,
Some honest occupation choose,
As sweeping streets or cleaning shoes.

Monthly Review.

An Epistle to the irreverend Mr. C. Churchill, in his own style and manner, 4to.

The Jumble, a Satire, addressed to the Rev. Mr. Churchill.

Epilogue to the Comedy of Have at ye All, intended to have been spoken by Mr. King on his benefit night, in answer to the liberties taken with him and other actors by the author of the Rosciad, but withdrawn at the request of the Manager.

Against the Actors he declaims with rage,
Another Collier to destroy the stage;
Out comes the Rosciad, and then, hit or miss,
Attacks the whole Personæ Dramatis;
His *text* he quits, and with becoming grace,
He makes a livelihood of this poor face;
King's impudence—he cries—mute as a post,
I mention not his impudence—pray who has most:
If he succeeds, I never yet repined,
It hurts not me, I hope the man has dined;
He preaches now and then, and to be sure
Attention gets, "I wish he'd get a Cure
Bless'd with a head in trifles to excel,
Where we were born, where bred, and where we dwell,
Who has a wife—who not, the bard can tell,
Good soul, to serve us he took all this pain,
As assafœtida revives the brain;
And lest to him ungrateful I appear,
Let me just drop this counsel in his ear:
No more abroad to mend the manners roam,
But know that charity begins at home;
And ere to plays and players you turn your head,
Attend your function and *inter the dead.*

The popularity of the poem and of its author were evidenced and increased, rather than impaired by the injudicious attacks upon both; the Rosciad ran through twelve editions in its independent quarto shape at the price of half-a-crown, since which it has appeared in more than as many editions of the collected poems of C. Churchill.

THE APOLOGY.

ADDRESSED TO THE CRITICAL REVIEWERS.

This poem, which was published in April, 1761, was occasioned by the very extraordinary critique upon the Rosciad which appeared in the Critical Review soon after the publication of that poem. The Monthly Review cautiously abstained from all mention of it, until a second edition proclaimed the author's name, but whether from the *esprit du corps*, or the personal pique of some of its conductors, Churchill gained but extorted and reluctant praise for his merits, while his defects were studiously exposed and minutely expatiated upon.

The charge of unprovoked hostility cannot therefore in this instance be imputed with justice to our author. The Reviewers were decidedly the aggressors; they endeavoured, as far as their influence could extend, to prejudice the public mind against a poem that occasioned a greater sensation in it than had ever before been excited in England by any poetical performance. The Rosciad was modestly ushered into the world without the author's name, and consequently claimed for the author in common with all anonymous publications, an exemption from personal abuse: here this precaution was of no avail. A nominal author was selected by the reviewers for the purpose of censuring men far their superiors in intellectual attainments; and though they dared not impeach the general merit of the poem, for it had received the stamp and sanction of public approbation, yet they were sparing of commendation, and gratuitously undertook the defence of the histrionic band, whom they pretended to consider in the light of harmless victims to the insatiable vengeance of a satirical Drawcansir.

The reader will be enabled to judge of the truth of the above statement from the following extract from the Critical Review for March, 1761:

"The observations with regard to the respective merits of the actors are, for the most part, just, though not new, being indeed no more than the echo of the critics in every coffee-house, put into tolerable good rhyme. The whole drift of the performance seems to be plainly and indisputably this: first, to throw all the players, like so many fagots, into a pile, and set fire to them by way of a sacrifice to the modern Roscius; and secondly, to do the same by all the wits and poets of the age, in compliment to Messrs. Lloyd and Colman, the heroes of the piece. Mr. Garrick is seated between these two gentlemen

—— like Hercules
Supported by the pillars he had raised.

There he receives incense which they stuff up his nostrils at a most profuse rate.

"It is natural for young authors to conceive themselves the cleverest fellows in the world, and withal that there is not the least degree of merit subsisting but in their own works; it is natural likewise for them to imagine, that they may conceal themselves by appearing in different shapes, and that they are not to be found out by their style; but little do these *connoisseurs** in writing know how easily they are discovered by a veteran in the service. In the title-page of this performance we are told, (by way of quaint conceit,) that it was written by *the author;* what if it should prove that *the author* and *the*

* The Connoisseur, a periodical publication of the year 1754, of considerable merit and smartness, conducted and chiefly written by Bonnell Thornton and Colman, sen. under the assumed name of Mr. Town, and to which Lloyd, Churchill, and Cowper, with the other prime wits of the period occasionally contributed. Dr. Southey, in his Life of Cowper, attributes Nos. 111, 115, 119, 134, and 138, to him, and leaves it doubtful whether the letters by Mr. Town's cousin Village, in Nos. 13, 23, 41, 76, 81, 105, and 139, were also his, but thinks most probably not. Mr. Peake, however, in his Memoirs of the Colman family, alleges that the only papers contributed by Cowper, were Nos. 119, 134, and 138.

actor are the same! certain it is, that we meet with the same vein of peculiar humour, the same facility of versification, the same turn of thought, the same affected contempt of the ancients, the same extravagant praise of the moderns, the same *autophililism* (there's a new word for you to bring into your next poem) which we met with in the other,

> When in discoursing of each mimic elf,
> We praise and censure with an eye to *self*.

"Insomuch that we are ready to make the conclusion in the *author's* own words,

> Who is it?—LLOYD.

"We will not pretend, however, absolutely to assert, that Mr. Lloyd wrote this poem, but we may venture to affirm that it is the production jointly or separately of the new triumvirate of wits, (Colman, Lloyd,* and Thornton,) who never let an opportunity slip of singing their own praises, *caw me, caw thee*, as Sawney says; and so it is, they go and scratch one another like Scotch pedlers."

Besides his not being well pleased with the above account of his poem, Churchill wished to add something farther on the subject of it, and to justify the attack he had made upon the players. Whatever reasons the Reviewers had to be dissatisfied with this poem, the players themselves were not so much offended as they had been with the Rosciad. The author, indeed, treats the profession of acting with great contempt; and paints in the strongest colours the meanness and distress of itinerant companies, and the unhappy shifts to which they are occasionally reduced. But all this the London actors regarded as a trifling injury, compared with the

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* In answer to this indirect imputation by the Review, the following advertisement appeared in the public papers.

"Mr. Lloyd was never concerned or consulted about the publication of this poem, or ever corrected or saw the sheets from the press, as we can testify.

WILLIAM FLEXNEY, Publisher.
WILLIAM GRIFFIN, Printer."

satire which had been directed against their individual defects.

Dr. Smollett, the editor of, and principal contributor to the Critical Review, exculpated himself from the charge of being the author of the critique on the Rosciad, in a letter to Mr. Garrick; but so warm was Churchill in his temper, and so prone to take offence, that besides his satirising the writer of the Journal, he extended his resentment to Archibald Hamilton, the printer of it. Their being both Scotchmen certainly did not operate in mitigation of punishment. The tenor of the Critical Review, as edited by Smollett, was to decry any work that appeared favourable to the principles of the Revolution. Nor was Smollett single in this disposition. The Scotch in the heart of London had at this time assumed a dictatorial power of reviling every book that censured the Stuarts, or upheld the Revolution—a provocation they ought to have remembered when the tide rolled back upon them.

The conduct of the Reviewers was the more to be lamented, as all their subsequent animadversions, however just, were imputed by Churchill to disappointed malice and revenge. Had his faults of style and composition been reprehended with a spirit of liberal and manly criticism, he would probably have been the first to acknowledge and correct them: both parties were obstinate in their error; the Reviewers never bestowed any but unwilling commendation, and evinced an asperity in their comments which betrayed the source of their chagrin. Churchill, on the other hand, bold in the public applause, contemned their admonitions, and purposely, though injuriously to his own reputation, persisted in declining to adorn his original and vigorous thoughts with the graces of polished versification, or by labour

——— weaken to refine
The generous roughness of a nervous line.

The Monthly Review thus noticed this poem. "However we may admire the strength of poetry, the accuracy of observation, and happy vein of humour in the Rosciad, humanity would wish that no set of men should be made ridiculous and contemptible in a profession from which they must draw

their subsistence. In this poem there is a greater degree of severity and more poignancy of satire against the gentlemen of the stage than even in the Rosciad."

"In the Apology, however, we meet with as much humour and fancy, facility of expression and harmony of numbers, as are to be seen in most productions of the present, or perhaps any past age. Certain it is, that no poet was ever formed from studying Pope, while many, with Pope himself, have caught the spark of genius from the great, though unequal Dryden."

The feverish anxiety of Garrick, in consequence of the altered tone respecting him in the Apology, from what it was in the Rosciad, is characteristically displayed in the following propitiatory letter to Lloyd, who most probably exercised his soothing influence over his capricious friend, and effected a hollow truce, if not a cordial peace between the bard and the too sensitive actor.

Hampton, Friday.

Dear Sir,—Whenever I am happy in the acquaintance of a man of genius and letters, I never let any mean, ill-grounded suspicions creep into my mind to disturb that happiness; whatever he says, I am inclined and bound to believe, and, therefore, I must desire you not to vex yourself with unnecessary delicacy upon my account. I see and read so much of Mr. Churchill's spirit, without having the pleasure of his acquaintance, that I am persuaded that his genius disdains any direction, and that resolutions once taken by him will withstand the warmest importunities of his friends. At the first reading of his Apology, I was so charmed and raised with the power of his writing, that I really forgot that I was delighted when I ought to have been alarmed; this puts me in mind of the Highland officer, who was so warmed and elevated by the heat of the battle, that he had forgot till he was reminded by the smarting, that he had received no less than eleven wounds in different parts of his body. All I have to say, or will say upon the occasion is this: if Mr. Churchill has attacked his pasteboard Majesty of Drury Lane from resentment, I should be sorry for it, though I am conscious it is ill-founded; if he has attacked me merely because I am

the *Punch of the Puppet-show*, I sha'nt turn my back upon him and salute him in Punch's fashion; but make myself easy with this thought—that my situation made the attack necessary, and that it would have been a pity that so much strong, high-coloured poetry should have been thrown away, either in *justice* or in *friendship*, on so insignificant a person as myself. In his *Rosciad* he raised me too high, in his Apology he may have sunk me too low; he has done as the Israelites did, made an idol of a calf, and now *the idol dwindles to a calf again*. He has thought fit, a few weeks ago, to declare me the best Actor of my time, (which, by the bye, is no great compliment, if there is as much truth as wit in his Apology,) and I will shew the superiority I have over my brethren upon this occasion, by seeming at least that I am not dissatisfied, and appear as I once saw a poor soldier on the parade, who was acting a pleasantry of countenance, while his back was most wofully striped with the cat-o'-nine-tails. To be a little serious—you mentioned to me, sometime ago, that Mr. Churchill was displeased with me—you must have known whether justly or not;—if the first, you should certainly have opened your heart to me and have heard *my* Apology—if the last, you should, as a common friend to both, have vindicated me, and then I might have escaped *his* Apology; but be it this, or that, or t'other, I am still his great admirer, and, Dear Sir, Your sincere Friend, and most humble Servant,

D. Garrick.

To Mr. Lloyd.

The original of the above is one of a very valuable collection of contemporary autograph letters in the possession of Mr. Pickering, and appears to have been reclaimed by Garrick, by whom it is thus indorsed:—A Letter from me to Lloyd about Churchill's Apology.

THE APOLOGY.

ADDRESSED TO THE CRITICAL REVIEWERS.*

Tristitiam et Metus.—Horace

Laughs not the heart when giants, big with pride,
Assume the pompous port, the martial stride;
O'er arm Herculean heave the enormous shield,
Vast as a weaver's beam the javelin wield;
With the loud voice of thundering Jove defy
And dare to single combat—What?—A fly.
And laugh we less when giant names, which shine
Establish'd, as it were, by right divine,
Critics, whom every captive art adores,
To whom glad Science pours forth all her stores;

* In the Critical Review for May, 1761, the month when this poem was published, the editors, instead of making the *amende honorable*, ransacked Billingsgate for terms sufficiently vulgar and opprobrious wherein to convey their abuse of the author, who they now find to be one "Churchill, who, it seems is a clergyman." In an awkward attempt at humour, they proceed to rally this "furious ecclesiastic," and then seriously attempt to vindicate their own immaculate purity. With such subjects to work upon, it may easily be imagined that they failed in both their objects.

Who high in letter'd reputation sit,
And hold, Astræa-like, the scales of wit,
With partial rage rush forth,—Oh! shame to tell!
To crush a bard just bursting from the shell?
Great are his perils in this stormy time
Who rashly ventures on a sea of rhyme:
Around vast surges roll, winds envious blow,
And jealous rocks and quicksands lurk below:
Greatly his foes he dreads, but more his friends;
He hurts me most who lavishly commends.
Look through the world—in every other trade
The same employment's cause of kindness made,
At least appearance of good will creates,
And every fool puffs off the fool he hates:
Cobblers with cobblers smoke away the night,
And in the common cause e'en players unite:
Authors alone, with more than savage rage,
Unnatural war with brother authors wage.
The pride of Nature would as soon admit
Competitors in empire as in wit;
Onward they rush at Fame's imperious call,
And, less than greatest, would not be at all.
Smit with the love of honour,—or the pence,—
O'errun with wit, and destitute of sense,
Should any novice in the rhyming trade
With lawless pen the realms of verse invade,
Forth from the court, where sceptred sages sit,
Abused with praise and flatter'd into wit,
Where in lethargic majesty they reign,
And what they won by dullness, still maintain,

Legions of factious authors throng at once,
Fool beckons fool, and dunce awakens dunce.
To Hamilton's the ready lies repair,—
Ne'er was lie made which was not welcome there—
Thence, on maturer judgment's anvil wrought,
The polish'd falsehood's into public brought.
Quick-circulating slanders mirth afford;
And reputation bleeds in every word.
A critic was of old a glorious name,
Whose sanction handed merit up to fame;
Beauties as well as faults he brought to view;
His judgment great, and great his candour too;
No servile rules drew sickly taste aside;
Secure he walk'd, for Nature was his guide.

[48] In the Race, a poem by Cuthbert Shaw, Hamilton is thus unfavourably characterized:—

"Foremost, the spite of hell upon his face,
Stood the Thersites of the critic race,
Tremendous Hamilton! of giant strength,
With crab-tree staff full twice two yards in length.
Next John o'Groat's thatch'd cot its parent stood
Alone for many a mile, itself a wood,
Till Archy spied it, yet unform'd and wild,
And robb'd the mother of her tallest child.
Ill-omen'd birds beheld with dire affright
Their roost despoil'd, and sicken'd at the sight;
The ravens croak'd, pies chatter'd round his head
In vain,—he frown'd, the birds in terror fled;
Perch'd on their thistles, droop'd the mournful band;
Archy stalk'd off, the crab-tree in his hand."

Foote observed to some one who praised Hamilton as a well-read man, "I grant you he reads a great many proofs, but they are no great proofs of his reading."

But now, oh! strange reverse! our critics bawl
In praise of candour with a heart of gall;
Conscious of guilt, and fearful of the light,
They lurk enshrouded in the veil of night;
Safe from detection, seize the unwary prey,
And stab, like bravoes, all who come that way.
When first my Muse, perhaps more bold than wise,
Bade the rude trifle into light arise,
Little she thought such tempests would ensue,
Less, that those tempests would be raised by you.
The thunder's fury rends the towering oak,
Rosciads, like shrubs, might 'scape the fatal stroke.
Vain thought! a critic's fury knows no bound;
Drawcansir-like, he deals destruction round;
Nor can we hope he will a stranger spare,
Who gives no quarter to his friend Voltaire.
Unhappy Genius! placed by partial Fate
With a free spirit in a slavish state;
Where the reluctant Muse, oppress'd by kings,

70 Dr. Smollet, about this period, professing to have only recently discovered, began to inveigh against the tendency of Voltaire's writings, and though he had on former occasions bestowed high encomiums on his genius and assumed patriotism, now denied him the former, and termed the latter inflammatory and seditious.

71 Churchill, judging by his own sentiments, little suspected that the subject of this animated panegyric had not one spark of public spirit in his composition, that he was servile and arrogant, bigoted and licentious, as interest might dictate; in short, that he was a compound of all the vices that caprice can engender upon vanity. The characters of Churchill and

Or droops in silence, or in fetters sings.
In vain thy dauntless fortitude hath borne
The bigot's furious zeal, and tyrant's scorn.
Why didst thou safe from home-bred dangers steer,
Reserved to perish more ignobly here?
Thus, when, the Julian tyrant's pride to swell,
Rome with her Pompey at Pharsalia fell,
The vanquish'd chief escaped from Cæsar's hand,
To die by ruffians in a foreign land.

How could these self-elected monarchs raise
So large an empire on so small a base?
In what retreat, inglorious and unknown,
Did Genius sleep when Dullness seized the throne?
Whence, absolute now grown, and free from awe,
She to the subject world dispenses law.
Without her license not a letter stirs,
And all the captive criss-cross-row is hers.
The Stagyrite, who rules from Nature drew,
Opinions gave, but gave his reasons too.
Our great Dictators take a shorter way—
Who shall dispute what the Reviewers say?

Voltaire were as opposite as those of their respective countrymen; our author bold, manly, independent, and a stranger to deceit—the Frenchman specious, designing, hypocritical, and equally destitute of principle as of veracity.

84 The booksellers having undertaken a translation of Voltaire's works, Doctors Smollett and Franklin were, for a valuable consideration, induced to suffer their names to appear as the translators, though they professed in private no farther share in the concern. This was on both sides an unpardonable imposition on the public, and the slovenly manner in which the job was performed rendered the transaction, if possible, still more disgraceful.

Their word's sufficient; and to ask a reason,
In such a state as theirs, is downright treason.
True judgment now with them alone can dwell;
Like Church of Rome, they're grown infallible.
Dull superstitious readers they deceive,
Who pin their easy faith on critic's sleeve,
And, knowing nothing, every thing believe!
But why repine we that these puny elves
Shoot into giants?—we may thank ourselves:
Fools that we are, like Israel's fools of yore,
The calf ourselves have fashion'd we adore.
But let true reason once resume her reign,
This god shall dwindle to a calf again.

Founded on arts which shun the face of day,
By the same arts they still maintain their sway.
Wrapp'd in mysterious secrecy they rise,
And, as they are unknown, are safe and wise.
At whomsoever aim'd, howe'er severe,
The envenom'd slander flies, no names appear:
Prudence forbid that step;—then all might know,
And on more equal terms engage the foe.
But now, what Quixote of the age would care
To wage a war with dirt, and fight with air!
By interest join'd, the expert confederates stand,
And play the game into each other's hand:
The vile abuse, in turn by all denied,
Is bandied up and down from side to side:
It flies—hey!—presto!—like a juggler's ball,
Till it belongs to nobody at all.

All men and things they know, themselves unknown,

And publish every name—except their own.
Nor think this strange—secure from vulgar eyes,
The nameless author passes in disguise;
But veteran critics are not so deceived,
If veteran critics are to be believed.
Once seen, they know an author evermore,
Nay, swear to hands they never saw before.
Thus in the Rosciad, beyond chance or doubt,
They by the writing found the writers out.
"That's Lloyd's—his manner there you plainly trace,
And all the Actor stares you in the face.
By Colman that was written—on my life;
The strongest symptoms of the Jealous Wife;
That little disingenuous piece of spite,
Churchill, a wretch unknown! perhaps might write."
How doth it make judicious readers smile,
When authors are detected by their style.
Though every one, who knows this author, knows
He shifts his style much oftener than his clothes?
Whence could arise this mighty critic spleen,
The Muse a trifler, and her theme so mean?
What had I done, that angry heaven should send
The bitterest foe where most I wish'd a friend?
Oft hath my tongue been wanton at thy name,

148 Dr. Tobias Smollett was originally a surgeon's mate, and served at the siege of Cathagena, of which, together with many other circumstances of his life, a faithful account is given in his adventures of Roderic Random. In this, and

And hail'd the honours of thy matchless fame.
For me let hoary Fielding bite the ground,
So nobler Pickle stands superbly bound;
From Livy's temples tear the historic crown,

most of his other novels, many living characters were introduced, particularly Dr. Akenside, under the name of the Republican Doctor, whose history also forms one of the most agreeable episodes in Peregrine Pickle. Smollett attempted to practise physic at Bath; but, being unpopular among the ladies, failed of success, abandoned his profession altogether, and took up that of an author. He lived at Chelsea, and pursued his literary labours under the auspices of the booksellers, who were his only patrons; for he possessed an irritable spirit of independence which disqualified him from seeking the patronage of the leaders of the cause he espoused. By the unprecedented sale of his History of England he cleared £2000; the extraordinary success of this work can be scarcely credited in the present day, when it is little read and less quoted. It first consisted of four quarto volumes, which he finished in two years; but it proved little better than a compilation from other histories, and, in the later period of it, from virulent controversial Tory libels of the age, and other equally questionable materials; yet being heightened by personal invectives, strong Jacobitism, and the grossest misrepresentations of the Duke of Cumberland's conduct in Scotland, the sale was prodigious. Eleven thousand copies were instantly sold; it was again printed, and adorned with very inferior prints, except two or three by Strange, who could not refuse his admirable graver to the service of the Jacobite cause. He afterwards undertook a new magazine for wit. Notwithstanding the notoriety of his disaffection, he contrived to obtain the patronage of Mr. Pitt, to whom he had dedicated his history. In the following reign he was hired to write a scurrilous paper, called the Briton, against that very patron Mr. Pitt. As a controversial writer he was foiled by the North Briton, owing, as his friends alleged, to Lord Bute's denying him the necessary information, and neglecting to fulfil the engagements he had entered into with him. Be that as it may, the Doctor

Which with more justice blooms upon thine own.
Compared with thee, be all life-writers dumb,
But he who wrote the Life of Tommy Thumb. [155]
Who ever read the Regicide, but swore

appears not by his subsequent performances to have forgotten the transaction. His constitution being at last greatly impaired by a sedentary life, he went abroad for his health in 1763. During his travels he appears to have laboured under a constant fit of chagrin; in one of his "Letters from France and Italy," afterwards published by him, he writes to a friend thus:—"In gratifying your curiosity I shall find some amusement to beguile the tedious hours, which without some such employment would be rendered insupportable by distemper and disquiet. You knew and pitied my situation, traduced by malice, persecuted by faction, abandoned by false patrons, and overwhelmed by the sense of a domestic calamity, which it was not in the power of fortune to repair." This domestic calamity was the loss of his only child, a daughter whom he loved with the tenderest affection. The querulous tone of his travels in unison with that of Matthew Bramble in his own Humphrey Clinker, was justly animadverted on by Sterne, in his Sentimental Journey: "The learned Smelfungus travelled from Boulogne to Paris, from Paris to Rome, and so on, but he set out with the spleen and jaundice, and every object he passed by was discoloured or distorted. He wrote an account of them, but it was nothing but the account of his miserable feelings." The Doctor lived to return to his native country; but his health continuing to decline, and meeting with fresh mortifications and disappointments, he went back to Leghorn, where he died, Oct. 21, 1771, in the fifty-second year of his age. A pillar at his birthplace, on the banks of the Leven, near Dunbarton, was erected to his memory, with a Latin inscription revised by Dr. Johnson.

[156] Very early in life Dr. Smollett wrote a tragedy, entitled the Regicide, founded on the story of the assassination of James the First of Scotland, which, with all his interest, he could never get represented on the stage; he afterwards pub-

The author wrote as man ne'er wrote before?
Others for plots and under-plots may call,
Here's the right method—have no plot at all.
Who can so often in his cause engage
The tiny pathos of the Grecian stage,
Whilst horrors rise, and tears spontaneous flow
At tragic Ha! and no less tragic Oh!
To praise his nervous weakness all agree,
And then for sweetness who so sweet as he!
Too big for utterance when sorrows swell,
The too big sorrows flowing tears must tell;
But when those flowing tears shall cease to flow,
Why—then the voice must speak again, you know.
Rude and unskilful in the poet's trade,
I kept no Naïads by me ready made;

lished it by subscription with no great success. He has alluded to this and other of his theatrical transactions in the story of Melopoyne, in Roderic Random. He sent his tragedy to Lord Lyttelton, with whom he was not acquainted, and who, not caring to point out its defects, civilly advised him to try comedy. He accordingly wrote one, and solicited the same lord to recommend it to the stage. This his lordship declined; but promised, if it should be acted, to do the author all the service in his power.

The Doctor then wanted Garrick and Quin to patronize this play, but could not prevail on them; and in revenge attacked them both most furiously in Roderic Random and Peregrine Pickle, not allowing them even a moderate share of skill in their profession; but on the publication of the Regicide, the public fully acquitted these distinguished actors of all blame for rejecting so very feeble a performance. Dr. Smollett atoned for this outrage upon good taste, although, at the sacrifice of consistency, by the following honourable mention of Mr. Garrick in his History of England:—"The exhibitions of the

Ne'er did I colours high in air advance,
Torn from the bleeding fopperies of France;
No flimsy linsey-woolsey scenes I wrote,
With patches here and there, like Joseph's coat:
Me humbler themes befit: secure, for me,
Let play-wrights smuggle nonsense duty free;
Secure, for me, ye lambs, ye lambkins! bound,
And frisk and frolic o'er the fairy ground:
Secure, for me, thou pretty little fawn!
Lick Sylvia's hand, and crop the flowery lawn;
Uncensured let the gentle breezes rove
Through the green umbrage of the enchanted grove,
Secure, for me, let foppish Nature smile,
And play the coxcomb in the Desert Isle.
The stage I chose—a subject fair and free—

stage were improved to the most exquisite entertainment by the talent and management of Garrick, who greatly surpassed all his predecessors of this and perhaps every other country in his genius for acting, in the sweetness and variety of his tones, the irresistible magic of his eye, the fire and vivacity of his action, the elegance of attitude, and the whole pathos of expression." As a poet, Smollett's Tears of Scotland, and Ode to Independence, shew the excellence to which he might have attained, had he cultivated a muse which in those instances had been so propitious to him.

178 Murphy's practice of vamping up old French plays is here alluded to, and the justice of the accusation appeared by Lloyd's translating from the French of M. de Boissy the New School for Woman, from which play Murphy had pilfered and patched up "The Way to Keep Him."

185 The Desert Island, a dramatic tale in three acts, by A. Murphy, 1760, borrowed from a drama of Metastasio, entitled, L'Isola disabitata. This ridiculous pastoral medley, only remarkable for affected simplicity of language, and

'Tis yours—'tis mine—'tis public property.
All common exhibitions open lie
For praise or censure to the common eye.
Hence are a thousand hackney writers fed;
Hence Monthly Critics earn their daily bread.
This is a general tax which all must pay,
From those who scribble, down to those who play.
Actors, a venal crew, receive support
From public bounty for the public sport.
To clap or hiss all have an equal claim,
The cobbler's and his lordship's right the same.
All join for their subsistence; all expect
Free leave to praise their worth, their faults correct.
When active Pickle Smithfield stage ascends
The three days' wonder of his laughing friends,
Each, or as judgment or as fancy guides,
The lively witling praises or derides.

the improbability of the catastrophe, suited not the taste of John Bull, the Desert Island was deserted, and has never since been represented on the stage. Murphy, in revenge for the treatment he had received in the Rosciad, wrote a contemptible satire, called "An Ode to the Naiads of Fleet-ditch," grossly indecent in many of its allusions, and which he was afterwards very desirous to suppress. He professed in the advertisement to imitate the style and colouring of Dryden and Pope, in the Macflecknoe and Dunciad. The following lines, descriptive of Churchill's behaviour at the theatres, will sufficiently demonstrate how well Murphy succeeded in his attempt:

. . . . . no more he'll sit
In foremost row before th' astonish'd pit,
In brawn Oldmixon's rival as in wit;
And grin dislike,

And where's the mighty difference, tell me where
Betwixt a Merry Andrew and a player?
The strolling tribe, a despicable race!
Like wandering Arabs, shift from place to place.
Vagrants by law, to justice open laid,
They tremble, of the beadle's lash afraid,
And, fawning, cringe for wretched means of life
To Madam Mayoress, or his Worship's wife.
The mighty monarch, in theatric sack,
Carries his whole regalia at his back;
His royal consort heads the female band,
And leads the heir apparent in her hand;
The pannier'd ass creeps on with conscious pride,
Bearing a future prince on either side.
No choice musicians in this troop are found
To varnish nonsense with the charms of sound;
No swords, no daggers, not one poison'd bowl;

And kiss the spike,
And giggle,
And wriggle,
And fiddle,
And diddle,
And fiddle, faddle,
And diddle, daddle.

208 By 17 G. II. c. 5. "All common players of interludes, and all persons who for hire or reward, act or cause to be acted any interlude or entertainment of the stage, or any part therein, not being authorized by law, shall be deemed rogues and vagabonds, and be punished accordingly." This statute has been altered and qualified by several subsequent enactments.

Beggars they are with one consent,
And rogues by act of parliament.

No lightning flashes here, no thunders roll;
No guards to swell the monarch's train are shown;
The monarch here must be a host alone:
No solemn pomp, no slow processions here;
No Ammon's entry, and no Juliet's bier.

By need compell'd to prostitute his art,
The varied actor flies from part to part;
And, strange disgrace to all theatric pride!
His character is shifted with his side.
Question and answer he by turns must be,
Like that small wit in modern tragedy.
Who, to patch up his fame—or fill his purse—
Still pilfers wretched plans, and makes them worse;
Like gypsies, lest the stolen brat be known,
Defacing first, then claiming for his own.
In shabby state they strut, and tatter'd robe,
The scene a blanket, and a barn the globe:
No high conceits their moderate wishes raise,
Content with humble profit, humble praise.
Let dowdies simper, and let bumpkins stare,
The strolling pageant hero treads in air:
Pleased for his hour, he to mankind gives law,
And snores the next out on a truss of straw.

231 Mr. Murphy, in the preface to his Grecian Daughter, the only tragedy of his now on the acting list, acknowledges that it is principally borrowed from the Zelmire of M. Belloy; all his other dramas may with ease be traced to their French or Italian parents. Among others his Zenobia is an obvious transcript from the Rhadamiste of Crebillon.

236 A ludicrous representation of the distresses of itinerant players had been given by Hogarth, in his engraving published in 1738, of Strolling Actresses dressing in a barn,

But if kind fortune, who sometimes we know
Can take a hero from a puppet-show,
In mood propitious should her favourite call,
On royal stage in royal pomp to bawl,
Forgetful of himself he rears the head,
And scorns the dunghill where he first was bred.
Conversing now with well-dress'd kings and queens,
With gods and goddesses behind the scenes,
He sweats beneath the terror-nodding plume,
Taught by mock honours real pride t'assume.
On this great stage, the world, no monarch e'er
Was half so haughty as a monarch player.

Doth it more move our anger or our mirth
To see these things, the lowest sons of earth,
Presume, with self-sufficient knowledge graced,
To rule in letters, and preside in taste?
The town's decisions they no more admit,
Themselves alone the arbiters of wit,
And scorn the jurisdiction of that court
To which they owe their being and support.
Actors, like monks of old, now sacred grown,
Must be attack'd by no fools but their own.

of which piece Mr. Walpole observed, that for wit and imagination it was the best of all the artist's works.

260 Churchill appears to have been goaded to this additional attack upon actors in general, and placing their calling in the most ludicrous point of view, by the absurd clamour they raised at his treatment of them in the Rosciad, and by his suspicion that they had influenced the Critical Reviewers, and had retained some hirelings to write the Anti-Rosciad, Churchilliad, and other poems with which the press then teemed, in their vindication.

Let the vain tyrant sit amidst his guards,
His puny green-room wits and venal bards,
Who meanly tremble at the puppet's frown,
And for a play-house freedom lose their own;
In spite of new-made laws, and new-made kings,
The free-born Muse with liberal spirit sings.
Bow down, ye slaves! before these idols fall;
Let Genius stoop to them who've none at all:
Ne'er will I flatter, cringe, or bend the knee
To those who, slaves to all, are slaves to me.

Actors, as actors, are a lawful game,
The poet's right, and who shall bar his claim?
And if, o'erweening of their little skill,
When they have left the stage they're actors still;

266 These sarcastic lines were in general supposed to have been aimed at Mr. Garrick, and were not bestowed in vain; he felt all the force of them, and was rendered exceedingly unhappy at having, by some indiscreet reflections on the author of the Rosciad, provoked a writer at once so irritable and so powerful. The offence given was a suggestion he had dropped, that the author of the Rosciad had become his panegyrist principally with a view to the freedom of the theatre. The unworthy insinuation was thus immediately resented by the Poet. To ensure a reconciliation, Garrick wrote a letter to Churchill, which comprehended an apology for himself and the players, full of encomiums upon the satirist's uncommon vein of poetry, and concluding with deprecating his future wrath. This epistle Garrick read to a friend, expecting his approbation of it in very ample terms, but here he was disappointed; he was told that as Churchill had attacked him on very slight or scarce any provocation, it was too great a condescension on his part to write such a laboured vindication of his conduct, and to adopt a tone of expostulation in which many of the expressions were of too humiliating and even de-

If to the subject world they still give laws,
With paper crowns, and sceptres made of straws;
If they in cellar or in garret roar,
And kings one night, are kings for evermore;
Shall not bold truth, e'en there, pursue her theme,
And wake the coxcomb from his golden dream?
Or if, well worthy of a better fate,
They rise superior to their present state;
If, with each social virtue graced, they blend
The gay companion and the faithful friend;
If they, like Pritchard, join in private life
The tender parent and the virtuous wife;
Shall not our verse their praise with pleasure speak,
Though Mimics bark, and Envy split her cheek?

grading a nature for any man of spirit to submit to, and that the writer of the Rosciad, who, was a man of quick discernment and of an undaunted mind, would not think the better of him for such an apology. They were afterwards reconciled by the mediation of Robert Lloyd: and Churchill frequently visited Garrick both at Hampton and in town, but would never accept of any play-house freedom, from him, or from any other manager or actor. In the following lines of the Fribbleriad, Garrick alluded to this contemptuous mention of his occupation:

Have we not read the holy writ
Just publish'd by a reverend wit,
That every Actor is a thing,
A merry Andrew, paper king,
A puppet made of rags and wood,
"The lowest son of earth," mere mud;
Mere public game where'er you meet him,
And cobblers as they please, may treat him;
Slave, coxcomb, venal, and what not,
Ten thousand names that I've forgot.

No honest worth's beneath the Muse's praise;
No greatness can above her censure raise;
Station and wealth to her are trifling things;
She stoops to actors, and she soars to kings.
Is there a man, in vice and folly bred,
To sense of honour as to virtue dead,
Whom ties nor human nor divine can bind,
Alien from God, and foe to all mankind;
Who spares no character; whose every word,
Bitter as gall, and sharper than the sword,
Cuts to the quick; whose thoughts with rancour swell;
Whose tongue on earth performs the work of hell?
If there be such a monster, the Reviews
Shall find him holding forth against abuse.
"Attack profession!—'tis a deadly breach!—
The Christian laws another lesson teach:—
Unto the end shall charity endure.
And candour hide those faults it cannot cure."
Thus Candour's maxims flow from Rancour's throat,
As devils, to serve their purpose, Scripture quote.

298 Intended for Dr. Smollett, who even in the opinion of his best friends, was too acrimonious in the conduct of the Critical Review, and was at the same time so tremblingly alive to ridicule as to evince much sensibility when retaliated upon by any of the authors he had censured. He had made some very severe strictures on the pamphlet published by Admiral Knowles, as well as on the character of the writer, who commenced a prosecution against the printer, declaring he only wanted to know the author, that if a gentleman he might obtain the satisfaction of a gentleman from him. In this affair the Doctor behaved with great spirit. Just as sentence was

The Muse's office was by Heaven design'd
To please, improve, instruct, reform, mankind;
To make dejected Virtue nobly rise
Above the towering pitch of splendid Vice;
To make pale Vice, abash'd, her head hang down,
And, trembling, couch at Virtue's awful frown.
Now arm'd with wrath, she bids eternal shame,
With strictest justice, brand the villain's name;
Now in the milder garb of Ridicule
She sports, and pleases while she wounds the fool.
Her shape is often varied; but her aim,
To prop the cause of Virtue, still the same,
In praise of mercy let the guilty bawl;
When Vice and Folly for correction call,
Silence the mark of weakness justly bears,
And is partaker of the crimes it spares.
But if the Muse, too cruel in her mirth,
With harsh reflections wounds the man of worth;
If wantonly she deviates from her plan,
And quits the actor to expose the man;

going to be pronounced against the printer he came into court, avowed himself the author of the strictures in question, and declared himself ready to give the Admiral any satisfaction he chose. Upon this the Admiral, with equal bad taste and feeling, commenced a fresh prosecution against the Doctor, who was found guilty, fined £100, and condemned to three months imprisonment in the King's Bench. While there he wrote the Adventures of Sir Lancelot Greaves, in which he has described some remarkable characters then his fellow-prisoners.

333 Churchill, much to his credit, blotted out several lines, which, in the first edition of the Rosciad, were of a nature personally injurious to the character of Mr. John Palmer. The least obnoxious of them are these:

Ashamed, she marks that passage with a blot,
And hates the line where candour was forgot.
But what is candour, what is humour's vein,
Though judgment join to consecrate the strain,
If curious numbers will not aid afford,
Nor choicest music play in every word?
Verses must run, to charm a modern ear,
From all harsh, rugged interruptions clear.
Soft let them breathe, as Zephyr's balmy breeze,
Smooth let their current flow, as summer seas,
Perfect then only deem'd when they dispense
A happy tuneful vacancy of sense.
Italian fathers thus, with barbarous rage,
Fit helpless infants for the squeaking stage.
Deaf to the calls of pity, Nature wound,
And mangle vigour for the sake of sound.
Henceforth farewell then feverish thirst of fame;
Farewell the longings for a poet's name;

> Truant to love and false to Lucia's charms,
> He fled ungrateful from her virtuous arms;
> In vain recall'd, renounced love's softer claim,
> And hither came to seek the bubble fame.

The author being convinced that Mr. Palmer had not deserved such severity of treatment, not only struck those and other still more offensive lines out, but likewise made this handsome apology for his misplaced animadversion. The Lucia alluded to was the celebrated Lucy Cooper.

367 Our author, who had studiously formed himself on the model of Dryden, was always a warm advocate for the superiority of that poet over Pope. Davies gives us the following anecdote on the subject:—"Churchill held Pope so cheap that one of his most intimate friends assured me, that he had some thoughts of attacking his poetry; and another

Perish my Muse—a wish 'bove all severe
To him who ever held the Muses dear—
If e'er her labours weaken to refine
The generous roughness of a nervous line.
Others affect the stiff and swelling phrase;
Their Muse must walk in stilts, and strut in stays;
The sense they murder, and the words transpose,
Lest poetry approach too near to prose.
See tortured Reason how they pare and trim,
And, like Procrustes, stretch, or lop the limb.
Waller, whose praise succeeding bards rehearse,
Parent of harmony in English verse,
Whose tuneful Muse in sweetest accents flows,
In couplets first taught straggling sense to close.
In polish'd numbers and majestic sound,
Where shall thy rival, Pope! be ever found?
But whilst each line with equal beauty flows,

gentleman informed me that, in a convivial hour, he wished the bard of Twickenham was alive, that he might have an opportunity to make him bring forth all his art of poetry; for he would not only have a struggle with him for pre-eminence, but endeavour to break his heart." Davies adds, "this must be considered as a wild effusion over a bottle." The private character of Pope chiefly excited Churchill's antipathy, and certainly gave rise to a design of systematically attacking the "Sweet swan of Thames," which, on maturer consideration, he abandoned, and even so far conquered his aversion as to suppress a couple of very injurious lines which he had written in the third book of Gotham, which we shall have occasion to notice hereafter. In a letter to Wilkes, in August, 1763, he thus confidently expresses his intention: "Next winter is certainly ordained for the rising and falling of many in Israel —the Lord forbid I should be idle in so great a work, *aut*

E'en excellence, unvaried, tedious grows.
Nature, through all her works, in great degree,
Borrows a blessing from variety. 371
Music itself her needful aid requires
To rouse the soul, and wake our dying fires.
Still in one key, the nightingale would tease;
Still in one key, not Brent would always please.
Here let me bend, great Dryden, at thy shrine,
Thou dearest name to all the tuneful nine.
What if some dull lines in cold order creep,
And with his theme the poet seems to sleep?

tanto cessarim cardine rerum. Several poems I shall have out soon, but not, I hope, so soon as to cut them off from the advantage of your criticism. Mr. Pope ought surely to feel some instinctive terrors, for against him I have double pointed all my little thunderbolts, in which, as to the design, I hope I shall have your approbation, when you consider his heart, and as to the execution, if you approve it, I can sit down easily and hear with contempt the censures of all the half-blooded, prudish lords. For something relative to Pope, take the following lines, intended as an answer to those who, because I have mentioned slightly a few qualities of a goodly nature of one of my friends, would have me enlarge on his bad, and think me inexcusable for not mentioning them:—

Not spare the man I love, nor dare to feel
The partial glowings of a friendly zeal?
Nature forgives, nay, justifies the deed,
By friendship's first and noblest law decreed.
Shall I not do then, what in days of yore
Most bitter satirists have done before?
They saw the follies, but they loved the men:
E'en Pope could feel for friendship, now and then."

Churchill was not singular in his preference; Voltaire, comparing the two poets, says, "that Pope drove gently about town a neat gilt chariot with a pair of bays, whilst Dryden

Still, when his subject rises proud to view,
With equal strength the poet rises too:
With strong invention, noblest vigour fraught,
Thought still springs up and rises out of thought;
Numbers ennobling numbers in their course,
In varied sweetness flow, in varied force;
The powers of genius and of judgment join,
And the whole Art of Poetry is thine.

But what are numbers, what are bards, to me,
Forbid to tread the paths of poesy?
"A sacred Muse should consecrate her pen;

poured along the plain a full gallop in a coach with six fiery horses:" and Dr. Johnson, in his Lives of the Poets, after a very minute investigation of their respective merits, gives a decided preference to Dryden. Something of our poet's partiality may also be fairly attributed to a sense of his own negligence of composition which he attempted to palliate, if he could not justify, by the occurrence of some similar inequalities in Dryden. Addison paid equal homage to glorious John in the following lines:

"But see where artful Dryden next appears,
Grown old in rhyme but charming e'en in years;
Great Dryden next, whose tuneful muse affords
The sweetest numbers and the fittest words,
Whether in comic sounds or tragic airs
She forms her voice, she moves our smiles or tears;
If satire or heroic strains she writes,
Her hero pleases, and her satire bites;
From her no harsh unartful numbers fall,
She wears all dresses, and she charms in all."

390 On this passage the Critical Reviewers elegantly observed in vindication of themselves, "that they never inquired whether the author was a priest or a publican, a curate or a cobbler; whether he spent his time in squabbling with the

Priests must not hear nor see like other men:
Far higher themes should her ambition claim:
Behold where Sternhold points the way to fame."
Whilst, with mistaken zeal dull bigots burn,
Let Reason for a moment take her turn.
When coffee-sages hold discourse with kings,
And blindly walk in paper leading-strings,
What if a man delight to pass his time
In spinning reason into harmless rhyme,
Or sometimes boldly venture to the play?

players behind the scenes at the theatre, or in praying his bible among the old women in Westminster."

393 And attained it, if the tradition be correct, that Pope said, that he had rather be the author of the following lines in the translation of the 18th Psalm, than of any of his own more distinguished compositions:

The Lord descended from above
And bow'd the heavens high;
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

On cherubs and on cherubims
Full royally he rode;
And on the wings of all the winds
Came flying all abroad.

The whole Psalm is well translated, although falling far short of the sublimity of the inspired original as rendered in the authorised prose versions. When it is considered that Thomas Sternhold, groom of the robes to Henry VIII. and a legatee of one hundred marks in his royal master's will, died in 1549, his translation of this Psalm and occasional passages in some of the other fifty translated by him, afford no bad sample of English poetry upwards of three centuries ago, and will endure the test of comparison with the productions of most of his contemporaries.

Say, where's the crime?—great man of prudence, say?
No two on earth in all things can agree;
All have some darling singularity:
Women and men, as well as girls and boys,
In gew-gaws take delight, and sigh for toys.
Your sceptres and your crowns, and such like things,
Are but a better kind of toys for kings.
In things indifferent Reason bids us choose,
Whether the whim's a monkey or a Muse.
What the grave triflers on this busy scene,
When they make use of this word Reason, mean,
I know not; but according to my plan,
'Tis Lord Chief-Justice in the court of man,
Equally form'd to rule in age and youth,
The friend of Virtue, and the guide to truth.
To her I bow, whose sacred power I feel;
To her decision make my last appeal;
Condemn'd by her, applauding worlds in vain
Should tempt me to take up the pen again:
By her absolved, my course I'll still pursue:
If Reason's for me, God is for me too.

SUPPLEMENTAL NOTE.

GARRICK.

The Editor fears that justice may not have been done to Garrick in the desultory and perhaps occasionally inconsistent views of his character contained in some of the preceding notes. Independent of his transcendent merit as an actor, leaving him a name like that of Roscius, precluding all pretence for competition, he wrote in various departments of light literature with an ease and ability well adapted to the object he had most at heart, the improving the dramatic taste of the public, and, by the same operation, elevating the moral and social standard of the actor. In his own person he perfectly achieved the latter, as Miss Hawkins reports, "that at Hampton and its neighbourhood Mr. and Mrs. Garrick took the rank of the noblesse; every thing was in good taste, and his establishment distinguished, he drove four horses when going to town:" and she adds the following graphic description of his highly laboured costume and personal appearance: "I see him now in a dark blue coat, the buttonholes bound with gold, a small cocked hat laced with gold, his waistcoat very open, and his countenance never at rest, indeed seldom his person, for in the relaxation of the country he gave way to all his natural volatility, and with my father perfectly at ease, sometimes sitting on a table, and then, if he saw my brothers at a distance on the lawn, shooting off like an arrow out of a bow in a spirited chase of them round the garden. The natural expression of his countenance was far from placidity. I confess I was afraid of him; he had a frown, and spoke impetuously; while Johnson was slow and kind to children."

Boswell on some occasion introduced Garrick's name and fame rather disparagingly, as compared with Shakspeare and other distinguished men, adding, he assumed the airs of a great man; upon which the following characteristic dialogue ensued. "Johnson. It is wonderful how *little* Garrick as-

sumes. No, sir, Garrick *fortunam reverenter habet.* Consider, sir, celebrated men, such as you have mentioned, have had their applause at a distance; but Garrick had it dashed in his face, sounded in his ears, and went home every night with the plaudits of thousands in his cranium. Then, sir, Garrick did not *find,* but *made* his way to the tables, the levees, and almost the bedchambers of the great. Then, sir, Garrick had under him a numerous body of people who, from fear of his power and hopes of his favour and admiration of his talents, were constantly submissive to him. And here is a man who has advanced the dignity of his profession. Garrick has made a player a higher character. SCOTT. And he is a very sprightly writer too. JOHNSON. Yes, sir, and all this supported by great wealth of his own acquisition. If all this had happened to me, I should have had a couple of fellows with long poles walking before me, to knock down every body that stood in my way. Consider, if all this had happened to Cibber or Quin, they'd have jumped over the moon. Yet Garrick speaks to us (smiling). BOSWELL. And Garrick is a very good man, a charitable man. JOHNSON. Sir, a liberal man. He has given away more money than any man in England. There may be a little vanity mixed, but he has shewn that money is not his first object. BOSWELL. Yet Foote used to say of him, that he sometimes walked out with the intention of doing a generous action, but turning the corner of a street he met with the ghost of a halfpenny, which frightened him. JOHNSON. Why, sir, that is very true too, for I never knew a man of whom it could be said with less certainty what he will do to-morrow than Garrick, it depends so much on his humour at the time. SCOTT. I am glad to hear of his liberality; he has been represented as very saving. JOHNSON. With his domestic saving we have nothing to do. I remember drinking tea with him long ago, when Peg Woffington made it, and he grumbled at her for making it too strong. Why, said he, it is as red as blood. He had then began to feel money in his purse, and did not know when he should have enough of it."—Croker's Johnson, vol. vii. p. 100. In a note to the above is added a memorable instance of Garrick's generosity to Mr. Berenger, who had fallen into distress by wit or negli-

gence, in both of which he abounded. Garrick sent him back his securities for £500, with a donation of a bank note of £300.

The Roman Roscius, the French Baron, and the English Garrick, appear to have remained without equals or successors in their respective countries, and we may fairly assume that our countryman excelled them both; but preëminent as he was, his vanity and jealousy rendered him constantly apprehensive of a rivalship, which, after Barry's retirement, he had no real cause to apprehend. The peculiar merits of each of these two actors is well defined in the following Epigram on the two Lears:—

"The town has found out different ways
To praise the different Lears;
To Barry they gave loud huzzas,
To Garrick—only tears."

Another almost as happy:—

"A king, aye, every inch a king,
Such Barry doth appear;
But Garrick's quite a different thing—
He's every inch King Lear."

A like competition existed between their Romeos, until, after twenty-four successive nights, they had fatigued the public into listlessness, if not displeasure, as conveyed in a then very popular epigram:—

"Well, what's to night? says angry Ned,
As up from bed he rouses;
Romeo again, and shakes his head,
A plague on both your houses."

In the spring of 1777, a compliment of the highest nature was paid to Garrick, who happened to be in the gallery of the House of Commons when an altercation took place between two members, to such an extent as to claim the interference of the Speaker: a member moved that strangers should withdraw; after which another member, observing that Garrick, whether by accident or favour, had been suffered to remain there, moved to clear the house; upon which Burke rose, and

appealed to the assembly whether it consisted with the rules of decency and liberality to exclude from the hearing of their debates a man to whom they were all obliged, one who was the great master of eloquence, in whose school they had all imbibed the art of speaking, and been taught the elements of rhetoric. For his part, he owned he had been greatly indebted to his instructions. Much more he said in commendation of Mr. Garrick, and was seconded by Mr. Fox and Mr. T. Townshend, who warmly insisted on the merit of their old preceptor, as they termed him, and reprobated the motion with great warmth and indignation, which was unanimously rejected by the house. Garrick wrote the following verses on the occasion. The victim being Sir Henry Bridgman, bart. M. P. for Wenlock, Salop:—

"Squire Bridgman rose with deep intent,
And notified to Parliament,
That I, it was a shame and sin,
When others were shut out, got in;
Asserting in his wise oration,
I gloried in my situation.
I own, my features might betray
Peculiar joy I felt that day.
I glory, when my mind is feasted
With dainties it has seldom tasted:
When reason chuses Fox's tongue
At once so rapid, clear, and strong;
When from his classic urn Burke pours
A copious stream through banks of flowers;
When Barré, stern, with accents deep,
Calls up Lord North, and murders sleep;
And if his Lordship rise to speak,
Then wit and argument awake:
When Rigby speaks, and all may hear him,
Who can withstand, *ridendo verum?*
When Thurlow's words attention bind,
The spells of a superior mind.
Now, whether I were Whig or Tory,
This was a time for me to glory;
My glory further still extends,

For most of these I call my friends:
But if, Squire Bridgman, you were hurt,
To see me, as you thought, so pert,
You might have punished my transgression,
And damped the ardour of expression.
A brute there is, whose voice confounds,
And frights all others with strange sounds;
Had you, your matchless powers displaying,
Like him, Squire Bridgman, set a braying,
I should have lost my exultation,
Nor gloried in my situation."

Garrick wrote, altered, or adapted thirty-eight different plays, farces, and entertainments. Of the former, the best by far is the Clandestine Marriage, the better part of which was written by Colman. Of his farces, the Lying Valet and High Life below Stairs remain upon the stock list; and the latter has hardly its equal for truth and humour in that department of the English drama.

His poetry consists of a great many prologues and epilogues and occasional addresses, with several odes and songs, and minor poems of all descriptions, among which the best is the beautiful Ode on the Death of Mr. Pelham, in the fourth volume of Dodsley's Collection, beginning

"Let others hail the rising sun,
I bow to that whose course is run."

He was rewarded for this disinterested tribute to a departed statesman by the following invitation from the greatest living one. Garrick, being then at Mount Edgecumbe, was thus asked by Lord Chatham to pay him a visit in his way to London:—

"Leave, Garrick, the rich landscape, proudly gay,
Docks, forts, and navies, brightening all the bay,
To my plain roof repair, primeval seat;
Yet there no wonders your quick eyes can meet,
Save should you deem it wonderful to find
Ambition cured, and an unpassioned mind;
A statesman without power and without gall,

Hating no courtiers, happier than them all;
Bowed to no yoke, nor crouching for applause,
Votary alone to freedom and the laws.
Herds, flocks, and smiling Ceres deck our plain,
And, interspersed, a heart-enlivening train
Of sportive children frolic o'er the green,
Meantime pure love looks on and consecrates the scene:
Come, then, immortal spirit of the stage,
Great nature's proxy, glass of every age,
Come, taste the simple life of patriots old,
Who, rich in rural peace, ne'er thought of pomp and gold."

MR. GARRICK'S ANSWER.

"When Peleus' son, untaught to yield,
Wrathful forsook the hostile field;
His breast still warm with heavenly fire,
He tuned the lay, and swept the lyre.
So Chatham, whose exalted soul
Pervaded and inspired the whole;
Where far by martial glory led,
Britain her sails and banners spread,
Retires (though wisdom's God dissuades)
And seeks repose in rural shades.
Yet thither comes the God confess'd;
Celestial form! a well known guest.
Now slow he moves with solemn air,
Now on his brow hangs pensive care;
Now in his hand the historic page
Gives lessons to experienced age,
As when in vengeful ire he rose,
And plann'd the fate of Britain's foes;
While the wing'd hours obedient stand,
And instant speed the dread command.
Cheerful he came, all blithe and gay,
Fair and blooming like the sun of May;
Adown his radiant shoulder hung,
A harp, by all the Muses strung;
Smiling, he to his friend resign'd
This soother of the human mind."

On Garrick's death, January 20, 1779, he was buried on February 1, in Westminster Abbey, under Shakspeare's monument in Poet's Corner. The procession from his house on the Adelphi Terrace was very solemn and sumptuous; deputations from the two playhouses, and a long line of private friends attended. The Bishop of Rochester read the service in a most impressive manner, and the pall was borne by the Duke of Devonshire, Earl Spencer, Earl of Ossory, Viscount Palmerston, Lord Camden, Sir W. W. Wynne, Rt. Hon. R. Rigby, and the Hon. Mr. Stanley; while among the nearest attendant mourners were his two nephews and legatees, Carrington and Nathan Garrick, and then his numerous private friends, among whom were Dr. Johnson, George Colman, Mr. Dunning, Mr. Burke, Colonel Barré, Hon. Charles Fox, William Whitehead the Laureat, Lord Charles Spencer, Albany Wallis, Esq., &c.

Having brought Garrick to his loved Shakspeare's grave, we will quote Dr. Warton's short but expressive tribute to their joint memories, from his Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope:—

"We of Great Britain have much reason to congratulate ourselves on two very singular phenomena; I mean Shakspeare's being able to portray characters so very different as Falstaff and Macbeth, and Garrick's being able to personate so inimitably a Lear and an Able Drugger; nothing can more fully demonstrate the extent and versatility of these two original geniuses."

A monument in Westminster Abbey, executed at the cost of Mr. Albany Wallis, his solicitor, and one of his executors, was opened in June, 1797. Garrick is represented at full length in an animated position, throwing aside a curtain which discovers a medallion of Shakspeare, while Tragedy and Comedy, adorned with their respective emblems, and half seated on a pedestal, seem to approve the tribute.

NIGHT.

AN EPISTLE TO ROBERT LLOYD.

This poem was published in October, 1761, and if considered in the light of a familiar address to an intimate friend, is not subject to those strict rules of composition which more dignified poetry requires. Notwithstanding this due allowance, Night contains more faulty, bald and prosaic lines than any other, of our author's productions. An instance of his sinning against his own better judgment, occurs in his frequent adoption of the coarse epithet Fool; for the use of which he in the Ghost censures Dr. Johnson, in the concluding part of the character of Pomposo,

> "For 'tis with him a certain rule
> The folly's proved when he calls fool."

Fool is the most obvious word of contempt amongst the lowest set of speakers; it is attended with no grace, and conveys no strength of idea to the ear or understanding, it marks no character, but is applicable to all alike.

The title of the poem may probably have been suggested by Dr. Armstrong's "Day, an Epistle to J. Wilkes, of Aylesbury, Esq." then lately published, without the consent of the author, who was with the English army in Germany; from whence it was written in easy loose verse, with little regard to the matter, and less to the manner. In his epistle Dr. Armstrong ventured to censure Churchill, who expressed much resentment at the attack, and would never be reconciled with the author of it. The principal object of Night was to exculpate the poet and the friend to whom it is addressed, from the censure of the world on the score of those irregularities in conduct, which the celebrity of the foregoing poems rendered more conspicuous in the author of them, by inducing those who smarted under his lash, to make researches into his

private character; and by publishing exaggerated statements of his improprieties of behaviour, to deaden the force of the blow they could not parry. His propensity to late hours and his employment of them in genial converse with his friends, he here avows; and great examples in ancient and modern times, will certainly rescue his taste from the charge of singularity. Had he not been himself so severe a censor, his private irregularities would have been softened down to the eccentricities of genius, and his midnight parties would have been dignified with the amiable attributes of social enjoyment, "the feast of reason and the flow of soul;" instead of which, they were blazoned abroad as the orgies of brutal intemperance, and the scenes of vulgar and depraved gratification. His clerical character might indeed have induced a stricter attention to the opinion of the world, though some justification is afforded by a similar predilection for tavern meetings and late hours, in Dr. Johnson, whose purity of life, habitual temperance, and stern morality, would have dignified the most exalted station in the church. The Noctes Atticæ in Ivy Lane, were ushered in by the Doctor with his favourite toast, the dying ejaculation of Father Paul, "Esto perpetua!"

NIGHT.*

Contrarius evehor orbi.—Ovid. Met. lib. ii.

When foes insult, and prudent friends dispense,
In pity's strains, the worst of insolence,
Oft with thee, Lloyd, I steal an hour from grief,
And in thy social converse find relief.
The mind, of solitude impatient grown,
Loves any sorrows rather than her own.
  Let slaves to business, bodies without soul,
Important blanks in Nature's mighty roll,
Solemnize nonsense in the day's broad glare,
We Night prefer, which heals or hides our care.
  Rogues justified, and by success made bold,
Dull fools and coxcombs sanctified by gold,
Freely may bask in fortune's partial ray,
And spread their feathers opening to the day;
But threadbare Merit dares not show the head
Till vain Prosperity retires to bed.
Misfortunes, like the owl, avoid the light;
The sons of Care are always sons of Night.

* "This Night, like many others at this time of the year, is very cold, long, dark, and dirty, which will not induce many to walk out in it."—Critical Review, Dec. 1761.

The wretch bred up in method's drowsy school,
Whose only merit is to err by rule,
Who ne'er through heat of blood was tripping caught,
Nor guilty deem'd of one eccentric thought;
Whose soul directed to no use is seen,
Unless to move the body's dull machine,
Which, clock-work like, with the same equal pace,
Still travels on through life's insipid space,
Turns up his eyes to think that there should be,
Among God's creatures, two such things as we;
Then for his nightcap calls, and thanks the powers
Which kindly gave him grace to keep good hours.

Good hours—fine words—but was it ever seen
That all men could agree in what they mean?
Florio, who many years a course hath run
In downright opposition to the sun,
Expatiates on good hours, their cause defends
With as much vigour as our prudent friends.
The uncertain term no settled notion brings,
But still in different mouths means different things;
Each takes the phrase in his own private view;
With Prudence it is ten, with Florio two.

Go on, ye fools, who talk for talking sake,
Without distinguishing, distinctions make;

18 What have we with *day* to do!
Sons of Care, 'twas made for you.

This is the more popular doctrine, and we believe most commonly governs the distribution of the four-and-twenty hours.

Shine forth in native folly, native pride,
Make yourselves rules to all the world beside;
Reason, collected in herself, disdains
The slavish yoke of arbitrary chains;
Steady and true, each circumstance she weighs,
Nor to bare words inglorious tribute pays.
Men of sense live exempt from vulgar awe,
And Reason to herself alone is law:
That freedom she enjoys with liberal mind,
Which she as freely grants to all mankind.
No idol-titled name her reverence stirs,
No hour she blindly to the rest prefers;
All are alike, if they're alike employ'd,
And all are good if virtuously enjoy'd.
  Let the sage Doctor (think him one we know)
With scraps of ancient learning overflow,
In all the dignity of wig declare
The fatal consequence of midnight air,
How damps and vapours, as it were by stealth,
Undermine life, and sap the walls of health:
For me let Galen moulder on the shelf,
I'll live, and be physician to myself.
Whilst soul is join'd to body, whether fate
Allot a longer or a shorter date,
I'll make them live, as brother should with brother,
And keep them in good humour with each other.
  The surest road to health, say what they will,
Is never to suppose we shall be ill.
Most of those evils we poor mortals know,
From doctors and imagination flow.

Hence to old women with your boasted rules,
Stale traps, and only sacred now to fools;
As well may sons of physic hope to find
One medicine, as one hour, for all mankind.
If Rupert after ten is out of bed,
The fool next morning can't hold up his head;
What reason this which me to bed must call,
Whose head, thank Heaven, never aches at all?
In different courses different tempers run;
He hates the moon, I sicken at the sun.
Wound up at twelve at noon, his clock goes right,
Mine better goes, wound up at twelve at night.
Then in oblivion's grateful cup I drown
The galling sneer, the supercilious frown,
The strange reserve, the proud affected state
Of upstart knaves grown rich, and fools grown great.
No more that abject wretch disturbs my rest,

99 The poet and his friend were not fortunate in the attachments they formed at Westminster school, and poor Lloyd had, on more occasions than one, to lament the defection of pretended friends; even Thornton, to whom he had addressed his Actor, and with whom he once lived upon terms of the most cordial intimacy, abandoned him in his distress, and treated him with the most cutting neglect. Lloyd, whilst in the Fleet prison, where he was supplied by Churchill with a guinea a week and a servant to attend him, thus gently alludes to Thornton's conduct, in a letter to Wilkes, on the death of his benefactor. "My own affairs I forbear to mention; Thornton is what you believed him; I have many acquaintance, but *now* no friend here." The Rev. William Sellon, minister of St. James's Clerkenwell, and lecturer of St. Andrew's Holborn, and the Magdalen, the person imme-

Who meanly overlooks a friend distrest.
Purblind to poverty the worldling goes,
And scarce sees rags an inch beyond his nose,
But from a crowd can single out his grace,
And cringe and creep to fools who strut in lace.
Whether those classic regions are survey'd
Where we in earliest youth together stray'd,
Where hand in hand we trod the flowery shore,
Though now thy happier genius runs before,
When we conspired a thankless wretch to raise,
And taught a stump to shoot with pilfer'd praise,
Who once for reverend merit famous grown,
Gratefully strove to kick his maker down;
Or if more general arguments engage,
The court or camp, the pulpit, bar, or stage;
If half-bred surgeons, whom men doctors call,
And lawyers, who were never bred at all,
Those mighty letter'd monsters of the earth,

diately alluded to in these lines, is again characterized in the Ghost, under the name of Plausible. By the assistance of his more able contemporaries at Westminster school, Churchill, Lloyd, and Thornton, he contrived to acquire more reputation there, than his native dullness would warrant; but on his quitting that seminary, he forgot the obligation, and treated his open unsuspecting friends with a degree of illiberality, duplicity, and ingratitude, which their misconduct did not occasion, nor if it did, could justify. This ungracious conduct of course totally dissolved their friendship, a few years after he became a famous preacher, "From Holborn e'en to Clerkenwell," Ghost, B. iii. l. 741. He afterwards studied the theory and practice of brewing to better purpose than the theory and practice of Christianity; the only fruit of which on his part was a crude abridgment of Scripture history, published at eighteen pence, and dear at that or any price.

Our pity move, or exercise our mirth;
Or if in tittle-tattle, toothpick way,
Our rambling thoughts with easy freedom stray,
A gainer still thy friend himself must find,
His grief suspended, and improved his mind.

Whilst peaceful slumbers bless the homely bed
Where virtue, self-approved, reclines her head,
Whilst vice beneath imagined horrors mourns,
And conscience plants the villain's couch with thorns,
Impatient of restraint, the active mind,
No more by servile prejudice confined,
Leaps from her seat, as waken'd from a trance,
And darts through Nature at a single glance;
Then we our friends, our foes, ourselves, survey,
And see by Night what fools we are by day.

Stripp'd of her gaudy plumes and vain disguise,
See where ambition mean and loathsome lies;
Reflection with relentless hand pulls down
The tyrant's bloody wreath and ravish'd crown.
In vain he tells of battles bravely won,
Of nations conquer'd, and of worlds undone;
Triumphs like these but ill with manhood suit,
And sink the conqueror beneath the brute.
But if, in searching round the world, we find
Some generous youth, the friend of all mankind,
Whose anger, like the bolt of Jove, is sped
In terrors only at the guilty head,
Whose mercies, like heaven's dew, refreshing fall
In general love and charity to all,
Pleased we behold such worth on any throne,

And doubly pleased we find it on our own. [day;
  Through a false medium things are shewn by
Pomp, wealth, and titles, judgment lead astray.
How many from appearance borrow state,
Whom Night disdains to number with the great!
Must not we laugh to see yon lordling proud
Snuff up vile incense from a fawning crowd?
Whilst in his beam surrounding clients play,
Like insects in the sun's enlivening ray,
Whilst, Jehu like, he drives at furious rate,
And seems the only charioteer of state,
Talking himself into a little god,
And ruling empires with a single nod;
Who would not think, to hear him law dispense,
That he had interest, and that they had sense?
Injurious thought! beneath Night's honest shade,
When pomp is buried, and false colours fade,
Plainly we see, at that impartial hour,
Them dupes to pride, and him the tool of power.
  God help the man, condemn'd by cruel fate
To court the seeming, or the real great!
Much sorrow shall he feel, and suffer more
Than any slave who labours at the oar:
By slavish methods must he learn to please,
By smooth-tongued flattery, that cursed court-
    disease;
Supple to every wayward mood strike sail,
And shift with shifting humour's peevish gale.
To nature dead he must adopt vile art,
And wear a smile, with anguish in his heart.

A sense of honour would destroy his schemes,
And Conscience ne'er must speak unless in dreams.
When he hath tamely borne, for many years,
Cold looks, forbidding frowns, contemptuous sneers,
When he at last expects, good easy man!
To reap the profits of his labour'd plan,
Some cringing lackey, or rapacious whore,
To favours of the great the surest door,
Some catamite, or pimp, in credit grown,
Who tempts another's wife, or sells his own,
Steps cross his hopes, the promised boon denies,
And for some minion's minion claims the prize.
Foe to restraint, unpractised in deceit,
Too resolute, from nature's active heat
To brook affronts, and tamely pass them by,
Too proud to flatter, too sincere to lie.
Too plain to please, too honest to be great,
Give me, kind Heaven, an humbler, happier state;
Far from the place where men with pride deceive,
Where rascals promise, and where fools believe;
Far from the walk of folly, vice, and strife,
Calm, independent, let me steal through life,
Nor one vain wish my steady thoughts beguile
To fear his lordship's frown, or court his smile.
Unfit for greatness, I her snares defy,
And look on riches with untainted eye:
To others let the glittering baubles fall,
Content shall place us far above them all.
Spectators only on this bustling stage,
We see what vain designs mankind engage:

Vice after vice with ardour they pursue,
And one old folly brings forth twenty new
Perplex'd with trifles through the vale of life,
Man strives 'gainst man, without a cause for strife;
Armies embattled meet, and thousands bleed
For some vile spot, where fifty cannot feed.
Squirrels for nuts contend, and, wrong or right,
For the world's empire kings ambitious fight.
What odds?—to us 'tis all the self-same thing,
A nut, a world, a squirrel, and a king.

Britons, like Roman spirits famed of old,
Are cast by nature in a patriot mould;
No private joy, no private grief, they know,
Their souls engross'd by public weal or woe;
Inglorious ease, like ours, they greatly scorn;
Let care with nobler wreaths their brows adorn:
Gladly they toil beneath the statesman's pains,
Give them but credit for a statesman's brains.
All would be deem'd, e'en from the cradle, fit
To rule in politics as well as wit.
The grave, the gay, the fopling, and the dunce,
Start up (God bless us!) statesmen all at once.

His mighty charge of souls the priest forgets,
The court-bred lord his promises and debts;
Soldiers their fame, misers forget their pelf,
The rake his mistress, and the fop himself,

202 The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That for a fantasy and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot,
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the slain. HAMLET.

Whilst thoughts of higher moment claim their care,
And their wise heads the weight of kingdoms bear.
Females themselves the glorious ardour feel,
And boast an equal or a greater zeal;
From nymph to nymph the state-infection flies,
Swells in her breast, and sparkles in her eyes.
O'erwhelm'd by politics lie malice, pride,
Envy, and twenty other faults beside.
No more their little fluttering hearts confess
A passion for applause, or rage for dress;
No more they pant for public raree-shows,
Or lose one thought on monkeys or on beaus:
Coquettes no more pursue the jilting plan,
And lustful prudes forget to rail at man:
The darling theme Cecilia's self will choose,
Nor thinks of scandal whilst she talks of news.
The cit, a Common-Councilman by place,
Ten thousand mighty nothings in his face,
By situation as by nature great,
With nice precision parcels out the state;
Proves and disproves, affirms and then denies,

225 The nation was at that time wound up to a temporary pitch of enthusiasm in favour of Frederic of Prussia; all ranks united in his praise, and the appellation of the Protestant hero was religiously bestowed upon an avowed atheist; his gratitude to this country for its blind partiality lasted no longer than its subsidies were regularly remitted. He hated England, because, like all tyrants, he dreaded the effect of public opinion in the only country where it can be decidedly expressed. He preferred a petty complimentary intercourse with the cringing witlings of Paris, whose servile flattery could only be equalled by the insatiable arrogance and vanity of their heroic patron, to the more lasting and solid approbation

Objects himself, and to himself replies;
Wielding aloft the politician rod,
Makes Pitt by turns a devil and a god;
Maintains, e'en to the very teeth of power,
The same thing right and wrong in half an hour:
Now all is well, now he suspects a plot,
And plainly proves, whatever is, is not:
Fearfully wise, he shakes his empty head,
And deals out empires as he deals out thread;
His useless scales are in a corner flung,
And Europe's balance hangs upon his tongue.
Peace to such triflers, be our happier plan
To pass through life as easy as we can.
Who's in or out, who moves this grand machine,
Nor stirs my curiosity nor spleen.
Secrets of state no more I wish to know
Than secret movements of a puppet-show:
Let but the puppets move, I've my desire,
Unseen the hand which guides the master-wire.
What is't to us, if taxes rise or fall?

of a free and unbiassed people. Of Frederic's consummate excellence in the theory and practice of the military art there can be but one opinion: but his literary productions, whether in prose or poetry, will never rank him above mediocrity in the opinion of any one who has endured a perusal of them. The following instance of liberality, extracted from a newspaper of March, 1758, may have called forth the poet's censure on female political enthusiasm:—"Miss Bab. Wyndham of Salisbury, sister of Henry Wyndham, Esq. of that city, a maiden lady of ample fortune, ordered her banker to prepare the sum of £1000 to be immediately remitted in her own name as a present to the King of Prussia."

Thanks to our fortune, we pay none at all.
Let muckworms, who in dirty acres deal,
Lament those hardships which we cannot feel.
His grace, who smarts, may bellow if he please,
But must I bellow too, who sit at ease?
By custom safe, the poet's numbers flow
Free as the light and air some years ago.
No statesman e'er will find it worth his pains
To tax our labours, and excise our brains.
Burthens like these, vile earthly buildings bear;
No tributes laid on castles in the air.
Let then the flames of war destructive reign,
And England's terrors awe imperious Spain;
Let every venal clan and neutral tribe
Learn to receive conditions, not prescribe;
Let each new year call loud for new supplies,
And tax on tax with double burthen rise;
Exempt we sit, by no rude cares oppress'd,
And, having little, are with little bless'd.
All real ills in dark oblivion lie,
And joys, by fancy form'd, their place supply;
Night's laughing hours unheeded slip away,
Nor one dull thought foretells approach of day.

270 An additional tax on windows had been just then imposed by parliament to commence from the 5th of April, 1762: on which occasion many housekeepers put up their dead lights or outside shutters, and one citizen more poetic if not more patriotic than his neighbours, expressed his displeasure by inscribing in chalk, on his shutter, the following couplet, of which it may be truly said, facit indignatio versus:

Thus have we lived, and whilst the fates afford
Plain plenty to supply the frugal board,
Whilst Mirth with Decency, his lovely bride,
And wine's gay god, with Temperance by his side,
Their welcome visit pay; whilst Health attends
The narrow circle of our chosen friends;
Whilst frank Good-humour consecrates the treat,
And woman makes society complete,
Thus will we live, though in our teeth are hurl'd
Those hackney strumpets, Prudence and the World.
Prudence, of old a sacred term, implied
Virtue, with godlike wisdom for her guide,
But now in general use is known to mean
The stalking-horse of vice, and folly's screen.
The sense perverted we retain the name;
Hypocrisy and Prudence are the same.
A tutor once more read in men than books,
A kind of crafty knowledge in his looks,
Demurely sly, with high preferment bless'd,
His favourite pupil in these words address'd:
"Wouldst thou, my son, be wise and virtuous deem'd,
By all mankind a prodigy esteem'd?

"These are those dismal taxing days of yore,
Which our forefathers never saw before."

277 Alluding to the severe precautions adopted by government after the rebellion of 1745, and to some difficulties which occurred in carrying into effect Mr. Pitt's measure, proposed in 1757, for raising 2000 men in the Highlands of Scotland for the British service in America.

Be this thy rule; be what men Prudent call;
Prudence, almighty Prudence, gives thee all.
Keep up appearances; there lies the test;
The world will give thee credit for the rest.
Outward be fair, however foul within;
Sin if thou wilt, but then in secret sin.
This maxim's into common favour grown,
Vice is no longer vice, unless 'tis known.
Virtue indeed may barefaced take the field;
But vice is virtue when 'tis well conceal'd.
Should raging passion drive thee to a whore,
Let Prudence lead thee to a postern door;
Stay out all night, but take especial care
That Prudence bring thee back to early prayer.
As one with watching and with study faint,
Reel in a drunkard, and reel out a saint."

With joy the youth this useful lesson heard,
And in his memory stored each precious word,
Successfully pursued the plan, and now,
"Room for my Lord—Virtue, stand by and bow."

And is this all—is this the worldling's art,
To mask, but not amend a vicious heart?
Shall lukewarm caution and demeanour grave
For wise and good stamp every supple knave?
Shall wretches, whom no real virtue warms,

310 *Nullum numen abest si sit prudentia.* This is the uniform text of Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son, published in 1774. His lordship's precepts appear to have been anticipated by our author in this poem, and their material purport compressed in very few lines.

Gild fair their names and states with empty forms,
While Virtue seeks in vain the wish'd for prize,
Because, disdaining ill, she hates disguise;
Because she frankly pours forth all her store,
Seems what she is, and scorns to pass for more?
Well—be it so—let vile dissemblers hold
Unenvied power, and boast their dear-bought gold;
Me neither power shall tempt, nor thirst of pelf,
To flatter others or deny myself;
Might the whole world be placed within my span,
I would not be that thing, that prudent man.

"What!" cries Sir Pliant, "would you then
Yourself, alone, against a host of foes? [oppose
Let not conceit, and peevish lust to rail,
Above all sense of interest prevail.
Throw off, for shame! this petulance of wit;
Be wise, be modest, and for once submit:
Too hard the task 'gainst multitudes to fight;
You must be wrong; the World is in the right."
What is this World?—a term which men have got
To signify, not one in ten knows what;
A term, which with no more precision passes
To point out herds of men than herds of asses;
In common use no more it means, we find,
Than many fools in same opinions join'd.

Can numbers then change nature's stated laws?
Can numbers make the worse the better cause?
Vice must be vice, virtue be virtue still,
Though thousands rail at good and practise ill.
Wouldst thou defend the Gaul's destructive rage,
Because vast nations on his part engage?

Though to support the rebel Cæsar's cause
Tumultuous legions arm against the laws:
Though scandal would our patriot's name impeach,
And rails at virtues which she cannot reach,

870 Mr. Pitt in September, 1761, indignant at the repeated insults offered to his country by Spain, proposed to the cabinet an immediate rupture with that court; in this proposition he was supported by Lord Temple, but was opposed by Lord Bute, and all the other members of the cabinet: upon which Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple took their leaves, and their written advice on the subject being rejected by his majesty, they resigned their seals of office into his hands on the 5th of October following. In addition to which, Lord Temple was dismissed from the Lord Lieutenancy of Bucks on the 7th of May, and Lord Le Despencer succeeded him on the 9th. Upon this event an article appeared in the London Gazette, stating their resignation, the appointment of the Earl of Egremont, as Mr. Pitt's successor in the situation of one of the principal Secretaries of State, and that, in consideration of the great and important services of Mr. Pitt, his majesty was pleased to grant to the Lady Hester Pitt the Barony of Chatham; and also to confer upon William Pitt, Esq. an annuity of £3000 during his own life, and that of his wife and their eldest son.

The moment the preceding intelligence was published, Mr. Pitt's character was assailed with the most ardent malignity and savage frenzy by all the hired servants of administration, and by some mistaken zealots of the opposite faction. They branded him in various newspapers and pamphlets with the names of pensioner, apostate, deserter, and with every term of reproach that malice could apply or depravity suggest. They succeeded so far as to occasion a temporary diminution of his character in the public esteem. In a few weeks, however, the public prejudice began to subside, and the torrent ran a contrary course. When he went into the city, on the ensuing Lord Mayor's Day, he was honoured in all the streets through which he passed with unbounded marks of applause,

What honest man but would with joy submit
To bleed with Cato, and retire with Pitt? 370
Steadfast and true to virtue's sacred laws,
Unmoved by vulgar censure or applause,

and soon after he was presented with addresses from several cities and towns, thanking him for his important services and lamenting the cause of his resignation.

All doubts respecting the propriety of his conduct were dispelled by the declaration of war against Spain, which his successors found themselves under the necessity of issuing on the 2d of January, 1762, though they postponed that important measure until the insults of the court of Spain became so notorious that even Lord Bute confessed they could be no longer concealed.

Thus came by constraint, without dignity, and above three months after an opportunity for essentially crippling the enemy had elapsed, that declaration of war which would have been issued with eclat by Mr. Pitt in September.

Mr. Pitt, in July 1766, irrecoverably forfeited his popular ity by his coalition with the very men against whom he had hitherto directed all the vast powers of his commanding eloquence. He was created Earl of Chatham, and, with the office of Lord Privy Seal, took the general control over the measures of government. Mr. Townshend and General Conway were his managers in the House of Commons. His noble brother-in-law, Lord Temple, and his intimate friend, Lord Rockingham, not only refused to hold any situation under him, but peremptorily declined any interview or personal intercourse with him. He sensibly felt the loss of Lord Temple, whose gracious affability procured him the esteem of all ranks of people, while the splendour of his own talents commanded their admiration. This preyed upon his mind while his body was a victim to the gout, and the conduct of his new associates in office did not contribute to alleviate his uneasiness. In 1768 he resigned, was reconciled to Lord Temple, and retired to Hayes. He now confined his political exertions to a punctual attendance in the House of Lords,

Let the World talk, my Friend; that World, we
Which calls us guilty, cannot make us so. [know,
Unawed by numbers, follow Nature's plan;
Assert the rights, or quit the name of man.
Consider well, weigh strictly right and wrong;
Resolve not quick, but once resolved, be strong.
In spite of Dullness, and in spite of Wit,
If to thyself thou canst thyself acquit,
Rather stand up, assured with conscious pride,
Alone, than err with millions on thy side.

but, notwithstanding his animated opposition, until his death in 1778, to most of the measures of government, and particularly to the American war, he could never regain the confidence of the people.

The Earl of Chatham affords one of the very few cases of a really illustrious man having a still more illustrious son. Two or three other instances only occur to us in the whole range of ancient and modern history, Miltiades, and Cimon, Philip, and Alexander of Macedon, and perhaps Maximilian, and Charles the Fifth. The nearest parallel with the Pitts were the heroes of Marathon and Salamis, in their civil administrations.

"O noblest, happiest age,
When Aristides ruled, and Cimon fought;
And all the blest effects of Homer's page
Exulting Pindar saw to full perfection brought."

AKENSIDE.

We are aware that there is nothing new in the position we have advanced, and which was entertained ages ago by the Greeks, whose oracular expression of it still applies in full force:

Ἡρωων παιδες λωβοι.*
The sons of heroes are *loobies*.

* Large, or long eared, i. e. donkeys, boobies.

THE PROPHECY OF FAMINE.

A SCOTS PASTORAL.

INSCRIBED TO JOHN WILKES, ESQ.

Mr. Wilkes pronounced of this poem before its appearance in January, 1763, "that he was sure it would take, as it was at once personal, poetical, and political:" his prediction was accomplished. The Prophecy of Famine almost exceeded the Rosciad in popularity, and in extent of circulation; but, like that poem, excited a number of inferior writers to draw their pens in praise, censure, or imitation of our powerful bard. The titles of these productions are preserved in the periodical publications of the day, but the works themselves sleep with their fathers. Of such productions and their authors, Churchill, might, with propriety have said with Lord Shaftesbury, "that he would never reply unless he should hear of them or their works in any good company a twelvemonth after."

In a letter to Wilkes, previous to the publication of this poem, Churchill writes: "Think not that the Scottish Eclogue totally stands still, or that I can ever be unmindful of any thing which I think will give Wilkes pleasure, and which I am certain will do me honour in having his name prefixed. The present state of it, however, stands thus:—it is split into two poems—the Scottish Eclogue, which will be inscribed to you in the pastoral way—and another poem, which I think will be a strong one, immediately addressed by way of Epistle to you—this way they will be both of a piece, otherwise it would have been

Delphinum sylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.

The Pastoral begins thus, and I believe will be out soon,

but nothing comes out till I begin to be pleased with it myself:—

"When Cupid first instructs," &c.

The other runs thus:—

"From solemn thought," &c.

"Can Wilkes?—I know thou canst—retreat awhile,
Learn pity's lesson, and disdain to smile."

"Oft have I heard thee," &c.

This plan our author altered, and consolidated the two intended poems in the following acrimonious satire, which unites in itself more excellencies of severe political invective than any poem that has ever been produced in the English language since the publication of Dryden's Absalom and Achitophel.

This must be considered as our author's first political poem. Before he was concerned in the North Briton, he paid very little attention to the management of the political machine, but once engaged in what he considered the sacred cause of liberty, he was sincere and strenuous. He was actuated by that ardour and enthusiasm which men of genius generally experience when inspired with the love of liberty.

Churchill omitted no opportunity of displaying his inveterate animosity against the whole Scottish nation; and highly pleased with the extraordinary success of this poem, he dressed his younger son in a Scotch plaid, like a little Highlander, and carried him everywhere in that garb: the boy being once asked by a gentleman, why he was clothed in such a manner, answered with great vivacity—"Sir, my father hates the Scotch, and does it to plague them."

We have, in illustration and elucidation of the poet's virulent attack on our northern brethern, quoted from earlier and contemporary writers, similar demonstrations of national spleen, if not jealousy, and have so done without any apprehension of being considered as either entertaining or endeavouring to revive those now happily obsolete and exploded prejudices. The union of the two crowns in 1603, and particularly that of the legislatures in 1707, was very unaccepta-

ble to the bulk of the Scottish people, as affecting their nominal independence, and gave added inveteracy to the rebellions of 1715, and 1745. The bad feeling thus mutually engendered, was unhappily aggravated by the indiscreet preference evinced towards his countrymen and adherents by Lord Bute in 1762; and a renewed but bloodless civil war of reciprocal reproach and vituperation raged with gradually abating warmth until towards the close of last century.

The beneficial results of the union of the two countries, if they may be now so designated, have only since the commencement of this century received their full development in that entire identity of national feeling and interest, which however desirable, it required nearly two centuries to effect; and the bygone bickerings of petty pride and a spirit of unworthy detraction are all merged in a generous emulation for superior distinction in the same legitimate career of legal, medical, naval, military, literary, and commercial competition; in each of which, Scotland has acquired laurels far exceeding in amount any claim which her mere comparative amount of population would warrant.

The best defence of Scotland that the Prophecy of Famine called forth, was a poem entitled "Genius and Valour, a Scots pastoral," with this motto, "*Nec tam aversus equos Tyriâ sol jungit ab urbe.*" The following apostrophe, towards the commencement of the poem, is not deficient in spirit:

"Yet still some pleasing monuments remain,
Some marks of genius in each later reign,
In nervous strains Dunbar's bold music flows,
And *Time* yet spares *the Thistle and the Rose.*
O, while his course the hoary warrior steers
Through the long range of life-dissolving years,
Through all the evils of each changeful age,
Hate, envy, faction, jealousy, and rage,
Ne'er may his scythe these sacred plants divide,
These plants by heaven in native union tied.
Still may the flower its social sweets disclose,
The hardy thistle still defend the rose."

THE PROPHECY OF FAMINE.

Nos patriam fugimus. VIRGIL.
We all get out of our country as fast as we can.

WHEN Cupid first instructs his darts to fly
From the sly corner of some cook-maid's eye,
The stripling raw, just enter'd in his teens,
Receives the wound, and wonders what it means;
His heart, like dripping, melts, and new desire
Within him stirs, each time she stirs the fire;
Trembling and blushing, he the fair one views,
And fain would speak, but can't—without a Muse.

So to the sacred mount he takes his way,
Prunes his young wings, and tunes his infant lay,
His oaten reed to rural ditties frames,
To flocks and rocks, to hills and rills, proclaims,
In simplest notes, and all unpolish'd strains,
The loves of nymphs, and eke the loves of swains.

Clad, as your nymphs were always clad of yore,
In rustic weeds—a cook-maid now no more—
Beneath an aged oak Lardella lies—
Green moss her couch; her canopy the skies.
From aromatic shrubs the roguish gale
Steals young perfumes, and wafts them through the vale.

18 Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise,
My footstool earth, my canopy the skies. POPE.

The youth, turn'd swain, and skill'd in rustic lays,
Fast by her side his armorous descant plays.
Herds low, flocks bleat, pies chatter, ravens scream,
And the full chorus dies a-down the stream.
The streams, with music freighted, as they pass
Present the fair Lardella with a glass,
And Zephyr, to complete the love-sick plan,
Waves his light wings, and serves her for a fan.
But when maturer Judgment takes the lead,
These childish toys on Reason's altar bleed;
Form'd after some great man, whose name breeds awe,
Whose every sentence Fashion makes a law;
Who on mere credit his vain trophies rears,
And founds his merit on our servile fears;
Then we discard the workings of the heart,
And nature's banish'd by mechanic art;
Then, deeply read, our reading must be shown;
Vain is that knowledge which remains unknown:
Then Ostentation marches to our aid,
And letter'd Pride stalks forth in full parade;
Beneath their care behold the work refine,
Pointed each sentence, polish'd every line;
Trifles are dignified, and taught to wear
The robes of ancients with a modern air;
Nonsense with classic ornaments is graced,
And passes current with the stamp of taste.
Then the rude Theocrite is ransack'd o'er,
And courtly Maro call'd from Mincio's shore;

Sicilian Muses on our mountains roam,
Easy and free as if they were at home;
Nymphs, Naiads, Nereids, Dryads, Satyrs, Fauns,
Sport in our floods, and trip it o'er our lawns;
Flowers which once flourish'd fair in Greece and Rome,
More fair revive in England's meads to bloom;
Skies without cloud exotic suns adorn,
And roses blush, but blush without a thorn;
Landscapes unknown to dowdy Nature rise,
And new creations strike our wond'ring eyes.

For bards like these, who neither sing nor say,
Grave without thought, and without feeling gay,
Whose numbers in one even tenor flow,
Attuned to pleasure, and attuned to woe;
Who, if plain Common-sense her visit pays,
And mars one couplet in their happy lays,
As at some ghost affrighted, start and stare,
And ask the meaning of her coming there:
For bards like these a wreath shall Mason bring,
Lined with the softest down of Folly's wing;
In Love's pagoda shall they ever doze,
And Gisbal kindly rock them to repose;

[67] William Mason, author, among other pieces of inferior note, of Elfrida, Caractacus and an Elegy on the death of the Countess of Coventry, was the intimate friend and executor of Gray, to whom, and to whose memory and fame, he was devoted with an enthusiasm amounting almost to idolatry, and really feeling for him what Horace Walpole only professed: Mason wrote the life of Gray prefixed to an edition of his works. Mr. Mason, through the patronage of the Holdernesse

My Lord ——— to letters as to faith most true—
At once their patron and example too—
Shall quaintly fashion his love-labour'd dreams,
Sigh with sad winds, and weep with weeping streams;
Curious in grief, (for real grief, we know,
Is curious to dress up the tale of woe)
From the green umbrage of some Druid's seat
Shall his own works in his own way repeat.
Me, whom no Muse of heavenly birth inspires,
No judgment tempers when rash genius fires;
Who boast no merit but mere knack of rhyme,
Short gleams of sense, and satire out of time;
Who cannot follow where trim fancy leads
By prattling streams o'er flower-empurpled meads;

family, obtained considerable church preferment, and died Precentor of York, April 5, 1797, aged 71. There is a want of nerve in all his productions, which will ever prevent his attaining a station in English poetry much above mediocrity. Long after his death it was ascertained that he had written the celebrated heroic epistle to Sir W. Chambers, in a style of satirical humour as well as poetical strength so unlike what he had ever before adopted, that he had altogether escaped the imputation of being its author.

70 "Gisbal, an Hyperborean tale, translated from the fragments of Ossian, the son of Fingal." The stupidity of this attack upon Scotland, can only be equalled by its scurrility.

74 A harsh censure on Lord Littelton's Monody on his wife; which, though like all his productions, highly laboured, contains many beauties. He was also author of the History of Henry the Second, a labour of twenty years. The allusion to faith applies to his Lordship's essay on the conversion of St. Paul.

Who often, but without success, have pray'd
For apt Alliteration's artful aid;
Who would, but cannot, with a master's skill,
Coin fine new epithets, which mean no ill:
Me, thus uncouth, thus every way unfit
For pacing poesy, and ambling wit,
Taste with contempt beholds, nor deigns to place
Amongst the lowest of her favour'd race.

Thou, Nature, art my goddess—to thy law
Myself I dedicate—hence, slavish awe,
Which bends to fashion, and obeys the rules
Imposed at first, and since observed by fools;
Hence those vile tricks which mar fair Nature's hue,
And bring the sober matron forth to view,
With all that artificial tawdry glare
Which virtue scorns, and none but strumpets wear.
Sick of those pomps, those vanities, that waste
Of toil, which critics now mistake for taste,
Of false refinements sick, and labour'd ease,

86 Mason's poetry abounds with instances of a ridiculous fondness for alliteration.

Those who admire Virgil's

——— *Validas in viscera vertite vires,*

must be pleased with the following specimens :—

"And vainly venturous soar on waxen wing,—
Chased by a charm still lovelier than the last,—
And wean her from a world she loved so well—
This let me learn, and learning let me live ;"

with many other instances : such as, boisterous breath, wayward world, lovely lawn, soft serenity, liquid lustre, &c.

Which art, too thinly veil'd, forbids to please,
By Nature's charms (inglorious truth!) subdued,
However plain her dress, and 'haviour rude,
To northern climes my happier course I steer,
Climes where the goddess reigns throughout the year;
Where, undisturb'd by art's rebellious plan,
She rules the loyal laird, and faithful clan.

To that rare soil, where virtues clust'ring grow,
What mighty blessings doth not England owe?
What wagon-loads of courage, wealth, and sense,
Doth each revolving day import from thence?
To us she gives, disinterested friend!
Faith without fraud, and Stuarts without end.
When we prosperity's rich trappings wear,
Come not her generous sons and take a share?
And if, by some disastrous turn of fate,
Change should ensue, and ruin seize the state,
Shall we not find, safe in that hallow'd ground,
Such refuge as the holy martyr found?

110 Ironically alluding to the then recent rebellion of 1745, and to the disaffection of several entire clans, one of which, the M'Gregors, was compelled by Act of Parliament to relinquish its name, as all were to discontinue the national dress.

116 Stuart, the family name of Lord Bute: it was noticed by the opposition papers of the day, that out of sixteen names in one list of gazette promotions there were eleven Stuarts and four M'Kenzies.

122 The disgraceful surrender by the Scotch of their unfortunate sovereign, who had claimed their protection, into the hands of his persecutors, has from various motives been much canvassed and artfully perplexed. Lord Clarendon's

Nor less our debt in science, though denied
By the weak slaves of prejudice and pride. [121]
Thence came the Ramsays, names of worthy note,

plain statement of the fact appears to claim that credibility which party or national prejudice has in vain attempted to dispute.

"The parliament having required the person of the King, the Scots began to talk sturdily, and denied that the parliament of England had power absolutely to dispose of the person of the King without their approbation, and the parliament as loudly replied that they had nothing to do but to observe their orders, and added such threats to their reasons as might let them see they had a great contempt of their power, and would exact obedience from them if they refused to yield it. But these discourses were only kept up till they could adjust all accounts between them, and agree what price they should pay for the delivery of *his* person whom one side was resolved to have, and the other as resolved not to keep, and so they agreed; and upon the payment of £200,000, in hand, and security for as much more, the Scots delivered the King up into such hands as the parliament appointed to receive him. In this infamous manner that excellent Prince, was in the end of Jan. 1647, given up by his Scottish subjects to those of his English, who were intrusted by parliament to receive him." *Clarendon*, Hist. vol. iii. part 1.

[125] Allan Ramsay, originally a barber in Edinburgh. His songs are in some esteem, as is also his "Gentle Shepherd," which possesses merit enough to have been deemed not to be his own production. He died in 1758. Allan, his eldest son, a portrait-painter of some eminence, was appointed painter to his majesty, and was also known as the author of some tracts on various branches of polite literature, published under the title of the Investigator. He died in 1784. Both father and son were of a disaffected family, the latter having actually set out to join the Pretender, when he heard of his defeat, yet this same Ramsay, being offended that Strange, the celebrated engraver, had declined to engrave his portrait

Of whom one paints, as well as t'other wrote;
Thence, Home, disbanded from the sons of prayer

of George the Third, imputed it to Strange's Jacobitism; and though patronized originally by Lord Bute, afterwards quarrelled with him and published a pamphlet against the Earl, in which he taxed him with the ridiculous vanity of choosing to have his own portrait engraved before the king's. When a young man, he studied at Rome under Solimene and Imperiale, artists of repute. Walpole has done him the honour to couple him with Sir Joshua Reynolds, by observing "Reynolds and Ramsay have wanted subjects, not genius;" a compliment which, by the way, must have been much more grateful to Ramsay than to Reynolds. M. Roquet, the enamel painter, has designated him as an able painter, who, acknowledging no other guide than nature, brought a rational taste of resemblance with him from Italy. He showed even in his portraits that just, steady spirit which he so agreeably displayed in his conversation. Dr. Johnson also bore testimony to the colloquial talents of this worthy painter, and in a letter to Sir Joshua Reynolds, in Aug. 1784, writes, "Poor Ramsay, on which side soever I turn, mortality presents its formidable frown. I no sooner lost sight of dear Allan, than I am told I shall see him no more." On the subject of Mr. Ramsay's talent for conversation, Mr. Northcote has related that Reynolds often observed that Ramsay was the most sensible man of all the living artists. Touching his art, Ramsay wanted little more to rank with the best portrait-painters of his day. Some of his whole lengths were well composed, firmly drawn, and painted in a sterling manner. He would have raised a higher professional reputation, had he not indulged too much in literary pursuits, which he seemed to prefer to the cultivation of his art. Though he professed the Latin, French, and Italian languages, yet like Cato of old, he acquired the Greek in the advanced part of his life.

Mr. Ramsay died a few days after landing at Dover, having then returned from his fourth visit to Rome, in August, 1784, about seventy-five years of age. He was twice married. His last lady was a daughter of Sir David Lindsay. He left a son

For loving plays, though no dull dean was there;
Thence issued forth, at great Macpherson's call,

and daughter, General Ramsay, and the widow of Sir Archibald Campbell.

127 John Home, the author of Douglas, on which alone his reputation should justly be founded; besides which he wrote the following tragedies: Agis, the Siege of Aquileia, the Fatal Discovery, Alonzo, and Alfred, all of which fall much below mediocrity, and such of them as the managers ventured to present to the public met the condemnation they deserved. Garrick, by error of judgment which occasionally he fell into both as regarded plays and players, rejected the Douglas as altogether unworthy of representation, while David Hume, a distant relation and patron of the author, exposed his own want of taste in his four dissertations addressed to Mr. Home, by complimenting him as possessing the true theatric genius of Shakspeare and Otway, refined from the unhappy barbarism of the one, and the licentiousness of the other. Mr. Home was bred to the Ministry of the Kirk of Scotland; but the heinous crime of writing plays and frequenting theatres having been proved against him, and ineffectually remonstrated against by the Synod, they thundered their anathema against the author, the performers, and the spectators, with as little success; at length, after having in vain adopted every species of persecution which their limited powers would permit, the holy Synod pronounced a sentence of perpetual seclusion from the ministry upon the devoted Home; but, as it is fortunately in the nature of intolerance to defeat its own ends, thus, in this instance, Frederic Prince of Wales stretched forth his protecting hand, and saved Mr. Home from the malice of his bigoted antagonists. A handsome pension was settled upon him in this country, and he soon afterwards obtained a lucrative place under government, and ultimately a captain's commission in a regiment of fencibles, raised by the Duke of Buccleugh, in 1773. He died 4th Sept. 1808, at the advanced age of eighty-five, having only a few years before his death published "The History of the Rebellion in Scotland in

That old, new, epic pastoral, Fingal; 130
Thence Malloch, friend alike to church and state,

1745-6," 4to. of which great expectations were formed, as greatly to be disappointed.

128 Dr. Zachary Pearce, Bishop of Rochester and Dean of Westminster, when the name of our author appeared to the second edition of the Rosciad, reprimanded him for writing on a subject so totally inconsistent with his profession: Churchill replied, "that if he was so culpable, the translator of Longinus (Dr. Pearce) could not be entirely blameless:" the Bishop immediately shifted the topic of reprehension, and desired him to alter his mode of dressing, and not affect in his appearance the gayety of a layman, when he ought to assume the gravity becoming his sacred function. These animadversions being again enforced by the Dean in his official capacity, at the instance of the parishioners of St. John the Evangelist, Churchill found it necessary, in Jan. 1763, to resign the lectureship of that parish.

The following Epigram on the subject was written by Robert Lloyd:

"To Churchill, the bard, cries the Westminster Dean,
Leather breeches, white stockings! pray what do you mean?
'Tis shameful, irrev'rent—you must keep to church rules.
—If wise ones I will—and if not, they're for fools.
If reason don't bind me, I'll shake off all fetters,
To be *black and all black* I shall leave to my betters."

129 James Macpherson, Esq., in the year 1760, published a pamphlet entitled Fragments of Antient Poetry. These fragments, which were declared to be genuine remains of ancient Scottish poetry, at their first appearance delighted many readers; and some good judges, amongst the rest Mr. Gray and Dr. Blair, were extremely warm in their praises. As other specimens were said to be recoverable, a subscription was set on foot to enable Mr. Macpherson to quit the family he was then in, and undertake a mission into the Highlands and western isles, to secure what might remain of the works of the

Of Christ and Liberty, by grateful Fate
Raised to rewards, which, in a pious reign,

ancient bards, particularly those of Ossian the son of Fingal. He engaged in the undertaking, which he pretended to have succeeded in, and soon after produced the Epic poem of Fingal Temora, and other works whose authenticity has since occasioned so much controversy, but which now seem generally admitted to be the productions of Mr. Macpherson himself. Dr. Johnson had the merit of being among the first to expose the forgery, in consequence of which, Macpherson wrote him a very insolent letter, which drew forth the following answer from the Doctor:

Mr. James Macpherson,—I received your foolish and impudent letter.—Any violence that shall be attempted upon me, I will do my best to repel; and what I cannot do for myself the law shall do for me; for I will not be hindered from exposing what I think a cheat by the menaces of a ruffian. What would you have me retract? I thought your work an imposition; I think so still; and for my opinion I have given reasons which I here dare you to refute. Your abilities, since your Homer, are not so formidable; and what I hear of your morality inclines me to credit rather what you shall prove than what you shall say.

SAM. JOHNSON.

Mr. Macpherson published a contemptible translation of the Iliad, and was not more successful in his attempts in historical and controversial writing. He sat in parliament many years for the borough of Camelford, and died in 179€, in opulent circumstances, the fruit of his East India agencies and connections. The learned and ingenious Mr. Whitaker, the author of the History of Manchester, by his frequent quotations from Ossian, appears to have been deluded into a conviction of its authenticity.

Dr. Johnson mainly contributed to the complete refutation of this impudent imposture, by stimulating the Rev. W. Shaw, to travel into the Highlands, where he, at a heavy expense, and at much personal labour, his journey extending to near

All daring infidels should seek in vain ;
Thence simple bards, by simple prudence taught,

three thousand miles, was enabled to lay conclusive evidence of the fraud before the public in a pamphlet published under the auspices of Dr. Johnson.

131 David Mallett or Malloch, as he first called himself, but afterwards adopted the former as the less barbarous appellation. His real name was Macgregor, the clan of which name had rendered themselves so notorious for acts of violence and robbery, that they were obliged by act of parliament to change their appellation. At his outset in life he was through penury compelled to be janitor of the high school at Edinburgh; he afterwards became tutor to the sons of the Duke of Montrose, with whom he travelled, and on his return settled in London, where he became an author by profession. Here his literary reputation so highly advanced, that the Duchess of Marlborough left him and Mr. Glover £1000 between them to write the life of the great duke her husband; but clogged the bequest with a condition that the work should be approved by her executors; and even added the whimsical injunction, that it should not contain a single line of verse. Mr. Glover declining the task, the whole of the £1000 became the property of Mallett, who never executed it. On his death, however, the papers which had been intrusted to him were restored to the family, and being with others of no less value deposited at Blenheim, were regularly arranged by order of the late duke, and constituted the stores whence Mr. Coxe compiled his elaborate history of that illustrious statesman and warrior. In 1740, when the Prince of Wales had a separate Court, he made Mallett his under-secretary; and when it was found that Pope had clandestinely printed an unauthorized number of the "Patriot King," Bolingbroke employed Mallett, in 1747, to be the executioner of his vengeance in traducing the memory of his deceased friend, and rewarded him for this office by the legacy of his own works, which were published with success very much below the editor's expectation, and of which Dr. Johnson said that Bolingbroke had charged a blunderbuss with all manner of combustibles against

To this wise town by simple patrons brought,
In simple manner utter simple lays,
And take, with simple pensions, simple praise.
Waft me, some muse, to Tweed's inspiring stream,
Where all the little Loves and Graces dream;

the human race, but not having courage to fire it off himself, had hired a wretch to pull the trigger. Having occasion to name him in his Dictionary, Dr. Johnson quoted him with an alias, as Mallet alias Malloch. In the political disputes, which commenced with the present reign, Mr. Mallett took part with his countryman, Lord Bute; to serve whom he wrote his tragedy of Elvira, of which the following brief criticism appeared in the papers:

Act 1, Indifferent.
2, Something better.
3, MIDDLING.
4, Execrable.
5, Tolerable.

On the whole a modern tragedy. From the spikes by the orchestra, pit, Drury Lane Theatre.

He was rewarded by his noble patron with the office of keeper of the book of entries for ships in the port of London, to which he was appointed in 1763. He enjoyed also a considerable pension which had been bestowed on him for his success in turning the public vengeance upon Admiral Byng, by means of a letter of accusation under the character of "*a plain man.*" Towards the latter end of his life he went to France, but finding his health declining he returned to England, and died, in 1765, on the 21st of April, at his house in George Street, Hanover Square. He was an avowed free-thinker and a very free-speaker of his thoughts at his own table; indeed, the lady of the house (who was a stanch advocate for her husband's opinions) would often, in the warmth of argument, say, "Sir, we Deists." She once made use of this expression in a mixed company to David Hume, who declined the intended compliment by asserting that he was a very good Christian; for the truth of which he ap-

Where, slowly winding, the dull waters creep,
And seem themselves to own the power of sleep;
Where on the surface lead, like feathers, swims;
There let me bathe my yet unhallow'd limbs,
As once a Syrian bathed in Jordan's flood,
Wash off my native stains, correct that blood
Which mutinies at call of English pride,
And, deaf to prudence, rolls a patriot tide.

pealed to a worthy clergyman present, and this occasioned a laugh which not a little disconcerted Mr. and Mrs. Mallett. As a writer, Mallett holds a very inferior rank. There is no species of composition in which he was eminent. In his life of Lord Bacon, published in 1740, he omitted to notice that great man as a philosopher, which rendered it highly probable that had he written the long expected memoirs of the Duke of Marlborough, he might have forgotten to relate his merit as a general. His dramas had their day, a short day, and were forgotten. Dr. Johnson remarked of him that he was the only Scot whom Scotsmen did not commend.

138 If the *simplicity* of the Whiteheads, Masons, and Dodsleys, which was always delicate, and occasionally classical and elegant, could thus excite the just ridicule of the satirist, what language could he have found sufficiently expressive of his disgust at the *simplicity* of a later school of poetry, the spawn of the lakes, consisting of a mawkish combination of the nonsense verses of the nursery with the rhodomontade of German mysticism, and transcendentalism. Out of their own mouths will we condemn them, by quoting a burlesque sonnet written by one of their own school (Coleridge) during a lucid interval.

TO SIMPLICITY.

O! I do love thee, meek *Simplicity!*
For of thy lays the lulling simpleness
Goes to my heart, and soothes each small distress;
Distress though small, yet haply great to me.

From solemn thought which overhangs the brow,
Of patriot care, when things are—God knows how;
From nice trim points, where Honour, slave to rule,
In compliment to folly plays the fool;
From those gay scenes, where mirth exalts his power,
And easy humour wings the laughing hour;
From those soft better moments, when desire
Beats high, and all the world of man's on fire;
When mutual ardours of the melting fair
More than repay us for whole years of care,
At Friendship's summons will my Wilkes retreat,
And see, once seen before, that ancient seat,
That ancient seat, where majesty display'd
Her ensigns, long before the world was made!
Mean narrow maxims which enslave mankind,
Ne'er from its bias warp thy settled mind:
Not duped by party nor opinion's slave,
Those faculties which bounteous nature gave
Thy honest spirit into practice brings,
Nor courts the smile, nor dreads the frown of kings,

'Tis true on lady Fortune's gentlest pad
I amble on! yet, though I know not why,
So sad I am! But should a friend and I
Grow cool and *sniff*, O! I am *very* sad!
And then with sonnets, and with sympathy,
My dreamy bosom's mystic woes I pall;
Now of my false friend plaining plaintively,
Now raving at mankind in general;
But whether sad or fierce, 'tis simple all,
All very simple, meek SIMPLICITY.

NEHEMIAH HIGGINBOTTOM.

Let rude licentious Englishmen comply
With tumult's voice, and curse they know not why;
Unwilling to condemn, thy soul disdains
To wear vile faction's arbitrary chains,
And strictly weighs, in apprehension clear,
Things as they are, and not as they appear.
With thee good humour tempers lively wit,
Enthroned with judgment, candour loves to sit,
And nature gave thee, open to distress,
A heart to pity, and a hand to bless.
Oft have I heard thee mourn the wretched lot
Of the poor, mean, despised, insulted Scot,
Who, might calm reason credit idle tales,
By rancour forged where prejudice prevails,
Or starves at home, or practises, through fear
Of starving, arts which damn all conscience here.
When scribblers, to the charge by interest led,
The fierce North Briton foaming at their head,
Pour forth invectives, deaf to candour's call,
And, injured by one alien, rail at all;
On northern Pisgah when they take their stand,
To mark the weakness of that Holy Land,

186 The Earl of Bute having been injudiciously induced to patronize the publication of a paper called the Briton, by Smollett, in conjunction with other ministerial hirelings, provoked a retaliatory attack by Wilkes, assisted by Churchill and others, under the name of the North Briton.

190 In the thirteenth number of the North Briton appeared "Howell's perfect description of the people and country of Scotland, written in 1649;" a tissue of disgusting exaggerations, more disgraceful to the narrator than to the subject of

With needless truths their libels to adorn,
And hang a nation up to public scorn,
Thy generous soul condemns the frantic rage,
And hates the faithful, but ill-natured page.
The Scots are poor, cries surly English pride;
True is the charge, nor by themselves denied.
Are they not then in strictest reason clear,
Who wisely come to mend there fortunes here?
If, by low subtle arts successful grown,
They sapp'd our vigour to increase their own,
If, mean in want, and insolent in power,
They only fawn'd more surely to devour,
Roused by such wrongs should reason take alarm,
And e'en the Muse for public safety arm?
But if they own ingenuous virtue's sway,
And follow where true honour points the way,
If they revere the hand by which they're fed,
And bless the donors for their daily bread,
Or by vast debts of higher import bound,
Are always humble, always grateful found:
If they, directed by Paul's holy pen,
Become discreetly all things to all men,
That all men may become all things to them,
Envy may hate, but justice can't condemn.

his libel. A pamphlet of a similar nature entitled "Scotland characterised: in a letter written to a young gentleman, to dissuade him from an intended journey thither," is preserved in vol. vii. of the Harleian Miscellany. Both the works are curious specimens of the length to which national prejudice may be carried; and prove that it could not be more inveterate in the eighteenth, than it had been in the seventeenth century.

"Into our places, states, and beds they creep;"
They've sense to get what we want sense to keep.
Once be the hour accursed, accursed the place,
I ventured to blaspheme the chosen race.
Into those traps, which men, call'd patriots, laid,
By specious arts unwarily betray'd,
Madly I leagued against that sacred earth,
Vile parricide! which gave a parent birth:
But shall I meanly error's path pursue,
When heavenly truth presents her friendly clue?
Once plunged in ill, shall I go farther in?
To make the oath, was rash: to keep it, sin.
Backward I tread the paths I trod before,
And calm reflection hates what passion swore.
Converted, (blessed are the souls which know
Those pleasures which from true conversion flow,
Whether to reason, who now rules my breast,
Or to pure faith, like Lyttelton and West)
Past crimes to expiate, be my present aim

232 George Lord Lyttelton, author of the history of Henry II. and Gilbert West, the translator of Pindar. The former, who had been addicted to scepticism in his earlier years, received at Wickham in Kent, in the house of Mr. West, that conviction which produced his celebrated "Dissertation on the conversion and apostolic mission of Paul." Mr. West was much in the intimacy of Mr. Pitt, and enjoyed some lucrative appointments under government. For his "Observations on the Resurrection," which appeared in 1747, he received from Oxford, by diploma, the degree of LL. D. He died of a paralytic stroke the 28th of March, 1756. His friend Lord Lyttelton survived him upwards of seventeen years.

To raise new trophies to the Scottish name;
To make (what can the proudest Muse do more?)
E'en faction's sons her brighter worth adore;
To make her glories stamp'd with honest rhymes,
In fullest tide roll down to latest times.
"Presumptuous wretch! and shall a Muse like thine,
An English Muse, the meanest of the nine,
Attempt a theme like this? Can her weak strain
Expect indulgence from the mighty Thane?
Should he from toils of government retire,
And for a moment fan the poet's fire;

247 Of this man, and of Lord Bute's patronage of him, enough has been said in a note upon the Rosciad.

250 Home was another of Lord Bute's protegés, and his lordship's avowed admiration of his Agis King of Sparta did no great credit to his dramatic taste.

256 William Whitehead was the son of a tradesman in Cambridge, and a member of Clare Hall. He accompanied Lords Nuneham and Villiers, sons of the Earls of Harcourt and Jersey, in their travels on the continent; and after their return, kept up an uninterrupted intercourse with these noble families, living constantly with one or the other of them. Through their interest he in 1757, on the death of Colley Cibber, was appointed Poet Laureate, and also obtained the badge of Secretary and registrar of the order of the Bath. He wrote several poetical and dramatic works of considerable merit. Churchill's resentment was probably excited against Whitehead, by the publication by the latter, in 1762, of his "Charge to the Poets," in which, however, the satire was so general, that we have found it difficult to discover at what our author could take offence; but after that period all Churchill's productions abounded with severe attacks upon the Laureate. Whitehead adhered to a precept which he had

Should he of sciences the moral friend,
Each curious, each important, search suspend,
Leave unassisted Hill of herbs to tell,
And all the wonders of a cockleshell,
Having the Lord's good grace before his eyes,
Would not the Home step forth and gain the prize?
Or if this wreath of honour might adorn
The humble brows of one in England born,
Presumptuous still thy daring must appear;
Vain all thy towering hopes whilst I am here."
Thus spake a form, by silken smile and tone
Dull and unvaried, for the Laureat known,

laid down, and made no reply. The nearest allusion to Churchill in Whitehead's charge may possibly have been intended by the following lines:

> "Full many a peevish envious slandering elf
> Is in his works benevolence itself;
> For all mankind unknown his bosom heaves,
> He only injures those with whom he lives."

A ludicrous error ocurred in the first impression of Whitehead's poem by the substitution of the word dance for think, and a second edition was in consequence issued although not warranted by any demand for the first.

> Admire true beauties, and slight faults excuse,
> Nor learn to dance from Journals and Reviews.

Churchill's animadversions, however, had such an effect upon Mr. Garrick, who dreaded being again involved in a dispute with so powerful an enemy, that he would not venture to produce upon the stage a tragedy offered to him by Whitehead. —The Laureate died in 1785, at the age of 70; and was succeeded in his chair by Mr. Thomas Warton, a scholar, a poet and a gentleman, after him Mr. Pye was appointed, who was

Folly's chief friend, Decorum's eldest son,
In every party found and yet of none.
This airy substance, this substantial shade,
Abash'd I heard, and with respect obey'd.
From themes too lofty for a bard so mean,
Discretion beckons to an humbler scene;
The restless fever of ambition laid,
Calm I retire, and seek the sylvan shade.
Now be the Muse disrobed of all her pride,
Be all the glare of verse by truth supplied,
And if plain nature pours a simple strain,
Which Bute may praise, and Ossian not disdain,
Ossian, sublimest, simple bard of all,
Whom English infidels, Macpherson call,
Then round my head shall Honour's ensigns wave,
And pensions mark me for a willing slave.
Two boys, whose birth, beyond all question, springs
From great and glorious, though forgotten, kings,
Shepherds, of Scottish lineage, born and bred
On the same bleak and barren mountain's head,
By niggard nature doom'd on the same rocks
To spin out life, and starve themselves and flocks,
Fresh as the morning, which enrobed in mist,
The mountain's top with usual dullness kiss'd,
Jockey and Sawney to their labours rose;
Soon clad I ween, where nature needs no clothes;

only a gentleman, and to him succeeded Robert Southey on whose demise in February 1843, the Laureate wreath was bestowed on Mr. Wordsworth, the author of the Excursion, &c.

Where, from their youth enured to winter skies,
Dress and her vain refinements they despise.
Jockey, whose manly high-boned cheeks to crown,
With freckles spotted flamed the golden down,
With meikle art could on the bag-pipes play,
E'en from the rising to the setting day;
Sawney as long without remorse could bawl
Home's madrigals, and ditties from Fingal:
Oft' at his strains, all natural though rude,
The Highland lass forgot her want of food,
And, whilst she scratch'd her lover into rest,
Sunk pleased, though hungry, on her Sawney's breast.
Far as the eye could reach, no tree was seen,
Earth, clad in russet, scorn'd the lively green:
The plague of locusts they secure defy,
For in three hours a grasshopper must die:
No living thing, whate'er its food, feasts there,
But the cameleon, who can feast on air.
No birds, except as birds of passage, flew;
No bee was known to hum, no dove to coo;
No streams, as amber smooth, as amber clear,
Were seen to glide, or heard to warble here:
Rebellion's spring, which through the country ran,
Furnish'd, with bitter draughts, the steady clan;
No flowers embalm'd the air, but one white rose,

307 The white rose, the emblem of the Jacobites, was worn by them on the 10th of June, in honour of the young pretender's birth-day.

Which, on the tenth of June, by instinct blows:
By instinct blows at morn, and when the shades
Of drizzly eve prevail, by instinct fades.
One, and but one poor solitary cave,
Too sparing of her favours, nature gave;
That one alone (hard tax on Scottish pride!)
Shelter at once for man and beast supplied.
There snares without entangling briars spread,
And thistles, arm'd against the invader's head,
Stood in close ranks, all entrance to oppose;
Thistles now held more precious than the rose.
All creatures which, on nature's earliest plan,
Were form'd to loath, and to be loath'd by man,
Which owed their birth to nastiness and spite,
Deadly to touch, and hateful to the sight:
Creatures, which when admitted in the ark
Their saviour shunn'd, and rankled in the dark,
Found place within: marking her noisome road
With poison's trail, here crawl'd the bloated toad:
There webs were spread of more than common size,
And half-starved spiders prey'd on half-starved flies:
In quest of food, efts strove in vain to crawl;
Slugs, pinch'd with hunger, smear'd the slimy wall:
The cave around with hissing serpents rung;
On the damp roof unhealthy vapour hung;
And Famine, by her children always known,
As proud as poor, here fix'd her native throne.
Here, for the sullen sky was overcast,
And summer shrunk beneath a wintry blast;

A native blast, which, arm'd with hail and rain,
Beat unrelenting on the naked swain,
The boys for shelter made; behind, the sheep,
Of which those shepherds every day *take keep*,
Sickly crept on, and with complainings rude,
On nature seem'd to call, and bleat for food.

JOCKEY.

Sith to this cave, by tempest, we're confined,
And within *ken* our flocks, under the wind,
Safe from the pelting of this perilous storm,
Are laid *emong* yon' thistles, dry and warm,
What, Sawney, if by Shepherds' art we try
To mock the rigour of this cruel sky?
What if we tune some merry roundelay?
Well dost thou sing, nor ill doth Jockey play.

SAWNEY.

Ah! Jockey, ill advisest thou, *I wis*,
To think of songs at such a time as this:
Sooner shall herbage crown these barren rocks,
Sooner shall fleeces clothe these ragged flocks,
Sooner shall want seize shepherds of the south,
And we forget to live from hand to mouth,
Than Sawney, out of season, shall impart
The songs of gladness with an aching heart.

345 Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? LEAR.

JOCKEY.

Still have I known thee for a silly swain;
Of things past help what boots it to complain?
Nothing but mirth can conquer fortune's spite;
No sky is heavy if the heart be light:
Patience is sorrow's salve: what can't be cured,
So Donald right areeds, must be endured.

SAWNEY.

Full silly swain, *I wot*, is Jockey now.
How didst thou bear thy Maggy's falsehood? how,
When with a foreign loon she stole away,
Didst thou forswear thy pipe and shepherd's lay?
Where was thy boasted wisdom then, when I
Applied those proverbs, which you now apply?

JOCKEY.

O she was *bonny!* all the Highlands round
Was there a rival to my Maggy found?
More precious (though that precious is to all)
Than the rare med'cine which we Brimstone call,
Or that choice plant, so grateful to the nose,
Which, in I know not what far country, grows,
Was Maggy unto me: dear do I rue
A lass so fair should ever prove untrue.

376 Tobacco, and its produce, snuff, which form the principal luxury of the lower ranks in Scotland.

SAWNEY.

Whether with pipe or song to charm the ear,
Through all the land did Jamie find a peer?
Cursed be that year by every honest Scot,
And in the shepherd's calendar forgot,
That fatal year when Jamie, hapless swain!
In evil hour forsook the peaceful plain:
Jamie, when our young laird discreetly fled,
Was seized, and hang'd till he was dead, dead, dead.

JOCKEY.

Full sorely may we all lament that day,
For all were losers in the deadly fray.
Five brothers had I, on the Scottish plains,
Well dost thou know were none more hopeful swains;
Five brothers there I lost, in manhood's pride,
Two in the field, and three on gibbets died:

381 The year 1745 is memorable for the last struggle of the Jacobites to restore their outcast prince. This rebellion was quelled in the ensuing year, by the courage and conduct of the Duke of Cumberland, at the decisive battle of Culloden. The numerous executions that followed this victory, though stigmatized as needless barbarities, instilled a wholesome dread of the existing power; and the severity of the punishment subdued the spirit of the clans, to whose native ferocity, any mitigation or lenity would have borne the appearance of fear. Parliament followed up the blow by an act for disarming the Highlanders, and for abolishing the heritable jurisdiction of their chiefs; measures, which, under other circumstances, it would have been hazardous to have attempted.

Ah! silly swains! to follow war's alarms;
Ah! what hath shepherds' life to do with arms?

SAWNEY.

Mention it not—there saw I strangers clad
In all the honours of our ravish'd plaid;
Saw the Ferrara, too, our nation's pride,
Unwilling grace the awkward victor's side.
There fell our choicest youth, and from that day
Mote never Sawney tune the merry lay;
Bless'd those which fell! cursed those which still survive,
To mourn fifteen renew'd in forty-five.
Thus plain'd the boys, when from her throne of turf,
With boils emboss'd, and overgrown with scurf,
Vile humours, which, in life's corrupted well,
Mix'd at the birth not abstinence could quell,
Pale Famine rear'd the head; her eager eyes,
Where hunger e'en to madness seem'd to rise,
Speaking aloud her throes and pangs of heart,
Strain'd to get loose, and from their orbs to start:

397 Ferrara, in Italy, is still famous for furnishing the continent with skilful fencing-masters, fencing being the only science in a flourishing condition in that city. The citizens of Ferrara retain and exercise their ancient privilege of wearing swords by their sides, this privilege extending to the lowest mechanics, who strut about with great dignity. Many Scotch highlanders, who were fastidious in the choice of their blades, professed to obtain them from a celebrated maker there of the name of Andrea di Ferrara, and in consequence all the best broad swords were designated as true Andrew Ferraras.

Her hollow cheeks were each a deep-sunk cell,
Where wretchedness and horror loved to dwell:
With double rows of useless teeth supplied,
Her mouth from ear to ear extended wide,
Which, when for want of food her entrails pined,
She oped, and cursing, swallow'd nought but wind:
All shrivell'd was her skin; and here and there,
Making their way by force, her bones lay bare:
Such filthy sight to hide from human view,
O'er her foul limbs a tatter'd plaid she threw.
"Cease," cried the goddess, "cease, despairing swains!
And from a parent hear what Jove ordains:
"Pent in this barren corner of the isle,
Where partial fortune never deign'd to smile;
Like nature's bastards, reaping for our share
What was rejected by the lawful heir;
Unknown amongst the nations of the earth,
Or only known to raise contempt and mirth;
Long free, because the race of Roman braves
Thought it not worth their while to make us slaves;
Then into bondage by that nation brought,
Whose ruin we for ages vainly sought;
Whom still with unslaked hate we view, and still,
The power of mischief lost, retain the will;
Consider'd as the refuse of mankind,
A mass till the last moment left behind,
Which frugal nature doubted, as it lay,
Whether to stamp with life or throw away;
Which, form'd in haste, was planted in this nook,
But never enter'd in creation's book;

Branded as traitors who for love of gold
Would sell their God, as once their king they sold.
Long have we borne this mighty weight of ill,
These vile injurious taunts, and bear them still;
But times of happier note are now at hand,
And the full promise of a better land:
There, like the sons of Israel, having trod,
For the fix'd term of years ordain'd by God,
A barren desert, we shall seize rich plains,
Where milk with honey flows, and plenty reigns:
With some few natives join'd, some pliant few,
Who worship interest and our track pursue;
There shall we though the wretched people grieve,
Ravage at large, nor ask the owners' leave.

For us, the earth shall bring forth her increase,
For us, the flocks shall wear a golden fleece;
Fat beeves shall yield us dainties not our own,
And the grape bleed a nectar yet unknown;
For our advantage shall their harvest grow,
And Scotsman reap what they disdain'd to sow:
For us, the sun shall climb the eastern hill;
For us, the rain shall fall, the dew distil:
When to our wishes nature cannot rise,
Art shall be task'd to grant us fresh supplies;
His brawny arm shall drudging labour strain,
And for our pleasure suffer daily pain:

448 Cleveland, in his famous couplet on Scotland, introduces an allusion to scripture equally severe:

"Had Cain been Scot, God had reversed his doom,
Not made him wander, but confined him home."

Trade shall for us exert her utmost powers,
Hers all the toil, and all the profit ours:
For us, the oak shall from his native steep
Descend, and fearless travel through the deep:
The sail of commerce, for our use unfurl'd,
Shall waft the treasures of each distant world:
For us, sublimer heights shall science reach;
For us, their statesmen plot, their churchmen preach:
Their noblest limbs of council we'll disjoint,
And, mocking, new ones of our own appoint:
Devouring War, imprison'd in the North,
Shall, at our call, in horrid pomp break forth,
And when, his chariot-wheels with thunder hung,
Fell Discord braying with her brazen tongue,
Death in the van, with Anger, Hate, and Fear,
And Desolation stalking in the rear,
Revenge, by Justice guided, in his train,
He drives impetuous o'er the trembling plain,
Shall, at our bidding, quit his lawful prey,
And to meek, gentle, generous, Peace give way.
Think not, my Sons, that this so bless'd estate
Stands at a distance on the roll of fate;
Already big with hopes of future sway,
E'en from this cave I scent my destined prey.
Think not, that this dominion o'er a race
Whose former deeds shall time's last annals grace,
In the rough face of peril must be sought,
And with the lives of thousands dearly bought:
No—fool'd by cunning, by that happy art
Which laughs to scorn the blundering hero's heart,

Into the snare shall our kind neighbours fall
With open eyes, and fondly give us all.
When Rome, to prop her sinking empire, bore
Their choicest levies to a foreign shore,
What if we seized, like a destroying flood,
Their widow'd plains, and fill'd the realm with blood,
Gave an unbounded loose to manly rage,
And, scorning mercy, spared nor sex, nor age?
When, for our interest too mighty grown,
Monarchs of warlike bent possess'd the throne,
What if we strove divisions to foment,
And spread the flames of civil discontent,
Assisted those who 'gainst their king made head,
And gave the traitors refuge when they fled?
When restless Glory bade her sons advance,
And pitch'd her standard in the fields of France,
What if, disdaining oaths, an empty sound,
By which our nation never shall be bound,

512 Before the union of the two crowns, Scotland was always in strict alliance with France; in consequence of which, when Edward III. claimed the Gallic throne, and crossed the seas in person to assert his right, the French king prevailed upon David Bruce, king of Scotland to make a general irruption into England. David accordingly entered Northumberland with 50,000 men, and was met at Neville's cross by Edward's heroic queen, Philippa, at the head of no more than twelve thousand; notwithstanding this fearful inferiority of numbers, the English obtained a decisive victory, about twenty thousand of the Scotch were killed or taken prisoners, and David was led captive to the tower of London, where he was some years after joined in a similar fate by John king of France, who was taken prisoner by the Black Prince, in the glorious battle of Poictiers.

The Scotch, though seldom successful in their pitched bat-

Bravely we taught unmuzzled war to roam,
Through the weak land, and brought cheap laurels home?
When the bold traitors leagued for the defence
Of law, religion, liberty, and sense,
When they against their lawful monarch rose,
And dared the Lord's anointed to oppose,
What if we still revered the banish'd race,
And strove the royal vagrants to replace,
With fierce rebellions shook the unsettled state,
And greatly dared, though cross'd by partial fate?
These facts, which might, where wisdom held the sway,
Awake the very stones to bar our way,
There shall be nothing, nor one trace remain
In the dull region of an English brain; [move,
Bless'd with that faith, which mountains can re-

tles with the English, did much mischief by their predatory incursions.

"For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs;
Playing the mouse, in absence of the cat,
To spoil and havoc more than she can eat."

SHAKSPEARE, Hen. V.

523 The dangerous rebellions of 1715 and 1745, bear witness to the devotion of the Scottish nation to the name and cause of the Stuarts. This attachment subsided soon after the latter contest; and the extinction of the elder royal line by the death, at Rome, in 1807, of Henry, Cardinal of York, at the age of eighty-two, and who had latterly subsisted on the bounty of George the Third, has centred all rights to the British throne in the house of Guelph.

First they shall dupes, next saints, last martyrs, prove.
Already is this game of fate begun
Under the sanction of my darling son;
That son of nature royal as his name,
Is destined to redeem our race from shame:
His boundless power, beyond example great,
Shall make the rough way smooth, the crooked straight;
Shall for our ease the raging floods restrain,
And sink the mountain level to the plain.
Discord, whom in a cavern under ground
With massy fetters their late patriot bound;
Where her own flesh the furious hag might tear,
And vent her curses to the vacant air;

530 Dr. Duke with equal injustice and illiberality stigmatized our northern brethren in the following lines:

The Scots, a fatal race,
Whom God in wrath contrived to place,
To scourge our crimes, and check our pride,
A constant thorn in England's side;
Who first our greatness to oppose,
He in his vengeance mark'd for foes;
Then more to work his wrathful ends,
And more to curse us, mark'd for friends.

540 Mr. Pitt, and his noble brother-in-law, Earl Temple, made every exertion to abolish party, and to form a union of the real and best friends of their country, but were thwarted in their plans, and checked in a brilliant career of glory, by the growing influence of Lord Bute's party, who arrogated to themselves the exclusive title of "the king's friends," and who systematically, and too successfully infused a spirit of disunion in the ranks of their opponents.

Where, that she never might be heard of more,
He planted Loyalty to guard the door,
For better purpose shall our chief release,
Disguise her for a time, and call her peace.
Lured by that name, fine engine of deceit!
Shall the weak English help themselves to cheat;
To gain our love, with honours shall they grace
The old adherents of the Stuart race,
Who pointed out, no matter by what name,
Tories or Jacobites, are still the same;
To sooth our rage the temporising brood
Shall break the ties of truth and gratitude,
Against their saviour venom'd falsehoods frame,
And brand with calumny our William's name:
To win our grace, (rare argument of wit!)
To our untainted faith shall they commit
(Our faith which, in extremest perils tried,
Disdain'd, and still disdains to change her side)

546 The splendid victories obtained under Mr. Pitt's administration had, like those of the Duke of Marlborough, infused a warlike spirit into the nation, which indisposed it towards the greatest of all blessings. The peace of 1763 was compared to that of Utrecht, and became the constant subject of intemperate abuse with the leaders of opposition; on the discussion of the preliminary articles, in the House of Lords, the Earl of Bute entered into a spirited vindication of them, and concluded his speech with declaring, "That he wished no other epitaph to be inscribed upon his tomb, than, that he was the adviser of that peace, on the merits of which their lordships were then called upon to decide."

556 The character of King William III. was the test of the party writers of the day, and he was by turns a demon or a demi-god, as the pen was wielded by a Smollett or a Macaulay.

That sacred Majesty they all approve,
Who most enjoys, and best deserves their love." [562]

[562] George the Third's avowed partiality for Lord Bute, and our author's frequent allusions to it, induce us to extract the following character of him from The Contrast, a once popular pamphlet; which is drawn with temper, and forms a mean between the eloquent but malignant portrait of him introduced in the first volume of the Anecdotes of Lord Chatham, and the fulsome panegyrics of the ministerial hirelings of the day.

"If disinterestedness herself was to draw the negative qualities of the first officer of state in this kingdom, it would be much such a character as had now assumed the reins of government. He was a man that at no time of life had opportunity or inclination for applying to business. When young, he was disposed to gayety; and though having been, at the close of a session, elected one of the sixteen peers, yet by his opposing, right or wrong, all measures of government, he was at the next election excluded, and then in disgust retired to an isle in the kingdom of Scotland, where he spent many years in close monasterial retirement. This being the prime of his life, in which most men, after the school of books, enlarge their ideas in the only useful school, the conversation of men, he formed his from theory; became reserved, full of strange prejudices, and unfit for any thing but the tyrannic dominion of an Highland clan.

"When he returned, as if fate was still making him her sport, one time exalting him, the more completely to depress him at another, he was taken notice of on an occasion, that no one could have conceived introductory to the premiership. The Duchess, of Queensbury having entertained her friends with the play of the Fair Penitent, the part of Lothario fell to the lot of his lordship, in which he succeeded so much better than in his late performance in the character of a statesman, that he was greatly admired, and particularly by Frederick, Prince of Wales, * who took great notice of this occasional

* The prince emphatically exclaimed, "Here Lord Bute does not act." Mr. Wilkes, in the dedication to the Fall of

Roscius, and invited him to Leicester House, which laid the foundation of a connection that I fear England will ever repent. After the death of this excellent prince, at the settling of the household at Saville House, his lordship became a great officer and a great favourite; his talents, however unfit for public employ, very deservedly made him amiable to his young master in a private capacity; his morals were unexceptionable, and he was disposed to arts and artists, though he has ever been directed by national attachments, caprice, or private friendship, and not by a disinterested zeal for real merit. If any doubt these assertions, I appeal to those miserable pictures which disgrace Guildhall. If they boast his judgment in sculpture, I appeal to the new invented figure at the Exchange. If they say, he knows more of poetry than a Hottentot does of cookery, I appeal to those unfortunate people who yawned at the execrable Scotch performance, called Agis, King of Sparta. But if it should be said, that his private regard for Ramsay, Wilton, and Home made him promote them at the expense of his own reputation for taste, I then applaud his good nature, but cannot acquiesce in his public pretensions of being a *Mœcenas*.

"He was in every respect adapted to the small circle of a coal fire; here his virtues were known, and his sincere attachments made him amiable; but when viewed in the enlarged light of a minister or *Mœcenas*, were truly ridiculous and contemptible, and the means of bringing those works of genius into disgrace, which he made a parade of promoting. This was the man who became so great a dupe to his pride, vanity, and ambition, and to the selfishness of his dependents, that after the expulsion of the ablest and most approved ministry this nation ever had, during which there was the greatest union and harmony ever known, between the people and government, he weakly and arrogantly assumed absolute rule in their stead; and on the 29th of May, 1762, became the prime minister.

"Very many were the reasons for the people's being

Mortimer, sarcastically mentions another part in which his lordship would have been equally at home; as Hamlet's uncle, pouring the fatal poison into the ear of a good unsuspecting king.

alarmed, particularly because he was in that situation which in public and private life has ever been detestable, for he was a favourite. His abilities were doubted. His country, so famed for attachment merely to themselves, made him odious. The people he brought into power with him were in general truly contemptible; and that most important office, the national accountantship, was prostituted on a man to whom a sum of five figures was an impenetrable secret."

(W. WHITEHEAD, l. 256.)

THE office of Court Laureate is of no great antiquity in this country, commencing by a singular but not inappropriate coincidence about the same period when that of Court Fool was discontinued, the first patent of Ben Jonson bearing date about the time when King James the First's fool Archie died.

Warton, however, in his History of English Poetry, endeavours to give an earlier date to the appointment, alleging that so early as the reign of Henry III., there was a *Versificator Regis*, to whom an annual stipend of one hundred shillings was paid. The first mention of a Poet Laureate as such occurs in the reign of Edward IV., and with that, therefore, we shall begin our chronological series of this poetical dynasty.

Edward IV. John Kay. Selden, Tit. Hon. P. 2, c. i.

Henry VII. Andrew Bernard. Rymer, tom. xii. 177.
Also Sir Bryan Tuke or Tooke's Accounts in the Remembrancer's Office. This Laureate was blind.

Henry VIII. John Skelton. Died 21 June, 1529.

Eliz. EDMUND SPENSER. Died 1591.

Jac. I. Samuel Daniel. Died 1619, aged fifty-seven.

——— 1631. BEN JONSON. Died 1637, aged 63.
Appointed by patent of this date, conferring an annual salary of £100, with an additional grant of a tierce of Canary wine, from the king's stores.

Car. II. Sir W. Davenant. Died 1668.

Car. II. and Jac. II. JOHN DRYDEN. Displaced at the Revolution, owing to his having turned Papist, and was succeeded by his old enemy.

Wm. III. Thomas Shadwell; who in consequence was satirized by Dryden in his Mac Flecnoe, the name of an earlier very indifferent poet.

Anne. Nahum Tate, who died in 1716 in the Mint, where he had taken shelter from his creditors. The first Birth-day Ode was written by him in 1694.

Geo. I. Nicholas Rowe, in whose favour Tate was superseded. Rowe died in 1718, aged forty-five.

The Rev. Lawrence Eusden, who enjoyed the office until his death in 1730, and with whom, in 1718, began the regular series of Birth-day and New-Year Odes, which were uninterruptedly continued until the death of Pye in 1813. Savage was greatly disappointed at not succeeding Eusden, and thenceforth styled himself Volunteer Laureate.

Geo. II. Colley Cibber. Died in 1757, aged 87.

Geo. III. William Whitehead, on the peremptory refusal of Gray. He died in 1785.

Rev. Thomas Warton, on the refusal of Mason. He died in 1790.

——— H. J. Pye, who died in 1813.

Geo. III. and IV. and Wm. IV. Robert Southey, LL.D. on whose appointment the tierce of Canary was commuted for £27 per annum, and the annual ode for his Vision of Judgment, or Carmen Triumphale, and Apotheosis of George the Third. He died in 1843.

Victoria. William Wordsworth.

Gibbon, in a note on his eloquent record of the coronation of Petrarch in the Capitol on the 13th of April, 1341, well observes, "That from Augustus to Louis, the Muse has too often been false and venal; but I much doubt whether any age or court can produce a similar establishment of a stipendiary poet, who in every reign and at all events is bound to furnish, twice a year, a measure of praise and verse, such as may be sung in the chapel, and, I believe, in the presence of the sovereign. I speak the more freely, as the best time for abolishing this ridiculous custom is while the prince (George III.) is a man of virtue, and the poet (Warton) a man of genius."

"For once I hoped to see the title sink,
While piety and virtue graced the throne,
And genius in lamented Warton shone."

PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

AN EPISTLE TO WILLIAM HOGARTH.

PUBLISHED IN JULY 1763.

The preceding satires, however severe, were either of such general or national application as not to involve those personal feelings and their painful consequences which gave a deep interest to this Epistle, by the melancholy effect it took on the health of the mortified victim, who never recovered the blow, although he made more than one convulsive but impotent effort to retort it, and died of a broken heart within two years of its infliction.

Hogarth, with many wiser and better men, had not counted the cost of going to battle with the bold, bad men then engaged, for their own selfish and profligate purposes, in advocating a cause too good to be ultimately damaged by their advocacy, but at the same time rendering them equally dangerous to their allies as to their opponents.

Wilkes, originally deserving all condemnation for the obscene work, which first incurred the animadversion of Government, ingeniously availed himself of the irregular but not unprecedented course pursued by a weak and equally profligate administration on the occasion, to raise a great constitutional question, in which he was vindicated on public grounds alone by the Lords Chatham and Temple, and ultimately established the legality of his resistance to a general warrant of apprehension by the able and upright decision of Lord Camden, in opposition to every counteracting effort on the part of Lord Mansfield. The liberty of the press and of the people thus obtained confirmation and increased security.

The remaining period of Wilkes's career is well known; very astutely availing himself of a remnant of his early popularity, he, after some unsuccessful contests for the lucrative office of Chamberlain of the city of London, obtained it in 1790, and subsided into privacy, if not obscurity, until his death in 1797, at the advanced age of seventy.

Wilkes was a scholar and a gentleman, and too sagacious to be the dupe of his own professed political opinions; and when reproached with the absurdities of his adherents, he very frankly admitted that, although he was Mr. Wilkes, it did not follow that he was a Wilkite. In later life he called himself an extinguished volcano, or, as some of his Irish friends translated it, an exhausted *crater*. He lived with Miss Wilkes, his only legitimate child, in very elegant style, alternating between his town house and Sandham Cottage, his pleasing villa in the Isle of Wight. One illegitimate daughter, Harriet, survived him; she married Mr. Serjeant Rough, and accompanied him to Demarara, and died there. The Serjeant published a very meagre memoir of Wilkes, prefixed to a selection of his letters to Miss Wilkes from 1774 to 1797, consisting chiefly of domestic matters, and some more objectionable observations never intended for publication, and wholly unfit for it.

In the very able Biographical Essay on the Genius and Works of Hogarth, written expressly for the large edition of the genuine works of Hogarth, the following notice is taken of this unnatural schism between poetry and painting:—

"This year was marked by an event that contributed, in no small degree, to embitter the declining days of Hogarth, and perhaps to abridge them. In evil hour he turned aside from subjects of universal and permanent interest to become a political caricaturist, and to embroil himself in all the asperities of party contention, attacking his former friends, Wilkes and Churchill. The plate of 'the Times' was published in September 1762, and immediately produced a very severe paper upon the artist, written by Wilkes, in No. XVII. of the North Briton. Hogarth retorted by publishing a caricature portrait of the writer. This, however, so far from terminating the contest, served only to call an ally into the field. Churchill, eager to chastise the painter for this personal attack upon his friend, produced his 'Epistle to William Hogarth.' But although this keen invective is said to have been felt by him less than the North Briton was, he was not at all disposed to let it pass with impunity; therefore, as he had before exhibited Wilkes, by merely heightening the natural obliquity of his countenance, he now exposed the

poet in the shape of a bear, affixing the following title to the print: 'The Bruiser, C. Churchill (once the Rev.) in the character of a Russian Hercules, regaling himself after having killed the monster Caricatura, that so severely galled his virtuous friend, the heaven-born Wilkes.'"

These contentions, which were carried on with so little credit or honour to any party, produced much irritation to Hogarth; his health visibly declined; and towards the end of 1762 he was affected with some internal disorder that brought on a general decay. During the last year of his life he retouched many of his plates, in which he was assisted by several engravers; and but a few months previous to his death, as if conscious of its approach, and desirous of terminating his labours with an appropriate subject, he executed his "Finis," or an allegorical representation of the end of all things. On the 25th October 1764, he was removed from his villa at Chiswick to his house in Leicester Square, and on the same night expired in the arms of his wife. His remains were interred in Chiswick churchyard, where a monument is erected to his memory.

The following epitaph on Hogarth is from the pen of Dr. Johnson, but was not inscribed upon his tomb:

"The hand of him here torpid lies
That drew the essential form of grace;
Here closed in death the attentive eyes
That saw the manners in the face!"

The poet's vindication of his motive will be found in the following statement, written by Mr. Wilkes, being one of the very few notes he had prepared for his intended edition of his friend Churchill's poems; they are only six in number, and were printed in an appendix to the folio edition of the North Briton, 1769, and also in the third volume of the smaller edition, as "Notes on a few passages of the late Mr. Churchill's works." The others will be given in their proper places.

"The Scottish minister had been attacked in a variety of political papers; the North Briton, in particular, waged open war with him. Some of the numbers had been ascribed to Mr. Wilkes, others to Mr. Churchill and Mr. Lloyd. Mr. Hogarth had for several years lived on terms of friendship, if not

of intimacy with Mr. Wilkes. As the Buckinghamshire regiment of militia, which this gentleman had the honour of commanding, had been for some months at Winchester, guarding the French prisoners, the Colonel was there on that duty. A friend wrote to him, that Mr. Hogarth intended soon to publish a political print of the *Times*, in which Mr. Pitt, Lord Temple, Mr. Churchill, and *himself*, were held out to the public as objects of ridicule. Mr. Wilkes. on this notice, remonstrated by two of their common friends to Mr. Hogarth, that such a proceeding would not only be unfriendly in the highest degree, but extremely injudicious for such a pencil ought to be universal and moral, to speak to all ages and all nations, not to be dipped in the dirt of the faction of a day, of an insignificant part of the country, when it might command the admiration of the whole. An answer was sent, that neither Mr. Wilkes nor Mr. Churchill was attacked in the *Times*, though Lord Temple and Mr. Pitt were, and that the print would soon appear. A second message soon after told Mr. Hogarth that Mr. Wilkes would never think it worth his while to take notice of any reflections on himself; but when his friends were attacked, he found himself wounded in the most sensible part, and would, as well as he could, revenge their cause: adding, that if he thought the North Briton would insert what he should send, he would make an appeal to the public on the very Saturday following the publication of the print. The *Times* soon after appeared, and on the Saturday following No. XVII. of the North Briton. If Mr. Wilkes did write that paper, he kept his word better with Mr. Hogarth than the painter had done with him.

"When Mr. Wilkes was the second time brought from the Tower to Westminster Hall, Mr. Hogarth skulked behind in a corner of the gallery of the court of Common Pleas; and while the Lord Chief Justice Pratt, with the eloquence and courage of old Rome, was enforcing the great principles of Magna Charta and the English constitution; while every breast from his caught the holy flame of liberty, the painter was employed in caricaturing the person of the man, while all the rest of his fellow-citizens were animated in his cause; for they knew it to be their own cause, of their country, and of its laws. It was declared to be so a few hours after by

the unanimous sentence of the judges of that court; and they were all present. The print of Mr. Wilkes was soon after published, drawn from the life by William Hogarth. It must be allowed to be an excellent compound caricatura, or a caricatura of what nature had already caricatured. I know but one short apology to be made for this gentleman, or to speak more properly, for the person of Mr. Wilkes; it is, that he did not make himself, and that he never was solicitous about the *case* of his soul (as Shakspeare calls it) only so far as to keep it clean and in health. I never heard that he once hung over the glassy stream, like another Narcissus, admiring the image in it, nor that he ever stole an amorous look at his counterfeit in a side mirror. His form, such as it is, ought to give him no pain, while it is capable of giving so much pleasure to others. I believe he finds himself tolerably happy in the clay cottage to which he is *tenant for life*, because he has learned to keep it in pretty good order; while the share of health and animal spirits which Heaven has given him shall hold out, I can scarcely imagine he will be one moment peevish about the outside of so precarious, so temporary a habitation, or will ever be brought to own, "Ingenium Galbæ male habitat:" "Monsieur est mal logé."

Garrick, in a letter to Colman, dated 10 July, 1763, notices the publication of this poem thus: "Let me know how the town speaks of our friend Churchill's Epistle; it is the most bloody performance that has been published in my time. I am very desirous to know the opinion of people; for I am much, very much hurt at it; his description of his age and infirmities is surely too shocking and barbarous. Is Hogarth really ill, or does he meditate revenge? Every article of news about these matters will be most agreeable to me; pray write me a heap of stuff, for I cannot be easy till I know all about Churchill, Hogarth, &c."

The motto to No. XVII. of the North Briton was,—

> Its proper power to hurt each creature feels,
> Bulls aim their horns, and asses lift their heels.

AN EPISTLE TO WILLIAM HOGARTH.

Amongst the sons of men how few are known
Who dare be just to merit not their own!
Superior virtue and superior sense
To knaves and fools will always give offence;
Nay, men of real worth can scarcely bear,
So nice is jealousy, a rival there.
Be wicked as thou wilt; do all that's base;
Proclaim thyself the monster of thy race:
Let Vice and Folly thy black soul divide;
Be proud with meanness, and be mean with pride.
Deaf to the voice of Faith and Honour, fall
From side to side, yet be of none at all:
Spurn all those charities, those sacred ties,
Which Nature, in her bounty, good as wise,
To work our safety, and ensure her plan,
Contrived to bind and rivet man to man:
Lift against Virtue Power's oppressive rod;
Betray thy country, and deny thy God;
And, in one general comprehensive line,
To group, which volumes scarcely could define,
Whate'er of sin and dullness can be said,
Join to a Fox's heart a Dashwood's head;

22 Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland, Paymaster-General of the Forces during the whole of the war under Lord Bute's administration, of which he was one of the ablest

Yet may'st thou pass unnoticed in the throng,
And, free from envy, safely sneak along:
The rigid saint, by whom no mercy's shown
To saints whose lives are better than his own,
Shall spare thy crimes; and Wit, who never once
Forgave a brother, shall forgive a dunce.
But should thy soul, form'd in some luckless hour,
Vile interest scorn, nor madly grasp at power;
Should love of fame, in every noble mind

advocates in the House of Commons. From some alleged inaccuracies in his accounts while Paymaster, he was stigmatized as "the defaulter of unaccounted millions." Soon after the peace of Paris, Sir John Phillips moved in the House of Commons, "that a committee be appointed to take into consideration the several estimates and accounts presented to the House, either in the present or in any former session of parliament, which relate to the application or expenditure of the public money since the commencement of the late war." The House of Commons came to this resolution on the 22d of February, 1763: on the 16th of April following, Mr. Fox was created Lord Holland, and in a very short time after retired for a season to France. He died 1 July, 1774.

22 Sir Francis Dashwood, afterwards Lord Le Despencer, a zealous revolution Tory, intimately connected with the court of Leicester house. On Lord Bute's coming into power, he succeeded Mr. Legge in the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, and Lord Temple in the Colonelcy of the Buckinghamshire militia. His unshaken fidelity to the party he espoused doubtless compensated for his deficiency in some of the qualifications requisite for a complete performance of the duties of his station. The defaulter of unaccounted millions might find it convenient to act in conjunction with a man to whom a sum of five figures was an impenetrable secret.

A brave disease, with love of virtue join'd,
Spur thee to deeds of pith, where courage, tried
In Reason's court, is amply justified:
Or, fond of knowledge, and averse from strife,
Shouldst thou prefer the calmer walk of life;
Shouldst thou, by pale and sickly study led,
Pursue coy Science to the fountain-head;
Virtue thy guide, and public good thy end,
Should every thought to our improvement tend,
To curb the passions, to enlarge the mind,
Purge the sick weal, and humanize mankind;
Rage in her eye, and malice in her breast,
Redoubled Horror grinning on her crest,
Fiercer each snake, and sharper every dart,
Quick from her cell shall maddening Envy start;
Then shalt thou find, but find, alas! too late,
How vain is worth! how short is glory's date!
Then shalt thou find, whilst friends with foes conspire
To give more proof than virtue would desire,
Thy danger chiefly lies in acting well;
No crime's so great as daring to excel.
Whilst Satire thus, disdaining mean control,
Urged the free dictates of an honest soul,
Candour, who, with the charity of Paul,
Still thinks the best, whene'er she thinks at all,
With the sweet milk of human kindness bless'd,
The furious ardour of my zeal repress'd.
Canst thou, with more than usual warmth, she cried,
Thy malice to indulge, and feed thy pride;

Canst thou, severe by nature as thou art,
With all that wondrous rancour in thy heart,
Delight to torture truth ten thousand ways,
To spin detraction forth from themes of praise,
To make Vice sit, for purposes of strife,
And draw the hag much larger than the life,
To make the good seem bad, the bad seem worse,
And represent our nature as our curse?
Doth not humanity condemn that zeal
Which tends to aggravate and not to heal?
Doth not discretion warn thee of disgrace,
And danger, grinning, stare thee in the face.
Loud as the drum which, spreading terror round,
From emptiness acquires the power of sound?
Doth not the voice of Norton strike thy ear,

75 Sir Fletcher Norton, Attorney-General from 1763 to 1765, afterwards Speaker of the House of Commons from 1770 to 1780, and lastly, created a peer in 1782, by the title of Lord Grantley. He was a man who, by an imposing manner, impressed on his hearers an idea of his consequence, which his conduct on other occasions did not adequately support. One of the most remarkable passages of his life was his attempt, in the House of Commons, to prove that our colonies in America were directly represented in parliament by the members for the county of Kent; the charters of each of the provinces reciting them to be part and parcel of the manor of Greenwich. When Speaker of the House of Commons, Sir Fletcher Norton distinguished himself by a singular speech to the king, on presenting for the royal assent in 1777 the bill for granting a large sum in aid of the civil list. This speech he concluded with these words: "This, Sire, they have done in the well-grounded confidence that you will apply wisely what they have granted liberally."

And the pale Mansfield chill thy soul with fear?
Dost thou, fond man, believe thyself secure,
Because thou'rt honest, and because thou'rt poor?
Dost thou on law and liberty depend?
Turn, turn thy eyes, and view thy injured friend.
Art thou beyond the ruffian gripe of Power,
When Wilkes, prejudged, is sentenced to the Tower?
Dost thou by privilege exemption claim,
When privilege is little more than name?
Or to prerogative (that glorious ground
On which state scoundrels oft have safety found)
Dost thou pretend, and there a sanction find,
Unpunish'd, thus to libel human-kind?
When poverty, the poet's constant crime,
Compell'd thee, all unfit, to trade in rhyme,

Mr. Rigby presuming severely to censure this address, the House came to a resolution, upon the motion of Mr. C. J. Fox, "That the Speaker did express with just and proper energy the sentiments of this House;" and passed an unanimous vote of thanks to him for his conduct on the occasion.

82 The North Briton had ceased upon the resignation of Lord Bute in April, 1763; and having gained a complete victory over that minister, menaced his successors, and recommenced, on Saturday the 23d of April, with the famous No. XLV. containing an attack upon the king's speech, made at the close of the session, and charging it with conveying a direct falsehood. The author obtained his end by becoming the object of an illegal prosecution. A general warrant, signed by and under the seal of Lord Halifax, was issued to apprehend the author, printers, and publishers of that seditious and treasonable paper. On the 29th of April, 1763, late at night, the messengers entered the house of Mr. Wilkes, and produced their warrant, with the terms of which he peremp-

Had not romantic notions turn'd thy head,
Hadst thou not valued honour more than bread;

torily refused to comply; but on their return the next morning he was compelled to accompany them to the office of the Secretary of State, whence he was committed close prisoner to the Tower, his papers being previously seized and sealed, and all access to his person strictly prohibited. On his examination Wilkes, with great presence of mind, screened our author, his fellow-labourer in the political vineyard, from a similar prosecution; though it afterwards appeared, by the evidence of Kearsley, the original publisher of the North Briton, that Mr. Charles Churchill received a part of the profits arising from its sale.

Mr. Wilkes, immediately on his commitment, applied to the Court of Common Pleas, for an habeas corpus, and was, after several attempts on the part of the law officers of the crown to evade the force of that writ, brought up to the court on the 3d and 6th days of May, when, after due deliberation, he was, on his claim of privilege as a member of the House of Commons, discharged by order of the Chief Justice, such privilege having been violated by his apprehension and committal to the Tower for a supposed offence involving neither treason, felony, nor even a breach of the peace. In the next term an information was filed against him as the author of No. XLV. to which he refused to answer on his former plea of privilege; upon which a message was sent by the king in November to the House of Commons, by George Grenville, Chancellor of the Exchequer, informing the House of the proceedings that had been taken against Mr. Wilkes, and that he had, out of regard to their privileges, directed copies of the libel, the examinations, &c. to be laid before them for their consideration. The House upon this immediately resolved, by a majority of 273 against 111, "That the paper entitled the North Briton, No. XLV. was a false, scandalous, and seditious libel, containing expressions of the most unexampled insolence and contumely towards his Majesty, the grossest aspersions on both houses of parliament, and the most auda-

Had Interest, pliant Interest, been thy guide,
And had not Prudence been debauch'd by Pride,

cious defiance of the authority of the whole legislature; and most manifestly tending to alienate the affections of the people from his Majesty, to withdraw them from their obedience to the laws of the realm, and to excite them to traitorous insurrections." And thereupon it was resolved, "That privilege of parliament does not extend to the writing and publishing seditious libels, and that the North Briton, No. XLV. is a false, scandalous, and seditious libel." It was accordingly ordered to be burnt at the Royal Exchange by the common hangman, which was carried into execution with great difficulty by Mr. Sheriff Harley. The foregoing resolution pending the proceeding as for a libel was justly considered as prejudging the question, and having a direct tendency to influence the judge and overawe the jury. With respect to No. XLV. Churchill never saw a line of it previous to the publication, though he narrowly escaped being taken into custody by the messengers under the general warrant against the persons concerned in the North Briton. He called at Mr. Wilkes's house while they were in possession of it; but that wily demagogue addressing him by the name of Thompson (his person being entirely unknown to the messengers,) gave him an opportunity of withdrawing unmolested.

During the Christmas vacation Mr. Wilkes thought proper to cross the channel to France; on the 16th of January, 1764, a day fixed for his appearance in the House of Commons, the Speaker produced a letter from Mr. Wilkes, inclosing medical certificates of the ill state of his health, in consequence of a wound he had received in his duel with Mr. Martin, as an apology for his absence. The House notwithstanding voted Mr. Wilkes guilty of a contempt of their authority, proceeded to hear evidence on the charge against him, and on the 29th of January, 1764, after a long and vehement debate, resolved, "That John Wilkes, Esq., is guilty of writing and publishing the paper entitled the North Briton, No. XLV.; and that for this offence he be expelled from his

In flattery's stream thou wouldst have dipp'd thy pen,
Applied to great and not to honest men,
Nor should conviction have seduced thy heart
To take the weaker though the better part.
What but rank folly, for thy curse decreed,
Could into Satire's barren path mislead,
When, open to thy view, before thee lay
Soul-soothing Panegyric's flowery way?
There might the Muse have saunter'd at her ease,
And, pleasing others, learn'd herself to please;
Lords should have listen'd to the sugar'd treat,
And ladies, simpering, own'd it vastly sweet;
Rogues, in thy prudent verse with virtue graced,
Fools mark'd by thee as prodigies of taste,
Must have forbid, pouring preferments down,
Such wit, such truth as thine to quit the gown.
Thy sacred brethren too (for they no less
Than laymen, bring their offerings to success)
Had hail'd thee good if great, and paid the vow
Sincere as that they pay to God, whilst thou
In lawn hadst whisper'd to a sleeping crowd,

seat in this house." In the courts of law the officers of the crown proceeded to outlawry against him, for not appearing to the informations filed against him as author of the North Briton and of the Essay on Woman. The outlawry was reversed on his return to England in 1768, when he entered into fresh contests with administration, which ended in his being returned a fifth time representative for Middlesex, being chosen Lord Mayor of London, and getting the above vote of the House of Commons expunged out of its journals.

As dull as Rochester, and half as proud.
Peace, Candour—wisely hadst thou said, and well
Could Interest in this breast one moment dwell;
Could she, with prospect of success, oppose
The firm resolves which from conviction rose.
I cannot truckle to a fool of state,
Nor take a favour from the man I hate:
Free leave have others by such means to shine;
I scorn their practice; they may laugh at mine.
But in this charge, forgetful of thyself,
Thou hast assumed the maxims of that elf
Whom, God in wrath, for man's dishonour framed,
Cunning in heaven, amongst us Prudence named,
That servile prudence, which I leave to those
Who dare not be my friends, can't be my foes.
Had I, with cruel and oppressive rhymes,
Pursued and turn'd misfortunes into crimes;
Had I, when Virtue gasping lay and low,
Join'd tyrant Vice, and added woe to woe;
Had I made Modesty in blushes speak,
And drawn the tear down beauty's sacred cheek;
Had I (damn'd then) in thought debased my lays,
To wound that sex which honour bids me praise;
Had I, from vengeance, by base views betray'd,
In endless night sunk injured Ayliff's shade;

116 See note on l. 128 of the preceding poem.

140 John Ayliff was originally steward in the Ilchester family, from whence he was by Lord Holland promoted to the situation of Commissary of the Musters. Considerable as

Had I (which satirists of mighty name,
Renown'd in rhyme, revered for moral fame,
Have done before, whom justice shall pursue
In future verse) brought forth to public view
A noble friend, and made his foibles known,
Because his worth was greater than my own;
Had I spared those (so Prudence had decreed)
Whom, God so help me at my greatest need,
I ne'er will spare, those vipers to their king
Who smooth their looks, and flatter whilst they sting;
Or had I not taught patriot zeal to boast
Of those who flatter least, but love him most;

were the emoluments of this office, they proved unequal to the expenses of his establishment, and he had recourse to several nefarious practices to support it; he had proceeded in a long course of villany, not without many imputations on his noble friend and patron, when a period was put to it with his existence at Tyburn in 1759; the crime for which he suffered was forging Lord Holland's name to a valuable lease to himself. He expected till the last moment a pardon, which it was reported had been promised to him by a friend, provided he never revealed some important transactions he had been privy to; with this condition he complied, and his friend, who was too much a fox for him, thought the fulfilment of the sentence would be the best pledge of his secrecy.

Churchill was only prevented by death from publishing a poem he had more than once advertised, entitled "An Elegy, or Ayliff's Ghost." A reverend emissary was employed by a noble Lord with full powers to ward off the threatened blow; but Churchill was not to be bribed, and death alone deprived the world of the promised satire.

145 Alluding to Pope's insidious attack on his friend Addison, under the name of Atticus.

Had I thus sinn'd, my stubborn soul should bend
At Candour's voice, and take, as from a friend,
The deep rebuke; myself should be the first
To hate myself, and stamp my Muse accurst.
But shall my arm—forbid it, manly pride,
Forbid it, reason, warring on my side—
For vengeance lifted high, the stroke forbear,
And hang suspended in the desert air,
Or to my trembling side unnerved sink down,
Palsied, forsooth, by Candour's half-made frown?
When Justice bids me on, shall I delay,
Because insipid Candour bars my way?
When she, of all alike the puling friend,
Would disappoint my satire's noblest end;
When she to villains would a sanction give,
And shelter those who are not fit to live;
When she would screen the guilty from a blush,
And bids me spare whom Reason bids me crush;
All leagues with Candour proudly I resign;
She cannot be for Honour's turn, nor mine.
Yet come, cold monitor! half foe, half friend,
Whom Vice can't fear, whom Virtue can't commend;
Come, Candour, by thy dull indifference known,
Thou equal-blooded judge, thou luke-warm drone,
Who, fashion'd without feelings, dost expect
We call that virtue which we know defect;
Come, and observe the nature of our crimes,
The gross and rank complexion of the times;
Observe it well, and then review my plan,
Praise if you will, or censure if you can.

Whilst Vice presumptuous lords it as in sport,
And Piety is only known at court;
Whilst wretched Liberty expiring lies
Beneath the fatal burthen of Excise;
Whilst nobles act, without one touch of shame,
What men of humble rank would blush to name;
Whilst Honour's placed in highest point of view,
Worshipp'd by those who justice never knew;
Whilst bubbles of distinction waste in play
The hours of rest, and blunder through the day;

195 Thomas Potter, Esq. one of our author's companions, and a man of splendid but misdirected talents, was disinherited by his father, the Archbishop of Canterbury, on account of the unprincipled dissoluteness of his life and conduct. He farther offended his father by a very unequal, if not disgraceful marriage. Mr. Potter was M. P. for Aylesbury, which seat he vacated on being appointed one of the Vice-Treasurers of Ireland, and with some address contrived to get his friend Wilkes to succeed him at Aylesbury, whilst he himself came in for Okehampton, vacated by Mr. Pitt succeeding Lord Northington at Bath.

199 Samuel Martin, Esq. F. R. S., M. P. for Camelford; the hero of the Duellist.

200 Philip Carteret Webb, Esq. F. A. S., M. P. for Haslemere, Solicitor to the Treasury, by his active exertions in the proceedings against Wilkes rendered himself very obnoxious to the party. He was also justly blamed for publishing several private papers of Mr. Wilkes', which came into his possession by virtue of his office. On the trial brought by Wilkes against Mr. Wood, Lord Egremont's secretary, for seizing his papers, Mr. Webb, as a witness, swore that while in Mr. Wilkes's house *he had no key in his hand;* for this evidence he was indicted for perjury, and was tried before Lord Mansfield at Westminster Hall, when the jury, after staying out a considerable time, acquitted him. An action was also brought

With dice and cards opprobrious vigils keep,
Then turn to ruin empires in their sleep;
Whilst fathers, by relentless passion led,
Doom worthy injured sons to beg their bread,
Merely with ill-got, ill-saved, wealth to grace,
An alien, abject, poor, proud, upstart race:
Whilst Martin flatters only to betray,
And Webb gives up his dirty soul for pay,
Whilst titles serve to hush a villain's fears;
Whilst peers are agents made, and agents peers:

against him by Wilkes for the trespass, but Webb died before it could be brought on for trial.

Mr. Webb was born in 1700, regularly articled, and admitted as attorney in 1724; and practised, first, in the Old Jewry, and afterwards in Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. He soon distinguished himself as a profound antiquarian, and very particularly as a parliamentary and constitutional lawyer. In 1754 he gratuitously solicited for the Society of Antiquaries their charter of incorporation, and contributed many valuable communications and suggestions to their transactions, besides publishing several independent publications evincing great learning and research in the records of the kingdom. In 1754 he first came into parliament, and was appointed by Lord Chancellor Hardwicke his Secretary of Bankrupts, and in 1756 joint Solicitor of the Treasury; which office he performed with that degree of zeal and ability as necessarily to incur the abuse of the objects of his official prosecutions, while in point of fact he did not altogether approve the strong measures directed by the principal secretaries of state. A short time before his death, he sold to the House of Peers thirty MS. volumes of the Rolls of Parliament. He died at Rusbridge on the 22d of June 1770, aged seventy; and his library, including his MSS. on vellum, occupied a seventeen days' sale. His MSS. on paper were sold to the Earl of Shelburne, and were afterwards bought by

Whilst base betrayers are themselves betray'd,
And makers ruin'd by the thing they made;
Whilst C——, false to God and man, for gold,
Like the old traitor who a Saviour sold,
To shame his master, friend, and father, gives;
Whilst Bute remains in power, whilst Holland lives;
Can Satire want a subject, where Disdain,
By virtue fired, may point her sharpest strain?
Where, clothed with thunder, Truth may roll along,
And Candour justify the rage of song?

Such things! such men before thee! such an age!
Where Rancour, great as thine, may glut her rage,
And sicken e'en to surfeit; where the pride

parliament for the British Museum. His coins and medals were three days in selling. The noble series of Roman gold, among which were Pompey, Lepidus, &c. and the collection of Greek kings and towns, had been previously sold to Mr. Duane, and afterwards formed part of the valuable museum collected by the late Dr. Hunter. The ancient marble busts, bronzes, Roman earthenware, gems, seals, &c. were sold separately; and on the death of his widow, the remainder of his very extensive collection of curiosities was sold by auction by Mr. Langford.

Mr. Webb's tracts and publications on various legal and antiquarian subjects, amount to near twenty in number, and are all fraught with learning, research, and information. In 1758 the silver medal of the Society of Arts was awarded to him for planting a large number of acorns for timber; and in 1760 he presented the famous Heraclian table to the King of Spain, from whom he received in return a diamond ring of £300 value. And this is the man whom Horace Walpole, in pure spite and envy at the superior accuracy and solidity of his labours as an antiquary, has in one of his letters to Cole stigmatized with a still more celebrated man thus: "Dr. Mead

Of Satire, pouring down in fullest tide,
May spread wide vengeance round, yet all the while
Justice behold the ruin with a smile;
Whilst I, thy foe misdeem'd, cannot condemn,
Nor disapprove that rage I wish to stem,
Wilt thou, degenerate and corrupted, choose
To soil the credit of thy haughty Muse?
With fallacy, most infamous, to stain
Her truth, and render all her anger vain?
When I beheld thee, incorrect, but bold,
A various comment on the stage unfold;
When players on players before thy satire fell,
And poor Reviews conspired thy wrath to swell;

had nothing but pretensions, and Philip Carteret Webb was a sorry knave with still less foundation."

205 Churchill occasionally threw out an initial by way of exciting the curiosity of the reader, who was at liberty to apply the cap to the head it might in his opinion fit. We hope, for the honour of human nature, that this character was not drawn from the life.

208 Lord Bute's administration commenced on the 29th of May, 1762, and terminated with his resignation on the 8th of April, 1763, when he was succeeded by Mr. Grenville, whose situation as First Lord of the Admiralty was supplied by Lord Sandwich. Lord Bute, therefore, though nominally out of administration, was considered as possessed of all-powerful influence at this time, a power, designated by Lord Chatham, as although behind the throne, to be yet greater than the throne itself. But in the garbled ministry, selected from all parties which he had formed, there were some individuals who wished to shake off the yoke, not for the purpose of serving their country, but of having a share in that patronage attached to their offices which by express stipulation with their chief they were debarred from exercising.

When states and statesmen next became thy care,
And only kings were safe if thou wast there,
Thy every word I weigh'd in judgment's scale,
And in thy every word found truth prevail;
Why dost thou now to falsehood meanly fly?
Not even candour can forgive a lie.

Bad as men are, why should thy frantic rhymes
Traffic in slander, and invent new crimes?
Crimes which, existing only in thy mind,
Weak spleen brings forth to blacken all mankind.
By pleasing hopes we lure the human heart
To practise virtue, and improve in art;
To thwart these ends (which, proud of honest fame,
A noble Muse would cherish and inflame)
Thy drudge contrives, and in our full career
Sicklies our hopes with the pale hue of fear;
Tells us that all our labours are in vain;
That what we seek we never can obtain;
That, dead to virtue, lost to Nature's plan
Envy possesses the whole race of man;
That worth is criminal, and danger lies,
Danger extreme, in being good and wise.

'Tis a rank falsehood; search the world around,
There cannot be so vile a monster found,
Not one so vile, on whom suspicions fall
Of that gross guilt which you impute to all.
Approved by those who disobey her laws,
Virtue from vice itself extorts applause:
Her very foes bear witness to her state;
They will not love her, but they cannot hate.
Hate Virtue for herself! with spite pursue

Merit for merit's sake! might this be true
I would renounce my nature with disdain,
And with the beasts that perish graze the plain;
Might this be true, had we so far fill'd up
The measure of our crimes, and from the cup
Of guilt so deeply drank, as not to find,
Thirsting for sin, one drop, one dreg behind,
Quick ruin must involve this flaming ball,
And Providence in justice crush us all.
None but the damn'd and amongst them the worst,
Those who for double guilt are doubly curst,
Can be so lost; nor can the worst of all
At once into such deep damnation fall;
By painful slow degrees they reach this crime,
Which e'en in hell must be a work of time.
Cease, then, thy guilty rage, thou wayward son,
With the foul gall of discontent o'errun;
List to my voice—be honest, if you can,
Nor slander Nature in her favourite man.
But if thy spirit, resolute in ill,
Once having err'd, persists in error still,
Go on at large, no longer worth my care,
And freely vent those blasphemies in air,
Which I would stamp as false, tho' on the tongue
Of angels the injurious slander hung.
Duped by thy vanity, (that cunning elf
Who snares the coxcomb to deceive himself)
Or blinded by thy rage, didst thou believe
That we too, coolly, would ourselves deceive?
That we, as sterling, falsehood would admit,
Because 'twas season'd with some little wit?

When fiction rises pleasing to the eye,
Men will believe, because they love the lie;
But truth herself, if clouded with a frown,
Must have some solemn proof to pass her down.
Hast thou, maintaining that which must disgrace
And bring into contempt the human race;
Hast thou, or canst thou, in Truth's sacred court,
To save thy credit, and thy cause support,
Produce one proof, make out one real ground,
On which so great, so gross a charge to found?
Nay, dost thou know one man (let that appear,
From wilful falsehood I'll proclaim thee clear)
One man so lost, to nature so untrue,
From whom this general charge thy rashness drew?
On this foundation shalt thou stand or fall—
Prove that in one which you have charged on all.
Reason determines, and it must be done;
'Mongst men or past or present name me one.
  Hogarth.—I take thee, Candour, at thy word,
Accept thy proffer'd terms, and will be heard.
Thee have I heard with virulence declaim,
Nothing retain'd of Candour but the name;
By thee have I been charged in angry strains
With that mean falsehood which my soul disdains—
Hogarth, stand forth.—Nay, hang not thus aloof—
Now, Candour, now thou shalt receive such proof,
Such damning proof, that henceforth thou shalt fear
To tax my wrath, and own my conduct clear—
Hogarth, stand forth—I dare thee to be tried
In that great court where Conscience must preside;
At that most solemn bar hold up thy hand;

Think before whom, on what account, you stand—
Speak, but consider well—from first to last
Review thy life, weigh every action past—
Nay, you shall have no reason to complain—
Take longer time, and view them o'er again—
Canst thou remember from thy earliest youth,
And as thy God must judge thee, speak the truth,
A single instance where, self laid aside,
And justice taking place of fear and pride,
Thou with an equal eye didst genius view,
And give to merit what was merit's due?
Genius and merit are a sure offence,
And thy soul sickens at the name of sense.
Is any one so foolish to succeed?
On Envy's altar he is doom'd to bleed,
Hogarth, a guilty pleasure in his eyes,
The place of executioner supplies:
See how he glotes, enjoys the sacred feast,
And proves himself by cruelty a priest.

Whilst the weak artist, to thy whims a slave,
Would bury all those powers which nature gave;
Would suffer blank concealment to obscure
Those rays thy jealousy could not endure;
To feed thy vanity would rust unknown,
And to secure thy credit blast his own,
In Hogarth he was sure to find a friend;
He could not fear, and therefore might commend;
But when his spirit, roused by honest shame,
Shook off that lethargy, and soar'd to fame;
When, with the pride of man, resolved and strong,
He scorn'd those fears which did his honour wrong,

And, on himself determined to rely,
Brought forth his labours to the public eye,
No friend in thee could such a rebel know:
He had desert, and Hogarth was his foe.
  Souls of a timorous cast, of petty name
In Envy's court, not yet quite dead to shame,
May some remorse, some qualms of conscience feel,
And suffer honour to abate their zeal;
But the man truly and completely great
Allows no rule of action but his hate;
Through every bar he bravely breaks his way,
Passion his principle, and parts his prey.
Mediums in vice and virtue speak a mind
Within the pale of temperance confined;
The daring spirit scorns her narrow schemes,
And, good or bad, is always in extremes.
  Man's practice duly weigh'd through every age
On the same plan hath Envy form'd her rage,
'Gainst those whom fortune hath our rivals made,
In way of science, and in way of trade:
Stung with mean jealousy she arms her spite,
First works, then views their ruin with delight.
Our Hogarth here, a grand improver shines,
And nobly on the general plan refines;
He like himself o'erleaps the servile bound;
Worth is his mark, wherever worth is found.
Should painters only his vast wrath suffice?
Genius in every walk is lawful prize:
'Tis a gross insult to his o'ergrown state;
His love to merit is to feel his hate.

When Wilkes, our countryman, our common friend,
Arose, his king, his country to defend;
When tools of power he bared to public view,
And from their holes the sneaking cowards drew;
When rancour found it far beyond her reach
To soil his honour, and his truth impeach;
What could induce thee, at a time and place
Where manly foes had blush'd to show their face,
To make that effort which must damn thy name,
And sink thee deep, deep in thy grave with shame?
Did virtue move thee? No; 'twas pride, rank pride,
And if thou hadst not done it, thou hadst died.
Malice (who, disappointed of her end,
Whether to work the bane of foe or friend,
Preys on herself, and, driven to the stake,
Gives Virtue that revenge she scorns to take)
Had kill'd thee, tottering on life's utmost verge,
Had Wilkes and Liberty escaped thy scourge.
When that Great Charter, which our fathers bought
With their best blood, was into question brought:
When, big with ruin, o'er each English head
Vile Slavery hung suspended by a thread;
When Liberty, all trembling and aghast,
Fear'd for the future, knowing what was past;
When every breast was chill'd with deep despair,
Till Reason pointed out that Pratt was there;

408 Charles Pratt, Earl Camden, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, in which situation his cool, deliberate, per-

Lurking, most ruffian-like, behind the screen,
So placed all things to see, himself unseen,
Virtue, with due contempt, saw Hogarth stand,
The murderous pencil in his palsied hand.
What was the cause of Liberty to him,
Or what was Honour? let them sink or swim,
So he may gratify, without control,
The mean resentments of his selfish soul;
Let freedom perish; if to freedom true,
In the same ruin Wilkes may perish too.
With all the symptoms of assured decay,
With age and sickness pinch'd and worn away,

suasive eloquence, his thorough knowledge of the constitution, and manly defence of its principles, afforded the best check to the alarming encroachments of administration, and the most proper counterpoise to the influence of Lord Mansfield.

Mr. Wilkes, in consequence of a general warrant granted by Lord Halifax as one of the principal secretaries of state, issued against the authors, &c. of the North Briton, No. XLV. was taken into custody, and, notwithstanding orders had been issued by the Court of Common Pleas for his habeas corpus, was committed a close prisoner to the Tower. The writ was directed to Watson and Blackmore, the messengers who had Mr. Wilkes in custody; in order, therefore, to evade it, the secretaries of state removed Wilkes into the hands of other messengers, and signed his commitment to the Tower. Mr. Wilkes then moved the Court of Common Pleas for another habeas corpus, which was immediately granted, and he was brought to the bar of the Court, that the legality of the warrant might be investigated; when Lord Chief Justice Pratt delivered it as the unanimous opinion of the Court, that as Mr. Wilkes had not been guilty of treason, felony, or a breach of the peace, the privilege of parliament had been flagrantly violated by his imprisonment, and thereupon ordered him to be discharged.

Pale quivering lips, lank cheeks, and faltering tongue,
The spirits out of tune, the nerves unstrung,
Thy body shrivell'd up, thy dim eyes sunk
Within their sockets deep, thy weak hams shrunk,
The body's weight unable to sustain,
The stream of life scarce trembling thro' the vein,
More than half kill'd by honest truths which fell,
Thro' thy own fault, from men who wish'd thee well,
Canst thou, e'en thus, thy thoughts to vengeance give,
And, dead to all things else, to malice live?
Hence, Dotard, to thy closet; shut thee in;
By deep repentance wash away thy sin;
From haunts of men to shame and sorrow fly,
And on the verge of death, learn how to die.
Vain exhortation! wash the Ethiop white,
Discharge the leopard's spots, turn day to night,
Control the course of Nature, bid the deep
Hush at thy pigmy voice her waves to sleep,
Perform things passing strange, yet own thy art
Too weak to work a change in such a heart.
That envy, which was woven in the frame
At first, will to the last remain the same.
Reason may droop, may die: but Envy's rage
Improves by time, and gathers strength from age,
Some, and not few, vain triflers with the pen,
Unread, unpractised in the ways of men,
Tell us that Envy, who, with giant stride,
Stalks through the vale of life by Virtue's side,

Retreats when she hath drawn her latest breath,
And calmly hears her praises after death.
To such observers Hogarth gives the lie;
Worth may be hearsed, but Envy cannot die;
Within the mansion of his gloomy breast,
A mansion suited well to such a guest,
Immortal, unimpair'd, she rears her head,
And damns alike the living and the dead.
Oft have I known thee, Hogarth, weak and vain,
Thyself the idol of thy awkward strain,
Through the dull measure of a summer's day,
In phrase most vile, prate long long hours away,
Whilst friends with friends, all gaping sit, and gaze
To hear a Hogarth babble Hogarth's praise;
But if athwart thee Interruption came,
And mention'd with respect some ancient's name,
Some ancient's name who, in the days of yore,
The crown of art with greatest honour wore,
How have I seen thy coward cheek turn pale,
And blank confusion seize thy mangled tale!
How hath thy jealousy to madness grown,
And deem'd his praise injurious to thy own!
Then without mercy did thy wrath make way,
And arts and artists all became thy prey;
Then didst thou trample on establish'd rules,
And proudly levell'd all the ancient schools,
Condemn'd those works, with praise through ages graced,
Which you have never seen, or could not taste;
"But would mankind have true perfection shewn,
It must be found in labours of my own:

I dare to challenge, in one single piece,
The united force of Italy and Greece."
Thy eager hand the curtain then undrew,
And brought the boasted master-piece to view.
Spare thy remarks—say not a single word—
The picture seen, why is the painter heard?
Call not up shame and anger in our cheeks;
Without a comment Sigismunda speaks.

486 Hogarth's painting was taken from Dryden's admirable tale of Sigismunda and Guiscardo, in Boccaccio; she is in the painting represented in the attitude of receiving, in a rich golden goblet, the heart of her murdered lover, presented to her by order of her inhuman father.

"Or not amazed, or hiding her surprise,
She sternly on the bearer fix'd her eyes;
Then thus, tell Tancred, on his daughter's part,
The gold, though precious, equals not the heart."

Hogarth, although unquestionably not like his friend Garrick, equally favoured and inspired by the tragic as by the comic muse, was hardly dealt with in respect of his own favourite Sigismunda, to which he became only more devotedly attached in consequence of the persecution which attached to it.

The attempt to enter into competition with Correggio, and with Guido, and to embody the glowing lines of Dryden, was deemed highly presumptuous by his brother artists, whom he had highly offended by his analysis of beauty, while Wilkes and Churchill gladly availed themselves of the opportunity for making it the vehicle of their political rancour; and mangled Sigismunda with a barbarity that can hardly be paralleled except in the history of her husband.

This painting, which proved a source of much mortification and pecuniary loss to Hogarth, was undertaken by Hogarth at the earnest request of Sir Richard Grosvenor, afterwards Earl of Grosvenor, in the year 1759, at a time when Hogarth had

Poor Sigismunda! what a fate is thine!
Dryden, the great high-priest of all the Nine,
Revived thy name, gave what a Muse could give,
And in his numbers bade thy memory live;
Gave thee those soft sensations which might move
And warm the coldest anchorite to love;
Gave thee that virtue, which could curb desire,
Refine and consecrate love's headstrong fire;

fully determined to leave off painting, finding engraving a much more profitable pursuit. Sir Richard, who was immensely rich, had offered whatever sum the artist should himself require for his work. In the meantime Sir Richard had fallen into the clutches of some interested picture dealers, who induced the baronet to evince some disinclination to complete his engagement. This alarmed Hogarth, who immediately wrote a letter to Sir Richard, giving him full liberty to take or reject the picture, reminding him at the same time of the terms upon which it was undertaken. The shuffling and hypocritical answer returned by Sir Richard, with a suitable reply from Hogarth, ended with the painting being left upon his hands. The correspondence on the occasion, however, is sufficiently amusing and instructive to be recorded by way at once of warning and example.

MR. HOGARTH'S LETTER TO SIR RICHARD GROSVENOR.

June 13, 1757.

SIR—I have done all I can do to the picture of Sigismunda; you may remember, you was pleased to say you would give me what price I should think fit to set upon any subject I would paint for you; and at the time you made this generous offer, I in return made it my request that you would use no ceremony in refusing the picture when done, if you should not be thoroughly satisfied with it. This you promised should be as I pleased, which I now entreat you to comply with, without the least hesitation, if you think £400 too much money

Gave thee those griefs, which made the Stoic feel,
And call'd compassion forth from hearts of steel;
Gave thee that firmness, which our sex may shame,
And make man bow to woman's juster claim;
So that our tears, which from compassion flow,
Seem to debase thy dignity of woe.
But, O, how much unlike! how fallen! how changed!
How much from Nature and herself estranged!

for it. One more favour I have to beg, which is, that you will determine on this matter as soon as you can conveniently, that I may resolve whether I shall go about another picture, for Mr. Hoare the banker, on the same conditions, or stop here. I am, &c.

SIR R. GROSVENOR TO MR. HOGARTH.

Grosvenor Square, Sunday morning, 17 June.

SIR—I should sooner have answered yours of the 13th instant, but have been mostly out of town. I understand by it that you have a commission from Mr. Hoare for a picture. If he should have taken a fancy to the Sigismunda, I have no sort of objection to your letting him have it; for I really think the performance so striking and inimitable, that the constantly having it before one's eyes, would be too often occasioning melancholy ideas to arise in one's mind, which a curtain being drawn before it, would not diminish in the least. I am, Sir, your most obedient servant, RICHARD GROSVENOR.

MR. HOGARTH'S REPLY.

SIR RICHARD—As your obliging answer to my letter in regard to the picture of Sigismunda did not seem to be quite positive, I beg leave to conclude you intend to comply with my request, if I do not hear from you within a week. I am, &c. W. H.

That it was a failure, as was the case with most of Hogarth's serious compositions is undoubted, but still it hardly merited

How totally deprived of all the powers
To shew her feelings, and awaken ours,
Doth Sigismunda now devoted stand,
The helpless victim of a dauber's hand!
But why, my Hogarth, such a progress made,
So rare a pattern for the sign-post trade?
In the full force, and whirlwind of thy pride,
Why was heroic painting laid aside?
Why is it not resumed? thy friends at court,
Men all in place and power, crave thy support;
Be grateful then for once, and through the field
Of politics, thy epic pencil wield;
Maintain the cause, which they, good lack! avow,
And would maintain too, but they know not how.

the severe criticism of Walpole, written as was his wont rather for effect than under the influence of either truth or justice. "Hogarth's Sigismunda," he observes, "has none of the sober grief, no dignity of suppressed anguish, no involuntary tear, no settled meditation on the fate she meant to meet, no amorous warmth turned holy by despair; in short, all is wanting that should have been there, all is there that such a story would have banished from a mind capable of conceiving such complicated woe, woe felt at once so sternly and so tenderly."

Sigismunda thus remained on her artist's hands during the remainder of his life, and was exhibited by him at Spring Gardens in 1761; by his will he directed his widow not to part with it under the price of £500, but, at the sale of Mrs. Hogarth's effects, it was purchased by Mr. Alderman Boydell for only 56 guineas. It formed one of the prizes of the Shakspeare Gallery, and afterwards sold in July 1807 by Mr. Christie for 400 guineas, and was exhibited at the British Gallery in 1814, when it was the property of J. H. Anderdon, Esq. An engraving from it by Benjamin Smith was published in 1795.

Through every panel let thy virtue tell
How Bute prevail'd, how Pitt and Temple fell!
How England's sons (whom they conspired to bless
Against our will, with insolent success)
Approve their fall, and with addresses run,
How got, God knows, to hail the Scottish sun?
Point out our fame in war, when vengeance, hurl'd
From the strong arm of Justice, shook the world;
Thine, and thy country's honour to increase,
Point out the honours of succeeding peace;
Our moderation, Christian-like, display,
Shew, what we got, and what we gave away;
In colours, dull and heavy as the tale,
Let a state-chaos through the whole prevail.
But, of events regardless, whilst the Muse,
Perhaps with too much heat, her theme pursues;

522 The addresses to the King, which followed the parliamentary approbation of the preliminary articles of peace, were obtained by means equally dishonourable and corrupt. There was one instance where the seal of a corporation was forged, and more than one where it was feloniously obtained. The city of London refused to address, though the sum of £14,000 was offered to complete the new bridge at Blackfriars. No means were left untried everywhere to obtain addresses. The lords-lieutenants had begging letters sent them to use their influence, and an order for £500 secret service money was added to each letter. The sum of £500 was the notorious price of an address, some cost a much larger sum, which was regulated according to the importance and magnitude of the place from which the address was procured. The corruption without doors was as lavish as it had been within.

Anecdotes of Earl Chatham, Vol. I.

Whilst her quick spirits rouse at Freedom's call,
And every drop of blood is turn'd to gall;
Whilst a dear country, and an injured friend
Urge my strong anger to the bitterest end;
Whilst honest trophies to revenge are raised,
Let not one real virtue pass unpraised;
Justice with equal course bids Satire flow,
And loves the virtue of her greatest foe.
O! that I here could that rare virtue mean,
Which scorns the rule of envy, pride, and spleen,
Which springs not from the labour'd works of art,
But hath its rise from Nature in the heart;
Which in itself with happiness is crown'd,
And spreads with joy the blessing all around!
But truth forbids, and in these simple lays,
Contented with a different kind of praise, [gives,
Must Hogarth stand; that praise which genius
In which to latest time the artist lives,
But not the man; which, rightly understood,
May make us great, but cannot make us good:
That praise be Hogarth's; freely let him wear
The wreath which Genius wove, and planted there:
Foe as I am, should Envy tear it down,
Myself would labour to replace the crown.
In walks of humour, in that cast of style
Which, probing to the quick, yet makes us smile;
In comedy, his natural road to fame,
Nor let me call it by a meaner name,
Where a beginning, middle, and an end,

Are aptly joined, where parts on parts depend,
Each made for each, as bodies for their soul,
So as to form one true and perfect whole;
Where a plain story to the eye is told,
Which we conceive the moment we behold,
Hogarth unrivall'd stands, and shall engage
Unrivall'd praise to the most distant age.

How couldst thou then to shame perversely run,
And tread that path which Nature bade thee shun?
Why did ambition overleap her rules,
And thy vast parts become the sport of fools?
By different methods different men excel;
But where is he who can do all things well?
Humour thy province, for some monstrous crime
Pride struck thee with the frenzy of sublime;
But, when the work was finish'd, could thy mind
So partial be, and to herself so blind,

565 In corroboration of the poet's view, Lamb thus places Hogarth in the first rank of AUTHORS: "I was pleased with the reply of a gentleman who being asked which book he esteemed most in his library, answered Shakspeare; being asked which he esteemed next best, replied Hogarth. His graphic representations are indeed BOOKS, they have the teeming fruitful suggestive meaning of *words*. Other pictures we look at—his prints we read."

An ingenious foreigner, M. Bartsch arrives at the same conclusion; he thus writes: "Hogarth, who may in more than one respect be compared to Aristophanes, introduced genuine comedy into painting, and delineated the manners of his countrymen in a true, attractive, and instructive manner, and not unfrequently with considerable pathos. One considers him as a *great satiric author*, who described the follies and vices of his age with the pencil and the burine."

What with contempt all view'd, to view with awe,
Nor see those faults which every blockhead saw?
Blush, thou vain man! and if desire of fame,
Founded on real art, thy thoughts inflame,
To quick destruction Sigismunda give,
And let her memory die, that thine may live.
But should fond Candour, for her mercy sake,
With pity view, and pardon this mistake;
Or should Oblivion, to thy wish most kind,
Wipe off that stain, nor leave one trace behind;
Of arts despised, of artists, by thy frown
Awed from just hopes of rising worth kept down,
Of all thy meanness through this mortal race,
Canst thou the living memory erase?
Or shall not vengeance follow to the grave,
And give back just that measure which you gave?
With so much merit, and so much success,
With so much power to curse, so much to bless,
Would he have been man's friend, instead of foe,
Hogarth had been a little god below.
Why then, like savage giants, famed of old,
Of whom in Scripture story we are told,
Dost thou in cruelty that strength employ,
Which Nature meant to save, not to destroy?
Why dost thou, all in horrid pomp array'd,
Sit grinning o'er the ruins thou hast made?
Most rank ill-nature must applaud thy art,
But even Candour must condemn thy heart,
For me, who, warm and zealous for my friend,
In spite of railing thousands will commend,

And no less warm and zealous against my foes,
Spite of commending thousands, will oppose,
I dare thy worst, with scorn behold thy rage,
But with an eye of pity view thy age;
Thy feeble age! in which, as in a glass,
We see how men to dissolution pass.
Thou wretched being, whom, on reason's plan,
So changed, so lost, I cannot call a man,
What could persuade thee, at this time of life,
To launch afresh into the sea of strife?
Better for thee, scarce crawling on the earth,
Almost as much a child as at thy birth,
To have resign'd in peace thy parting breath,
And sunk unnoticed in the arms of Death.
Why would thy gray, gray hairs resentment brave,
Thus to go down with sorrow to the grave?
Now, by my soul, it makes me blush to know
My spirits could descend to such a foe:
Whatever cause the vengeance might provoke,
It seems rank cowardice to give the stroke.
Sure 'tis a curse which angry fates impose,
To mortify man's arrogance, that those
Who're fashion'd of some better sort of clay,
Much sooner than the common herd decay.
What bitter pangs must humbled Genius feel,
In their last hours, to view a Swift and Steele!

634 Swift, it is well known, died in a state of insanity, with which he had been afflicted for upwards of four years previous to his decease. Sir Richard Steele also for some years before his death laboured under a paralytic affection, by which his intellectual powers were materially impaired, and at times completely deranged. And not literary men alone,

How must ill-boding horrors fill her breast
When she beholds men mark'd above the rest
For qualities most dear, plunged from that height,
And sunk, deep sunk, in second childhood's night;
Are men, indeed, such things? and are the best
More subject to this evil than the rest,
To drivel out whole years of idiot breath,
And sit the monuments of living death!
O, galling circumstance to human pride!
Abasing thought, but not to be denied.
With curious art the brain, too finely wrought,
Preys on herself, and is destroy'd by thought.
Constant attention wears the active mind,
Blots out our powers, and leaves a blank behind.
But let not youth, to insolence allied,
In heat of blood, in full career of pride,
Possess'd of genius, with unhallow'd rage
Mock the infirmities of reverend age:
The greatest genius to this fate may bow;
Reynolds, in time, may be like Hogarth now.

but warriors and statesmen are subjected to the awful and equalizing dispensation; the great Duke of Marlborough was imbecile for several years before his death.

654 Sir Joshua Reynolds, fortunately for the world and for himself, did not accomplish this prediction. He died in 1791, with a reputation still undiminished, though scarcely susceptible of increase.

A conclusive test of his enduring fame may be found in the fact that some of the dispersed but well know specimens of his talent, as now (1843) collected for the purpose of occasional exhibitions in one of the rooms in the British Gallery, excite undiminished admiration, which suffers no abatement from the immediate proximity of the works of his elder brethren in the art.

SUPPLEMENTAL NOTES.

The Rev. T. Morell was the good natured friend by whom the painter was first apprised of the publication of the satire, and who poorly retaliated by his print of "The Bruiser," representing Churchill in the form of a bear dressed canonically, holding a pot of porter in his right paw, and a club in his left, which he hugs to his side; intending to denote his friendship for Mr. Wilkes. On the notches of the club are written, lie 1, lie 2, &c., signifying the falsities in the North Briton. The other figure is a pug dog, supposed to mean Hogarth himself, discharging water with the utmost contempt on the epistle. In the centre is a prison begging-box, standing on a folio, the title of which is "Great George Street," (where Wilkes resided) "A list of the subscribers to the North Briton." Under it is another book, the title of which is "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," a comedy by Massinger, alluding to Wilkes's debts, which were defrayed by the subscriptions to the North Briton. After the publication of this print, Hogarth made the following additions to it; in the form of a framed picture he represented an Egyptian pyramid, on the side of which is a Cheshire cheese, and round it £3000 per annum, and at the foot a Roman veteran in a reclining posture, designed to allude to Mr. Pitt's resignation and pension. The cheese is meant to ridicule Wilkes for having said, "he would rather subsist on a Cheshire cheese and a shoulder of mutton, than submit to the implacable enemies of his country." But to ridicule this character still more, he is, as he lies down, firing a piece of ordnance at the standard of Britain, on which is perched a dove with an olive branch in his mouth, the emblem of peace. On one side of the pyramid is the city of London, in the figure of one of the Guildhall giants going to crown the reclining hero; on the other side is the King of Prussia, in the character of one of the Cæsars. In the centre stands Hogarth himself, whipping a dancing bear which he holds in a string. At the side of the bear is a monkey, designed for Wilkes; between the animal's legs is a mopstick, on which he seems to ride as children do across a hobby horse, and at the head of the mopstick is a cap of liberty.

The monkey is undergoing the same discipline as the bear. Behind the monkey is the figure of a man, having no distinguishable lineaments of face, playing upon a violin, apparently designed for Lord Temple.

(Ayliffe, l. 140.)

Some mystery certainly appears to attach to the unaccountable patronage extended by Lord Holland to Ayliffe, whose parents were menial servants to a gentleman at Tuckenham in Wiltshire, but were enabled to send him to Harrow School, after which he became teacher of the free school at Lineham, and married the daughter of the clergyman of Tuckenham, with whom he had a little money which he quickly dissipated, and then, through the interest of Mrs. Horner, the mother of Lady Ilchester, was introduced to Mr. Fox, who invited him to London and gave him several confidential and lucrative appointments in connexion with his office of paymaster. Ayliffe's extravagance kept more than even pace with his success; he resorted to various fraudulent expedients, and besides the lease mentioned in the note, forged Mr. Fox's name to a presentation to a valuable living.

He built a handsome house at Blandford, sparing no expense in furniture and paintings, and entered into wild speculations, ending in total ruin, and the forged lease proving valueless, the creditors became indignant, and Mr. Fox could do no otherwise than prosecute; and although Ayliffe, in his defence, made some very injurious insinuations against his patron, still Mr. Fox evinced the most extraordinary forbearance towards him, by obtaining every convenience for him that his situation would admit, sending him money and provisions, and paying his chamber rent from the time of his confinement to his death; he also consented to a postponement of his trial, and suppressed two several confessions of forgery deliberately made by him; sent his own physician to attend him during his illness; and paid a special keeper to take care of him, that he might not be ironed.

Ayliffe was convicted on 28 October, and executed at Tyburn on 19 November, 1759, and between those periods evinced the most abject dread of his approaching death, while to complete the extraordinary solicitude manifested by Mr. Fox, he sent his own upholsterer with a hearse and four to Tyburn to

receive the body, which was interred in Hertfordshire, according to a wish expressed by the culprit.

Whether Churchill had written any part of his intended elegy is uncertain, but soon after his death some verses were printed with his initials, under the title of

AYLIFFE'S GHOST. OR THE FOX STINKS WORSE THAN EVER. BY C. C.

I'd take the Ghost's word for a thousand pounds.

RECITATIVE.

Who has not heard of Reynard's crafty tricks,
His pride, his rapine, and his politics;
His ways and means to plunder king and state,
Distress the needy, and enrich the great;
Then list, O list, while I a tale unfold
Shall make your hair erect, and blood run cold,
At Holland House not far from this great city,
Was acted lately this strange dismal ditty.

AIR.—WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

'Twas at that time when Morpheus reign'd,
And screech owls take their flight,
When injured spectres walk the earth,
The guilty to affright.

The clock had told the midnight hour,
When, wrapt in winding-sheet,
In glided Ayliffe's grimly ghost,
And stood at Reynard's feet.

His face was like a barber's block,
When newly powder'd o'er,
And round his neck for solitaire,
A hempen string he wore.

Stretch'd out upon his bed of down,
The drowsy statesman lay,
In dreams revolving future schemes
His country to betray.

Three times the angry airy form
The curtains hard did shake,
And three times cried in hollow tone,
Awake, awake, awake.

This unexpected awful sound,
Soon reach'd the placeman's ear,
Then like stern Richard in his tent,
He started pale with fear.

Ha! what, or who, and whence art thou,
That thus offend'st my sight;
Art thou corporeal, quickly say,
Or visionary sprite?

Behold (returned the throttled shade)
A face you well must know,
By thee condemn'd to die with shame,
And suffer pains below.

What, though I forged that fatal scroll,
I only cheated you,
But king and country you have wronged;
What will not traitors do.

On aged Tyburn's triple tree,
A victim I was made,
For fear my tongue should blab such truths
Would make thy honours fade.

But soft, I scent the morning air,
Brief let me be—then know
I come to tell thee whence I came
Thou soon must also go.

Not all thy art or wealth can e'er
Avert the stern decree;
The same base hand that stretch'd my neck,
Shall do the same for thee.

Britannia's drooping sons, once rid
Of thee and Scottish pride,
Again with joy shall raise their heads,
And Pitt shall be their guide.

Here stopt the shade, and quick as thought
Dissolved itself in air,
And left the troubled man of state
O'erwhelm'd with sad despair.

END OF VOL. I.

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